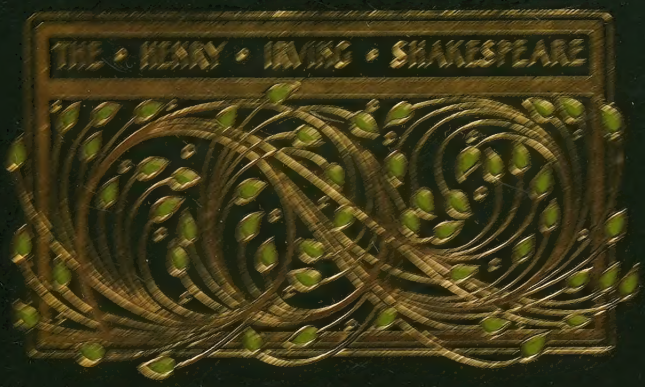

THE • HENRY • IRVING • SHAKESPEARE

# THE WORKS

OF

# SHAKESPEARE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/worksofshakespea0012henr

CORIOLANUS

Taking leave of his Family

---

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LIVERPOOL ART GALLERY.

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

# THE WORKS OF
# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME XII

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

F. A. MARSHALL
JOSEPH KNIGHT
OSCAR FAY ADAMS
H. A. EVANS
P. Z. ROUND
DR. RICHARD GARNETT
ARTHUR SYMONS
W. J. ROLFE
A. WILSON VERITY
CANON H. C. BEECHING
P. A. DANIEL
PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY LONDON
34 SOUTHAMPTON STREET STRAND W.C.

# CONTENTS.

## VOLUME XII.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| CORIOLANUS, | 1 |
| CYMBELINE, | 103 |
| TITUS ANDRONICUS, | 201 |


## PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

### CORIOLANUS.


Taking Leave of his Family, . *Frontis.*

Terminal to Introduction, . . 14

Act I. scene 1. lines 170–172, . . 15

*First Cit.* We have ever your good word.
*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.

Act I. scene 3. lines 20, 21, . . 20

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam,—
how then?

Act I. scene 4. line 12, . . . 23

*Mar.* Come, blow thy blast.

Act I. scene 5. lines 1–3, . . 25

*First Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
*Sec. Rom.* And I this.
*Third Rom.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

Act I. scene 8. lines 1, 2, . . 27

*Mar.* I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Act II. scene 1. line 183, (*Etching*) 32

*Her.* Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus.

Act II. scene 1. lines 192–194, . . 32

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph?

Act II. scene 3. lines 90–92, . . 37

*First Cit.* But this is something odd.
*Sec. Cit.* And 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.

Act III. scene 1. lines 179, 180, . . 43

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Act III. scene 2. lines 89, 90, . . 48

*Vol.* Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd.

Act IV. scene 3. lines 30, 31, . . 53

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Nicanor.

Act IV. scene 5. lines 56–58, . . 55

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?
*Sec. Serv.* Here, sir: I 'd have beaten him like a
dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Act IV. scene 5. lines 181, 182, . . 58

*Third Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news,—news,
you rascals!

Act IV. scene 6. lines 155, 156, . . 61

*First Cit.* I ever said we were i' the wrong when
we banish'd him.

Act V. scene 2. lines 12, 13, . . 65

*First S.* Be 't so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Act V. scene 3. lines 129–131, . . 69

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I 've sat too long.

Act V. scene 5. line 38, . . . 71

*Mess.* Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house.

Terminal, . . . . 102

## CYMBELINE.

Act I. scene 1. line 125, . . . 117

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

Act I. scene 4. lines 136–138, . . 123

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?
*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.

Act I. scene 5. line 5, . . . 125

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam.

Act I. scene 6. lines 135, 136, . . 129

*Iach.* Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure.

Act II. scene 2. lines 11–14, . . 132

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.

Act II. scene 4. line 147, . . 137

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

Act III. scene 3. lines 73–75, . . 142

*Bel.* But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast.

Act III. scene 4. lines 68–70, . . 145

*Imo.* look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.

Act III. scene 6. lines 24–26, . . 149

*Imo.* Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.

Act IV. scene 2. lines 74, 75, . . 153

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Act IV. scene 2. lines 368–370, . . 158

*Imo.* This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.

Act V. scene 3. lines 23, 24, . . 163

*Post.* Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men."

Act V. scene 4. lines 1, 2, . . 165

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

Act V. scene 5. lines 263, 264, . . 171

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Act V. scene 5. lines 417, 418, (*Etching*) 173

*Post.* Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you.

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tailpiece, . . . . . 210

Act I. scene 1. line 163, . . . 211

*Lav.* O, bless me here with thy victorious hand.

Act II. scene 1. lines 43, 44, . . 219

*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Act II. scene 3. line 185, . . . 224

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband.

Act IV. scene 1. line 77, . . . 233

*Tit.* O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Act V. scene 1. lines 37, 38, . . 241

*Sec. Goth.* With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly.

Act V. scene 2. line 167, . . . 245

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

Tailpiece, . . . . . 249

# CORIOLANUS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.

COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.
TITUS LARTIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } tribunes of the people.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messeng
Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

---

SCENE—Partly Rome and its neighbourhood; partly Corioli and its neighbourhood; and partly Antium.

---

HISTORIC PERIOD: The Historic Period is about 500 B.C.

---

## TIME OF ACTION.

The action of this play (according to Mr. P. A. Daniel) occupies eleven days.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 3: Act I. Scenes 3–10.—Interval.
Day 4: Act II. Scene 1 to l. 220.—Interval. (See note *in loc.*)
Day 5: Act II. Scene 1, l. 221 to end of Scene 3; Act III. Scenes 1, 2, 3; Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval.
Day 6: Act IV. Scene 3.
Day 7: Act IV. Scenes 4, 5.—Interval.
Day 8: Act IV. Scene 6.—Interval.
Day 9: Act IV. Scene 7.—Interval.
Day 10: Act V. Scenes 1–5.—Interval.
Day 11: Act V. Scene 6.

# CORIOLANUS.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where for some reason it was printed first of the tragedies. Afterwards *Troilus and Cressida*, which ought to have followed *Romeo and Juliet*, but had been omitted, it would seem by an accident, was placed in front of it. This is shown by the paging.

For the date of the play there is at present little external evidence. Malone pointed out a passage in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, v. 1: "Well, Dauphine, you have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland," as probably a reminiscence or caricature of the phrase in ii. 2. 105: "He lurch'd all swords of the garland;" and as the expression has not been discovered elsewhere, it is not improbable that the passages are in some way related. If so, the plays would probably belong to the same year, and the date of the Silent Woman is 1609.

However this may be, the date 1609 is certainly that suggested by the internal evidence of the style. To begin with, the play belongs obviously to the later tragedies, which are tragedies of passion; its kinship is not with *Julius Cæsar*, but with *Antony and Cleopatra;* and further, the apparent disregard of style, the overcharged sentences, and hurry of the periods make it probable that it was one of the last of these. An attempt has been made to fix its place more exactly by the test of what are called "light" and "weak" endings. Prof. Ingram,[1] who is the authority upon this verse test, calls those *light* endings upon which the voice can to a certain extent dwell, distinguishing as *weak* those which cannot but be run on to the line following. To the former class belong the pronouns and auxiliary verbs; the latter are principally conjunctions and prepositions. For example, in act ii. sc. 1 of our play we have the following lines, where the italicized words are *light* endings:—

> *Bru.* Then our office *may*,
> During his power, go sleep.
> *Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours
> From where he should begin and end; but *will*
> Lose those he hath won.
> *Bru.* In that there 's comfort.
> *Sic.* Doubt not
> The commoners, for whom we stand, but *they*,
> Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
> With the least cause, these his new honours; *which*
> That he will give them make I as little question
> As he is proud to do 't.
>
> —Lines 238–247.

As an example of *weak* endings, take the two lines in act v. sc. 6.

> That prosperously I have attempted, *and*,
> With bloody passage, led your wars even *to*
> The gates of Rome.
>
> —Lines 75–77.

Now light endings are first found in any numbers in *Macbeth*, and weak endings first in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and as the use of them is a distinct change in style, so that when once used they were used more and more, it is a probable conjecture that the order in which the later plays were written may be ascertained by comparing the percentage of such endings in each play. Prof. Ingram gives the percentage of light and weak endings together as 3·53 in *Antony and Cleopatra*, 4·05 in *Coriolanus*, and 4·59 in the *Tempest;* so that the date of Coriolanus will fall between 1608, the date of *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the end of 1610, which is the date of the *Tempest.*

Shakespeare's sole authority, so far as we know, for this as for the other Roman plays, was Sir Thomas North's translation (1579) of

[1] New Shakespeare Society Transactions, ser. i. pt. 2, 1874.

the French translation of Plutarch's Lives, made by Amyot, bishop of Auxerre (1559). How closely he followed his original will be seen by a reference to the notes. Several of the longer speeches are simply Plutarch put into metre. Nor is this unnatural. The story of Coriolanus is legendary; and if drama be the quintessence of history, history sublimed until everything fortuitous has passed out of it, legend is a good many degrees on its way to that refinement.

## STAGE HISTORY.

Coriolanus has been treated on the stage with no more reverence than other works of Shakespeare. Of six plays founded upon the story that Shakespeare took from Sir Thomas North's translation of Amyot's Plutarch, and presented on the stage between 1682 and 1820, not one is quite free from interpolations by other and, necessarily, inferior hands. One of the plays which first saw the light in the Folio of 1623, Coriolanus is also one of those concerning the production and the surroundings of which least is known. Malone assumes it to belong to 1610; Halliwell-Phillipps traces no reference to it; and Mr. Fleay, under the date 1608, vaguely says, "Coriolanus in all probability was produced not long after Anthony. There is no external evidence available" (Chronicle History of the Life and Work of Shakespeare, 244). No actor of Shakespeare's days is associated with any character in the play, and all concerning its production is surmise. The first rendering of Coriolanus known to have been put upon the stage in England was "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or the Fall of Caius Martius Coriolanus" of Nahum Tate, 4to, 1682, produced in the same year at the Theatre Royal. Previous to this, two plays on the same subject had been given in France. These were Coriolan, a tragedy of Urbain Chevreau, played in 1638, and a tragedy of the same name by Gaspard Abeille, produced in 1676. For the English student these pieces have little interest, though in the latter the name Virgilia is used as that of the wife of Coriolanus. The Coriolan of La Harpe, given at the Comédie Française the 2nd of March, 1784, has some resemblance in action to the Coriolanus of Shakespeare, and so incurred in France severe condemnation, the chief charge against it being that it defied those unities under the weight of which for three centuries the French drama languished.

Tate's play has not been reprinted, is rarely encountered, and is all but unknown to the present generation. With the kind of admiration for Shakespeare and the desire to shelter beneath his wing, which were reconcilable in those days with the grossest irreverence of treatment, Tate in his dedication to "The Right Honourable Charles Lord Herbert, eldest son to the Marquess of Worcester," &c., puts in a plea for pardon inasmuch as the work is not wholly of his own compiling, he "having in this adventure launcht out in Shakespeare's bottom." Tate continues, "Much of what is offered here is fruit that grew in the richness of his (Shakespeare's) soil, and whatever the superstructure prove it was my good fortune to build upon a rock;" and he further states that the choice of a subject was made because "upon a close view of this story there appeared in some passages, no small resemblance with the busie faction of our own time," referring, of course, to the period of the Commonwealth. Then, breaking into verse, he says, still in the dedication:

Civil discord through the realm had reign'd,
And English swords with English blood were stain'd,
When out of zeal religion was expell'd,
And men for conscience 'gainst their prince rebell'd.

In a not very decent prologue written by Sir George Raynsford, the apology on behalf of the author on the same ground is put forward—

Yet he presumes we may be safe to say,
Since Shakespeare gave foundation to the play:
'T is alter'd and his sacred Ghost appeas'd;
I wish you all as easily were pleas'd:
He only ventures to make gold from oar (ore),
And turn to money what lay dead before.

Dead indeed, before and subsequently, lay this fine tragedy, so dead that scarcely one in many thousands of the Englishmen whose pride Shakespeare professedly is can have seen his play.

The characters in The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, differing principally as re-

gards omission from those in Shakespeare, are thus given in the Quarto:

CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS.
COMINIUS, Consul.
MENENIUS, a blunt old souldier, and friend to Coriolanus.
BRUTUS, } Two Tribunes of the people, factious,
SICINIUS, } and enemies to Coriolanus.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volsces.
NIGRIDIUS, a villain, discarded by Caius Martius and received by Aufidius.
VOLUMNIA, mother to Caius Martius.
VIRGILIA, his wife.
YOUNG MARTIUS, his child.
VALERIA, an affected, talkative, fantastical lady.
Citizens, Senators, Souldiers, Messengers, Servants.
SCENE.—The Citties (*sic*) of Rome and Corioles (*sic*).

Unfortunately, no names of actors are affixed to the characters, and the darkness concerning the representation is illumined by no light from without. From the fact that young Martius is classed with the female characters we are probably safe in assuming that the rôle was taken by a woman. No word in any contemporary or subsequent work associates any actor with the play. A good deal of the plot of Shakespeare is followed, but the language of Tate is indescribably flat and commonplace. Genest credits Tate with having in one respect improved upon Shakespeare, namely, in assigning Coriolanus companions in forcing his way into Corioles, but is very severe upon the conversion of Valeria into "an affected, talkative, fantastical lady." Valeria belongs, indeed, wholly to the court of Charles II. It seems possible that she was in some respects intended to deride the famous Duchess of Newcastle, then about six years dead, and commonly known among her contemporaries as "Mad Meg of Newcastle."

Thirty-seven years later, on the 11th of November, 1719, at Drury Lane Theatre, "The Invader of his Country, or the Fata. Resentment," a tragedy altered from the Coriolanus of Shakespeare, by John Dennis, and printed in 8vo in 1720, was played for the first time. It was a failure little short of a fiasco, and the splenetic author laid about him in all directions. In his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Chamberlain, Dennis says, after some preliminary sentences: "My Lord, Coriolanus throws himself at your Grace's feet, in order to obtain justice of you, after having received as injurious treatment from the petulant deportment of two or three insolent players as ever he formerly did from the brutal rage of the rabble. He has been banished from our theatre by the one, thro' a mistaken greediness of gain, as the other formerly expelled him from Rome through a groundless jealousy of power" (Works, vol. ii. p. 547). To his grace he modestly leaves it to decide whether "Gentlemen who have great capacities, who have had the most generous education, who have all their lives had the best and the noblest designs for the service of their country and the instruction of mankind" are to be sacrificed to actors "who have no capacity, who have had no education, who have not the least concern for their country, who have nothing in their heads or their hearts but loose thoughts and sordid designs; and yet, at the same time, have so much pride and so much insupportable insolence as to dare to fly in the face of the greatest persons in England" (Ib. p. 548). Concerning the nature of the hard treatment which this "gentleman of great capacity" and other virtues received from the actors; the manner in which the profits of his third night were diminished; his grievances against Cibber, who "has lately employed thirty pages in his own fulsome commendation," and against Wilks who, unless he is flattered and told "that he is an excellent tragedian—which would be ridiculous and absurd," will not allow a play to be acted at Drury Lane,—very moderate interest is now felt.

The cast of the play is strong, including most of the tragic talent then at Drury Lane. It is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS, | Mr. Booth. |
| AUFIDIUS, . . . . | Mr. Mills. |
| MENENIUS, . . . . | Mr. Corey. |
| COMINIUS, . . . . | Mr. Thurmond. |
| SICINIUS, { Two Tribunes of | Mr. W. Wilks. |
| BRUTUS, { the people, . . | Mr. Walker. |
| LUCIUS CLUENTIUS, . . | Mr. Boman, sen. |
| TITUS LARGIUS (*sic*), . . | Mr. Williams. |
| ÆDILE, . . . . . | Mr. Oates. |
| VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus, . . . . . | Mrs. Porter. |
| VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus, | Mrs. Thurmond. |

The exponents of the citizens, servants, &c., who scarcely call for mention, include Bickerstaff, Penkethman, Johnson, Miller, Norris and Cross.

In the second edition of the play, from which the above is taken, Dennis calls his work "Coriolanus, the Invader of his Country; or The Fatal Resentment." After three representations the play was withdrawn. Genest assumes that Booth played the character of Coriolanus well. It has left little impression, however, which, considering the faults of the play and the limited number of representations that were given, is not surprising. As Dennis abridges the scenes in which the sturdy independence of Coriolanus and the causes of his unpopularity with the Roman citizens are shown, and substitutes for them buffoonery of his own, it is easy to believe that the impersonation must have been somewhat colourless. There is no temptation to dwell upon the manner in which Dennis mangled Shakespeare. His version is only less discreditable than that of Tate. No less anxious than his predecessor is he, however, to shelter himself behind the man he outraged. His prologue, spoken by Mills, begins with characteristical insolence and mendacity:

> The tragedy we represent to day
> Is but a grafting upon Shakespeare's play,
> In whose original we may descry,
> Where master-strokes in wild confusion lye,
> Here brought to as much order as we can
> Reduce those beauties upon Shakespeare's plan;
> And from his plan we dar'd not to depart,
> Least (lest) Nature should be lost in quest of Art,
> And art had been attain'd with too much cost
> Had Shakespeare's beauties in the search been lost.

Indignation against Dennis, who continues and mangles Milton's lines on Shakespeare from L'Allegro, is restrained when we think that Dryden was almost an equal offender. In an unspoken epilogue Dennis says that if Coriolanus

> and Shakespeare must be driven hence;
> As when he formerly was banish'd Rome
> He led the Volscians on to urge its doom;
> So now he swears in his impetuous rage
> Jack-puddings, eunuchs, tumblers shall engage,
> To damn the muses, and destroy the stage.

With which terrible menace the Coriolanus of Dennis may be dismissed.

The next to meddle with the subject was James Thomson, whose tragedy of Coriolanus was posthumously acted at Covent Garden on the 13th January, 1749. Thomson had the grace, however, to leave Shakespeare out of the question, and his play therefore directly concerns us not. Shakespeare followed the narrative of Plutarch; Thomson went to Dionysius Halicarnassensis and Livy, and altered the very names of some of the characters. In the representation of his play Quin was Coriolanus, Ryan Attius Tullus, Delane Galesus, Sparks Volusius, Bridgewater Minucius, and Anderson Cominius. Mrs. Woffington was Veturia, as, following the authorities he adopted, Thomson calls the mother of Coriolanus, and George Anne Bellamy Volumnia, as he calls the wife. Of Mrs. Woffington, then at the apex of her brilliant career, it is narrated in the epilogue that she made up Veturia with wrinkles, a piece of artistic sincerity in which she has found few rivals or followers. The play was, by the influence of Sir George Lyttelton, brought on the stage for the benefit of Thomson's family, and was introduced by an "occasional prologue," which Quin, an old friend of Thomson, spoke with much feeling. Although not directly connected with Shakespeare, Thomson's play was soon forced into association with it. Some time after 1750 a tragedy entitled Coriolanus, or the Roman Matron, 8vo, 1755, extracted from Shakespeare and Thomson, was produced at the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin. This is presumably the same work which was played at Covent Garden, 10th December, 1754. On Thomas Sheridan, the manager of the Smock Alley Theatre, the responsibility for the version is thrust. All that is known concerning the Dublin performance is that Mossop won great reputation as Coriolanus, and that Mrs. Gregory, subsequently known as Mrs. Fitzhenry, was approved as one of the female characters, assumably Veturia. Upon the production of the adaptation in London, Sheridan played Coriolanus, Shuter Menenius, Ridout Cominius, Ryan Attius Tullus, Mrs. Woffington Veturia, and Miss Bellamy Vol-

umnia. This strange amalgam, in which the names of Thomson were preferred before those of Shakespeare, and the majority of the text was also Thomson's, pleased the town, and Coriolanus, for the first recorded time in London, was a success. Tate Wilkinson, the famous Yorkshire manager, the author of the "Memoirs" and of "The Wandering Patentee," says that Sheridan conveyed in his acting "a masterly knowledge of the character of Coriolanus," probably derived from Mossop, and adds that the play "drew some good houses." Scenery had, however, in this, as in other cases, been called to the aid, and "a military ovation," which was greatly admired, was held responsible for the success. On the 14th of March, 1758, Smith, for his benefit at Covent Garden, played Coriolanus, Mrs. Hamilton being Veturia, and Volumnia being omitted (!).

John Philip Kemble was the next to tamper with and to produce Coriolanus. The version in which he appeared, a great advance upon any previous attempt, was first printed in 8vo in 1789, without any name of adapter; and reprinted in 8vo, 1806. The authorship of the first edition was indeed left to Sheridan. Kemble, whose great character Coriolanus became, dared not trust to Shakespeare. Great restitutions from Shakespeare's text were made, and the first three acts, though some omissions were found necessary, were wholly his. Into the fourth and fifth acts lines or passages from Thomson were introduced. How little judgment Kemble could have exercised in joining the blank verse of two writers so different, and uniting in one garment "cloth of frieze and cloth of gold," is at once obvious. None the less his revival, which took place at Drury Lane on 7th February, 1789, is historical; and the jumbling together of two pieces so irreconcilable not only escaped censure, but was awarded praise. In the European Magazine appears a short notice, from which we extract the following opinion: "In this alteration the best parts of Shakespeare and Thomson are retained, and compose a more pleasing drama than that of either author separately. The different parts, if we mistake not, were blended together by Mr. Sheridan, sen., and were produced by him at Covent Garden in the year 1755, when he himself performed the principal character." Alterations, to be subsequently extended, were, however, as has been said, made by some one, and most probably by Kemble himself.

The cast comprised Kemble as Coriolanus, Wroughton as Tullus Aufidius, Baddeley as Menenius, J. Aikin as Cominius, Barrymore and Whitfield as the Tribunes, Suett, &c., as Citizens; Mrs. Siddons as Volumnia, Mrs. Farmer as Virgilia, and Mrs. Ward as Valeria.

Comparatively little attention was at first attracted by the revival. After a time, however, the part of Coriolanus became considered one of the best, if not the best, in the repertory of Kemble, and the Volumnia of Mrs. Siddons ranked only after her Constance and her Lady Macbeth.

That Kemble's stately figure and his noble declamation would suit Coriolanus cannot be doubted. Campbell dwells upon the confronted aspects of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons as Coriolanus and Volumnia, and says that "As performers the brother and sister were perfect samples of the heroic form and of heroic action, and, whilst they trode the stage, the delighted spectator was willing to forget that the piece contained those mis-named additions from Thomson" (Life of Siddons, ii. 154). Unfortunately Coriolanus was the character in which Kemble's eccentricities of pronunciation were most injuriously assertive. Leigh Hunt says (Appendix to Critical Essays on the principal performers, pp. 5 *et seq.*), that when he utters "the lines . . . .

> I will go wash;
> And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
> Whether I blush or no,

the word fair might positively have been measured by a stop-watch: instead of being a short monosyllable, it became a word of tremendous elongation. We can describe the pronunciation by nothing else than by such a sound as *fay-er-r-r.*" Aufidius Kemble pronounced aufijjus, "like a young lady who talks of her ojus lover." The name of Coriolanus was "divided by Mr. Kemble with syllabical precision into five distinct sounds."

In other respects Kemble is said to have put "the poet's feet out of joint."

Mrs. Siddons's Volumnia meanwhile incurred no censure, nothing indeed but eulogy. Genest, it is true, affirms that, unlike Mrs. Woffington, she appeared to be the sister of Coriolanus, not his mother. Boaden, on the contrary, admires "the simple resorts of head-dress by which the beautiful and noble face was made to pass for the mother of Kemble without demur," and says that to detail all the charms with which Mrs. Siddons adorned Volumnia would be to quote all the character. He mentions as worthy of exceptional praise "Her playful courage with the women on the outset, the welcome of her son with the peculiar

> *What* is't? *Coriolanus* must I call thee?

the scene after his contest with the Tribunes, that delightful

> O, Sir, Sir, Sir,—
> I would have had you put your power *well on*,
> Before you had worn it out;

and the rejoinder, in the key of her son's 'Let them hang,'

> Ay and burn too."

Campbell calls her "a magnificent Volumnia," and Young, the actor, supplies in a letter a picture of her in the character, worthy of Cibber's Apology: "I remember her coming down the stage in the triumphal entry of her son, *Coriolanus*, when her dumb-show drew plaudits that shook the building. She came alone, marching and beating time to the music; rolling (if that be not too strong a term to describe her motion) from side to side, swelling with the triumph of her son. Such was the intoxication of joy which flashed from her eye, and lit up her whole face, that the effect was irresistible. She seemed to me to reap all the glory of that great procession to herself. I could not take my eye from her—Coriolanus, banner and pageant all went for nothing to me, after she had walked to her place." In the Memoir of Charles Mayne Young by the Rev. Julian Charles Young, vol. i. p. 63, praise almost identical is bestowed.

On 3rd November, 1806, Kemble again revived Coriolanus, this time at Covent Garden, and Mrs. Siddons reappeared as Volumnia, Pope was then Tullus Aufidius, and Munden Menenius, Miss Brunton, subsequently Mrs. Yates, being Virgilia. When on 26th April, 1817, he once more revived it at Covent Garden, the Volumnia was Mrs. Faucit. Genest saw him in Coriolanus in Bath, the 14th January of the same year, and says that he was truly great. Kemble owned that he had never played the part so much to his own satisfaction as on this occasion. On the 20th March, 1817, while playing at Edinburgh, he was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who, writing on the 23rd, says: "John Kemble is here to take leave, acting over all his great characters, and with all the spirit of his best years. He played Coriolanus last night fully as well as I ever saw him, and you know what a complete model he is of the Roman." In Coriolanus Kemble on the 23rd June, 1817, took his memorable farewell of the stage.

At Drury Lane meantime, for a single occasion, for the benefit of Raymond, May 29th, 1804, Cooke played Coriolanus for the first and only time in London, Raymond being Aufidius, Dowton Menenius, and Mrs. Powell Volumnia. All these characters were taken for the first time. Of this representation no critical record appears to have survived. It is unmentioned in Dunlop's Life of Cooke.

On the 24th January, 1820, at Drury Lane, Coriolanus, from the text of Shakespeare, was given by Elliston for the first recorded time. Even then some hanky-panky was permitted. In spite of the managerial announcement that the text of Shakespeare was to be given with "omissions only," six names of characters not to be found in Shakespeare appeared in the bill. Soane, moreover, who was responsible for the adaptation, interpolated an ode of his own (Theatrical Inquisitor, xvi. 57). Kean was Coriolanus; S. Penley, Tullus Aufidius; Hamblin, Cominius; Gattie, Menenius; Mrs. Glover, Volumnia; and Mrs. Robinson, Virgilia. Among Kean's Shakespearean assumptions, this may perhaps be counted the least effective. His figure is held to have disqualified him for the part. Kean's Coriolanus was but a shadow of his Brutus. It was fretful,

sulky, bitter, and passionate, but never grave. While owning that Kean cannot play a god, or one who fancies himself a god, consequently that he cannot play Coriolanus as well as he plays some other characters, Hazlitt is to some extent the actor's apologist. Whenever "there was a struggle of feelings, a momentary ebullition of pity, or remorse, or anguish, Mr. Kean was equal to himself and superior to every one else;" he burst too often, however, from the trammels of dignity and pride. "The intolerable airs and aristocratic pretensions of which he (Coriolanus) is the slave, and to which he falls a victim, did not seem *legitimate* in him, but upstart, turbulent, and vulgar. Thus his haughty answer to the mob who banish him—"I banish you"—was given with all the virulence of execration and rage of impotent despair, as if he had to strain every nerve and faculty of soul to shake off the contamination of their hated power over him, instead of being delivered with calm, majestic self-possession, as if he remained rooted to the spot, and his least motion, word, or look, must scatter them like chaff or scum from his presence" (Criticisms and Dramatic Essays, ed. 1851, p. 252). Of the casting of other parts Hazlitt says, with what in an Irishman might be regarded as a bull, that "it was a climax in bathos."

On 29th November, 1819, a few months before Kean's first appearance as Coriolanus, Macready had been seen at Covent Garden in the same part. The impersonation, though received with favour, is not classed among the actor's conspicuous successes. It was deficient in dignity and grandeur, qualities to which the physique of Macready did not easily lend itself. It passed with singularly little comment, and Genest, with all his painstaking industry, has not even been able to ascertain the cast. The Morning Herald chronicles that it was received with signal favour, and declares that Macready approached Kemble in the "magic power of imposing an illusive image of physical grandeur upon the very sense of the beholder" (whatever that may be) "merely by some slight change of attitude or action." Perhaps its greatest distinction is to have inspired a tolerable sonnet of Barry Cornwall, which Macready in his diary (Ed. Pollock ii. 203) has apparently misquoted.

MR. MACREADY IN CORIOLANUS.

"This is the noblest Roman of them all;"
And he shall wear his victor's crown, and stand
Distinct amidst the genius of the land,
And lift his head aloft while others fall.
He hath not bowed him to the vulgar call,
Nor bid his countenance shine obsequious, bland,
But let his dark eye keep its high command,
And gather'd 'from the few' his coronal.
Yet unassuming hath he won his way;
And therefore fit to breathe the lines of him
Who gaily, once, beside the Avon river,
Shaped the great verse that lives, and shall live for ever.
But he now revels in eternal day,
Peerless amongst the earth-born cherubim.

Macready himself declares that the applause exceeded his most ambitious hopes. Coriolanus remained on Macready's acting list. He played in it in 1830 in the country, and in December, 1833, revived it, under Bunn's management, at Drury Lane. On the 12th March, 1838, an elaborate revival was attempted at Covent Garden with Macready as Coriolanus, Warde as Cominius, Mr. James Anderson as Tullius Aufidius, Bartley as Menenius, Geo. Bennet as Brutus, Diddear as Sicinius, and Mrs. Warner as Volumnia. Much praise was bestowed on the scenery, and the production was declared, with customary and misused emphasis, to constitute "an era in dramatic history." Jerdan, Dickens, Bulwer, Blanchard, and Forster were, Macready chronicles, among the audience.

John Vandenhoff, qualified as "the best actor out of London," attained a reputation, chiefly in the country, as Coriolanus. On 6th January, 1823, he was received with much favour (in Tallis's Dramatic Magazine it says "with rapture") in the part in Edinburgh, as he had previously been in Manchester and Liverpool. Coriolanus was a favourite part also with Edwin Forrest, and a bust of Forrest in that character by Thomas Ball is now in the Actors' Home at Springbrook in the United States.

Phelps reopened Sadler's Wells on the 27th September, 1848, with a revival of Coriolanus. Phelps himself was Coriolanus; George Ben-

nett, Cominius; A. Younge, Menenius; Henry Marston, Tullus Aufidius; Miss Cooper, Virgilia; Mrs. Marston, Valeria; and Miss Glyn, Volumnia. Mr. Phelps's Coriolanus was a fine, though not an inspired performance. Mr. W. May Phelps, a nephew of the tragedian, who was present on the first representation, says: "I sat with Charles Kemble, and never shall I forgot the veteran's look on several occasions when he turned round to me after all my uncle's great scenes and said that was very fine" (Life of Phelps, p. 105). On 6th January, 1851, Mr. James Anderson played Coriolanus at Drury Lane. This impersonation was repeated at the Britannia Theatre, May, 1852, and at the Standard in May, 1853, and was subsequently given in the most important cities in England, the United States, and the colonies. Phelps revived the play at Sadler's Wells in 1860, with a cast including himself, Hermann Vezin, G. Barrett, Lewis Ball, and Miss Atkinson (Volumnia). The part of Coriolanus was played at Dublin, in 1863, by G. V. Brooke. Mr. Benson produced the tragedy at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in 1893, and at the Comedy Theatre, London, in 1901. At the Lyceum Theatre, April 15th, 1901, Henry Irving presented a version in three acts, with a cast including himself as Coriolanus, J. H. Barnes as Agrippa, Laurence Irving as Brutus, Miss M. Hackney as Virgilia, Miss M. Milton as Valeria, and Miss Ellen Terry as Volumnia. The archæological accuracy of the mounting was a feature of this Lyceum production. In recent years Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, and Salvini have played Coriolanus in America.

## CRITICAL REMARKS.

Tragedy is the confessional of great spirits; a public confessional for the good of the world. Upon the stage we are allowed to see them stripped of the daily mask of routine, and exhibiting their character consistently as it really is. The world of tragedy is an ideal world where passion and thought may work without hindrance from the tyranny of circumstance or accident, and where nobleness cannot be hid; but a world so contrived that what weakness there is must also come to light, and work itself out into catastrophe. In all human character there is weakness; and the burden laid upon the hero in the ideal world of tragedy is such as to try his particular temper; the trial may come in the way of duty as it came to Hamlet, or in the way of temptation as to Macbeth, or as it comes to Coriolanus in the present play, in the rigorous carrying out of a principle of life; but in whatever shape it comes, its purpose is to try the utmost of his spirit; it puts its strain upon the weak place, and convicts him. And so a tragedy means far more than in ordinary phraseology the word is often taken to mean, far more than a piece of misery; it means the fall of a hero, his failure through some imperfection of character; and his death at the close is at once the symbol of his failure, and the assertion of whatever moral law it is with which he has come into conflict.

Hence it comes about that tragedy, as Aristotle said, purifies, by arousing them, our emotions of pity and fear. Our pity is purified through being directed into right channels; we commiserate the failure of greatness, and so come to recognize what things alone in life are really pitiable; and also our fear is purified; through the fate that has overtaken the hero we understand that there is a power of perfect justice at work in the world, by whom even the greatest are judged, and so learn to "fear God and have no other fear."

Now what is the tragedy of Coriolanus? It is the failure of a great soul to recognize the bonds that bind him to other men; the attempt to live

> As if a man were author of himself,
> And knew no other kin.

Coriolanus, in the first place, recognizes nothing in common between himself and the plebeians; they are "mouths," "voices," "clusters," not men; a man is brave and they are cowardly, "hares" and "geese;" a man is intelligent, and they are not of one mind two minutes together. And so he treats them with contempt as an inferior kind. He does not care that they have an admiration for better

things than they are themselves capable of (proved by their worship of himself), and so a possibility of better things; he has not imagination enough to see that their circumstances have had a great deal to do with determining their character, and that he in their place might have been no better; he is content with the simple, obvious fact that he is a gentleman, and they are plebeians; and there the matter ends. Now this hatred and contempt for the plebeians would not of itself have marked Coriolanus as unpatriotic. Rome for him, as for many others, meant patrician Rome, the governing families. Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and above all his mother, were entirely at one with him in his estimate of the commons; though the humour of the first kept him out of broils, and even made him useful to the people, and the policy of the last was sufficient to disguise her feelings on occasion. Rome to all these meant their own circle. Coriolanus is distinguished from them by his want of humour, and want of self-control; but no less by the whole-hearted sincerity of his conviction. There is a pathos in his puzzled soliloquy:

> I muse my mother
> Does not approve me further.
>
> —iii. 2.

This integrity of nature enables us to see more clearly the final issues of his temper of exclusiveness. The question to be answered is this:—Is a temper which selfishly despises half its world, capable of unselfish devotion to the other half? Or, on the contrary, is not scorn a "rift within the lute" that must sooner or later mar all its music? How far in his battles Coriolanus fought for his country and how far for personal honour, were too nice a question, although the First Citizen in his haste does not scruple to answer it (i. 1. 39). But the question between selfishness and patriotism, in the limited sense in which Coriolanus was bound to acknowledge it, comes up in a form that must have a definite answer, when he is once banished and is preparing for revenge. Here is the crisis which is to test him. On his own principles Rome is the party of the nobles; but when Cominius sues to him to spare the city, this is forgotten, and his reply is:

> He could not stay to pick them in a pile
> Of noisome musty chaff;
>
> —v. 1.

that is to say, patriotism has gone down before selfishness.

Then Menenius tries the bond of friendship, a narrower circle than that of the state, and so possibly a stronger; but friendship is renounced, and that in its most extreme instance:

> This last old man,
> Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
> Lov'd me above the measure of a father.
>
> —v. 3.

Only one bond remains, that of the family. This also he is prepared to sacrifice to his "rages and revenges." "Wife, mother, child I know not." "I'll never be such a gosling to obey instinct." But face to face with them, with his wife and son, and with his mother, "the most noble mother of the world," *instinct*, that is to say natural affection, is too strong for him, and he yields to it; to meet indeed, as he himself anticipates, a traitor's death at Corioli, which is the just reward of his treacherous alliance with Aufidius, and yet choosing death in preference to murder now that his eyes are beginning to open. For the death of the hero in tragedy is at once a vindication of natural law, and a reconciliation with it.

So far we have spoken of the "one fault" of Coriolanus, which in the ideal world of tragedy is seen to work his ruin. His virtues are a soldier's virtues, bravery and candour, and the latter shines more conspicuously by contrast with Aufidius the Volscian general. Aufidius is altogether of meaner mould. He is a prey to envy, and afterwards to jealousy. What he cannot succeed in by fair means, he does not disdain to accomplish by foul. Volumnia is the typical patrician mother from whom Coriolanus draws both his valiantness and his pride, although the latter, when it runs beyond prudence, she can disown. For Virgilia no fitter description could be devised than her husband's—"my gracious silence." For her, and for Menenius

(except for the fable), and for the two tribunes, Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch does not extend beyond the bare names.

A word may be added in conclusion about the antiquities of the play. Unlike the English historical plays, where the interest to Englishmen is largely in the history itself, the Roman plays depend for their interest on their broad human characteristics rather than upon anything especially national or antiquarian. The characters of Coriolanus, and Menenius Agrippa, and Valeria, and the tribunes, and the mob, are not of an age, but of all time; everywhere and always there have been noble aristocrats with a lofty ideal of honour, and a lofty contempt of the vulgar, ill-bred demagogues who feel for the sufferings of these vulgar, and the light-headed, good-hearted vulgar themselves. So that it is not necessary to be well-read in the history of the Roman constitution in order to comprehend the circumstances of our play. Probably the audience for whom it was originally written was as appreciative as any it has since engaged, and it is hard to imagine their preparing themselves for the representation by a preliminary study of Livy and Dionysius, or even of North's translation of Plutarch. Nor need we do so. Still as the age has a mind to learning, it may be well to end this introduction by transcribing a few paragraphs from the most approved of modern Roman historians, Prof. Mommsen, as to the nature of the struggle between the patricians and plebeians which the legend of Coriolanus illustrates.

"The immediate crisis proceeded not from those who resented their disabilities as an order, but from the distress of the farmers. The strict enforcement of the law of debt—so runs the story—excited the indignation of the farmers at large. When in the year 495 B.C. the levy was called forth to a dangerous war the men bound to serve refused to obey the command; so that the consul Publius Servilius suspended for a time the application of the debtor-laws. The farmers took their places in the ranks and helped to secure the victory. On their return from the field of battle, the peace which had been achieved by their exertions brought back their prison and their chains: with merciless rigour the second consul, Appius Claudius, enforced the debtor-law, and his colleague, to whom his former soldiers appealed for aid, dared not offer opposition. But when in the following year the war was renewed, the consul's word availed no longer. It was not till M'Valerius was nominated dictator that the farmers gave way. The victory was again with the Roman standards; but when the victors came home, and the dictator submitted his proposals of reform to the senate, they were thwarted by its obstinate opposition. The army still stood in its array, as usual, before the gates of the city. When the news arrived, the long-impending storm burst forth; the army abandoned its general and its encampment, and, led by the commanders of the legions—the military tribunes who were, at least chiefly, plebeians—marched in martial order into the district of Crustumeria between the Tiber and the Arno, where it occupied a hill, and threatened to establish in this, the most fertile part of the Roman territory, a new plebeian city. This secession showed in a palpable manner, even to the most obstinate of the oppressors, that such a civil war must end with economic ruin to themselves also, and the senate gave way. The dictator negotiated an agreement; the citizens returned within the city walls; unity was outwardly restored."

"In addition to temporary enactments, particularly for remedying the most pressing cases of debtors' distress, and for providing for a number of the rural population by the founding of various colonies, the dictator carried in constitutional form a law . . . (which) placed by the side of the two patrician consuls TWO PLEBEIAN TRIBUNES whom the curies had to elect. The power of the tribunes was of no avail in opposition to the military *imperium*, that is in opposition to the authority of the dictator everywhere, or to that of the consuls beyond the city; but it stood on a footing of equality with the ordinary civil powers of office which the consuls exercised. . . . The tribunes of the multitude originated from the military tribunes, and derived from them their name; but constitutionally they had no further relation to them. On the contrary in respect of powers

the tribunes of the plebs stood upon a level with the consuls. The appeal from the consul to the tribune, and the tribune's right of *intercession* (veto) in opposition to the consul, were precisely of the same nature as the appeal from consul to consul, and the intercession of the one consul in opposition to the other: and both cases were simply applications of the general principle of law, that in a collision between two equal authorities he who forbids takes precedence of him who enjoins. . . . Both consuls and tribunes had full and parallel criminal jurisdiction, and in its exercise, as the two quæstors were attached to the former, the two ÆDILES were associated with the latter (see iii. 1. 173). The consuls were necessarily patricians, the tribunes necessarily plebeians; both were elected by the whole burgesses, but the former as leaders of the army were chosen by the centuries, the latter, who had not the *imperium*, by the non-military *comitia curiata*. The former had the ampler power, the latter the more unlimited, for the consul submitted to the prohibition and the judgment of the tribune, but the tribune did not submit himself to the consul. . . .

"So this singular magistracy was instituted, which presented to the commons an obvious and available aid, and yet could not possibly carry out the necessary economic reform. It was no proof of political wisdom, but a wretched compromise between the wealthy aristocracy and the leaderless multitude. The tribune might put a stop to particular iniquities, to individual cases of crying hardship: but the fault lay not in the unfair working of a righteous law, but in a law which was in itself unrighteous, and how could a tribune regularly put a stop to the ordinary course of justice? . . .

"Now that civil war was organized, it pursued its course. The parties stood face to face as if drawn up for battle, each under its leaders. Restriction of the consular and extension of the tribunician power were the objects contended for on the one side; annihilation of the tribunate on the other. Legal impunity secured for insubordination, refusal to enter the ranks for the defence of the land, impeachments involving fines and penalties directed specially against magistrates who had violated the rights of the commons or who had simply provoked their displeasure, were the weapons of the plebeians—weapons which the patricians met by violence, by concert with the public foes, occasionally also by the dagger of the assassin. . . . The best-known incident in these conflicts of the orders is the history of Gaius Marcius, a brave aristocrat, who derived his surname from the storming of Corioli. Indignant at the refusal of the centuries to intrust to him the consulate in the year 491 B.C. he is reported to have proposed, according to one version, the suspension of the sales of corn from the state stores, till the hungry people should abandon the tribunate; according to another version, the direct abolition of the tribunate itself. Impeached by the tribunes so that his life was in peril, it is said that he left the city, only however to return at the head of a Volscian army; that when he was on the point of conquering the city of his fathers for the public foe the earnest appeal of his mother touched his conscience; and that thus he expiated his first treason by a second, and both by death. How much of this is true cannot be determined; but the story over which the naïve misrepresentations of the Roman annalists have shed a patriotic glory, affords a glimpse of the deep moral and political disgrace of these conflicts between the orders" (Mommsen's History of Rome, i. 279-287).

*First Cit.* We have ever your good word.
*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—(Act i. 1. 170–172.)

# CORIOLANUS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

*First Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*Citizens.* Speak, speak.

*First Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

*Citizens.* Resolv'd, resolv'd.

*First Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*Citizens.* We know 't, we know 't.

*First Cit.* Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict? 11

*Citizens.* No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

*Sec. Cit.* One word, good citizens.

*First Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. [What authority[1] surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object[2] of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance[3] is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.]

*Sec. Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*Citizens.* Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty. 29

*Sec. Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

*First Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*Sec. Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

*First Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, [he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it

[1] *Authority,* our rulers.

[2] *Object,* spectacle,

[3] *Sufferance,* suffering.

was for his country,] he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud;[1] which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 41

*Sec. Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

*First Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

*Citizens.* Come, come. 50

*First Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

*Sec. Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

*First Cit.* He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

*Enter* Menenius Agrippa.

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats[2] and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

*First Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; [they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds.] They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

*First Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them 70
Against the Roman state; [whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment:[3]] for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help.
[Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and] you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies. 80

*First Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er car'd for us yet:—suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; [make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will;] and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must 90
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

*First Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: [but, an 't please you, deliver.[4]]

*Men.* There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain 101
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where[5] th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,[6] did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

*First Cit.* Well, sir,
What answer made the belly? 110

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
[Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—]
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; [even so most fitly

[1] *i.e.* and partly, to be proud.
[2] *Bats*, cudgels.
[3] *Your impediment*, any hindrance of yours.
[4] *Deliver*, relate it.
[5] *Where*, whereas.
[6] *Participate*, participative.

As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.
*First Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, 120
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments[1] and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
*Men.* What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
*First Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
*Men.* Well, what then?
*First Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
*Men.*] I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small—of what you've little—
Patience awhile, you'st hear the belly's answer.
*First Cit.* Ye're long about it.
*Men.* Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; [and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body:] but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat[2] o' the brain; 140
And, through the cranks[3] and offices of man,
The strongest nerves[4] and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: [and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,"]—this says the belly, mark me,—
*First Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.
*Men.* "Though all at once can not
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran."—What say you to't? 150

[1] *Muniments*, defences. [2] *Seat*, throne.
[3] *Cranks*, windings. [4] *Nerves*, sinews.

*First Cit.* It was an answer: how apply you this? 151
*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: [for, examine
Their counsels and their cares, disgest[5] things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common,[6] you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.]—What do you think,—
You, the great toe of this assembly?
*First Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?
*Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest, 161
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
[Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.]—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.[7]

*Enter* Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!
*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
[That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?]
*First Cit.* We have ever your good word.
*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter 171
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: [you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness 180
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

[5] *Disgest*, digest. [6] *Common*, commons.
[7] *Bale*, mischief, injury.

Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes.] Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vild[1] that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who, 190
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What 's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; [who 's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions,[2] and give out
Conjectural marriages;] making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. [They say there 's grain enough! 200
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[3]
And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd[4] slaves, as high
As I could pick[5] my lance.]

*Men.* [Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly.] But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat, 210
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,[6]
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.[7]

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms, 219
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'S death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power,[8] and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mess.* Where 's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: what 's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* I 'm glad on 't; then we shall ha' means to vent 229
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter* Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators;* Junius Brutus *and* Sicinius Velutus.

*First Sen.* Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us,—
The Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I 'd wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

*First Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars. 241

---

[1] *Vild*, vile.
[2] *Side factions*, take sides with the parties in the state.
[3] *Ruth*, pity.
[4] *Quarter'd*, slaughtered.
[5] *Pick*, pitch.
[6] *Generosity*, (the) nobility.
[7] *Emulation*, rivalry with the Patricians.
[8] *Win upon power*, gain ground against authority.

*Com.* It is your former promise.
*Mar.* Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
[ What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business. ]
*Men.* O, true-bred!
*First Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
*Tit.* [*To Cominius*] Lead you on.—
[[*To Marcius*] Follow Cominius: we must follow you; 250
Right worthy you priority.[1] ]
*Com.* Noble Marcius!
*First Sen.* [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!
*Mar.* Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt all except Brutus and Sicinius. The Citizens steal away.*
*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
*Bru.* He has no equal.
*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.
*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird[2] the gods. 260
[ *Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.
*Bru.* ] The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be[3] so valiant.
*Sic.* Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he 's well grac'd,—can not
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure[4]
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he 272
Had borne the business!"
*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits[5] rob Cominius.
*Bru.* Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
*Sic.* Let 's hence, and hear
[How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes 282
Upon this present action.
*Bru.* Let 's along. ] [*Exeunt.*

[ SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*

*Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS *and certain Senators.*

*First Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
*Auf.* Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great; 10
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,—
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely 't is for you:
Consider of it."
*First Sen.* Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.[6]
*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences[7] veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching, 21

[1] *Worthy priority*, worthy of precedence.
[2] *Gird*, taunt.
[3] *To be*, of being.
[4] *Censure*, judgment, opinion.
[5] *Demerits*, deserts.
[6] *Answer us*, meet us in the field.
[7] *Pretences*, intentions.

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in[1] many towns ere almost[2] Rome
Should know we were afoot.

*Sec. Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more, 31
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?—(Act i. 3. 20, 21.)

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

*First Sen.* Farewell.

*Sec. Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Rome. A room in Marcius' house.*

*Enter* VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA: *they sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour [than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love.] When yet he was but tender-bodied, [and the only son of my womb;] when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should[3] not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hear-

[1] *Take in,* capture (cf. iii. 2. 59).
[2] *Ere almost,* almost before.
[3] *Should,* would.

ing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 19

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; [I therein would have found issue.] Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. 30

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither[1] your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire. 40

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt[2] his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.
[*Exit Gentlewoman.*

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell[3] Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck. 50

*Re-enter Gentlewoman with* VALERIA *and her Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

[*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both?] you are manifest house-keepers.[4]

[What are you sewing here?] A fine spot, in good faith.—
How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship, well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster. 61

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: 'has such a confirm'd[5] countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd[6] it!

*Vol.* One on's[7] father's moods. 72

*Val.* Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack,[8] madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall. 80

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

[*Val.* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.] 91

*Val.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. [Come; I would your cambric were sensible[9] as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.] Come, you shall go with us.

---

1 *Hither*, here. 2 *Gilt*, gilding. 3 *Fell*, fierce.

4 *Manifest house-keepers*, notorious stay-at-homes.
5 *Confirm'd*, determined. 6 *Mammock'd*, tore.
7 *On's*, of his. 8 *Crack*, youngster. 9 *Sensible*, sensitive.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease[1] our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

*Vir.* No, at a word,[2] madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

## [Scene IV. *Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with drum and colours,* Marcius, Titus Lartius, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news:—a wager they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'T is done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence, 11
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*First. Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark, our drums
Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound[3] us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*] Hark you, far off! 19
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they're at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*The Volsces enter and pass over.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof[4] than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum; and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* Marcius.

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you, 30

[1] *Disease,* trouble. [2] *At a word,* in one word, indeed.

[3] *Pound,* imprison as in a pound.

[4] *Proof,* impenetrable.

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues 31
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives, 41
As they us to our trenches. Follow me.

*Mar.* Come, blow thy blast.—(Act i. 4. 12.)

*Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds:
'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*
*First Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.
*Sec. Sol.* Nor I.
[*Marcius is shut in.*
*First Sol.* See, they have shut him in.
*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

*Re-enter* TITUS LARTIUS.

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?
*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.
*First Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels, 49
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
*Lart.* O noble fellow!
Who sensibly[1] outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,

[1] *Sensibly*, although endowed with sense, feeling.

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world 60
Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter* MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

*First Sol.* Look, sir.
*Lart.* O, 't is Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain[1] alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V. *Within Corioli. A street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

*First. Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
*Sec. Rom.* And I this.
*Third Rom.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

*Enter* MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS *with a Trumpet.*[2]

*Mar.* See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm![3] Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit,[4] doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him! 10
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
*Mar.* Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical[5]
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus 20
I will appear, and fight.
*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
*Mar.* Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!—
[*Exit Marcius.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Near the camp of Cominius.*

*Enter* COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we 've heard
The charges of our friends.—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
[That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,]
May give you thankful sacrifice!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news? 10
*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
*Com.* [Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well.] How long is 't since?
*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.
[*Com.* 'T is not a mile; briefly[6] we heard their drums:

[1] *Make remain,* remain (like *make a stay*).
[2] *Trumpet,* trumpeter.
[3] *Drachm,* drachma, a small coin.
[4] *Of a doit,* worth a doit, valueless.
[5] *Physical,* salutary.
[6] *Briefly,* a short time since.

How couldst thou in a mile confound[1] an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
*Mess.*] Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.
*Com.* Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
*Mar.* [*Within*] Come I too late?
*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

*First Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
*Sec. Rom.* And I this.
*Third Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.—(Act i. 5. 1-3.)

*Enter* MARCIUS.

*Mar.* Come I too late?
*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, 28
But mantled in your own.
*Mar.* O, let me clip[2] ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!
*Com.* Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
*Com.* Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches? 40
Where is he? [call him hither.]
*Mar.* Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,

[1] *Confound*, consume. [2] *Clip*, embrace.

The common file—a plague!—tribunes for them!— 43
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
*Com.* But how prevail'd you?
*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
*Com.* Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose. 50
*Mar.* How lies their battle[1]? know you on which side
They've plac'd their men of trust?
*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward[2] are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
*Mar.* I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius [and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but, 60
Filling the air with swords advanc'd[3] and darts,
We prove this very hour.]
*Com.* Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
*Mar.* Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than[4] an ill report; 70
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, t' express his disposition,
[And follow] Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

[O' me alone, make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest 81
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
*Com.* March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.] [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports[5] be guarded: keep your duties,
As I've set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries[6] to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.
*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.*

*Alarum. Enter, from opposite sides,* MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
*Auf.* We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy. Fix thy foot.
*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

---

[1] *Battle,* battle-array. [2] *Vaward,* vanguard.
[3] *Advanc'd,* uplifted.
[4] *Fear lesser his person than,* fear for his person less than he fears.
[5] *Ports,* gates. [6] *Centuries,* bands of a hundred.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 't is not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.
*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,[1]
Thou shouldst not scape me here.
[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Aufidius.*
Officious, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me
In[2] your condemned seconds.[3]
[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*]

*Mar.* I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.—(Act i. 8. 1, 2.)

SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*

*Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter, from one side,* COMINIUS *and Romans; from the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 't[4] not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
[Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' th' end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more;] where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plébeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, "We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"
[Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
Having fully din'd before.]

[1] *The whip of your bragg'd progeny*, the great warrior of the Trojans, from whom you boast your descent.
[2] *In*, with. [3] *Seconds*, helpers (see i. 4. 43).
[4] *Thou 't* (*i.e.* thou wilt), thou wouldst.

*Enter* TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done,—that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been,—that's for my country:
[He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.]
*Com.* You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: ['t were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement, 22
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,[1]
Would seem but modest:] therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.
*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
*Com.* Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent[2] themselves with death. Of all the horses,— 31
Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store,—of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
*Mar.* I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
[And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.] 40

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* "*Marcius! Marcius!*" *cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

May these same instruments, which you profane, 41
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing![3] [When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say!
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or[4] foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth 50
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.]
*Com.* Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give[5] you truly: [by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you—
Like one that means his proper[6] harm—in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.]—Therefore, be't known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which, 60
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—Bear
Th' addition[7] nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
*Cor.* I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you:—
[I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
To undercrest[8] your good addition 72
To the fairness of my power.]
*Com.* So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—[You, Titus Lartius,

[1] *Vouch'd*, proclaimed. [2] *Tent*, probe, cure.
[3] *Soothing*, flattery. [4] *Or* (because I have) *foil'd*.
[5] *Give*, represent (iv. 5. 157). [6] *Proper*, own.
[7] *Addition*, title. [8] *Undercrest*, wear as a crest.

Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,[1]
For their own good and ours.
*Lart.* I shall, my lord.]
*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now 79
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
*Com.* Take 't; 't is yours. What is 't?
*Cor.* I sometime lay,[2] here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:—
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
*Com.* O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.
*Lart.* Marcius, his name?
*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot:—
I 'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.— 91
Have we no wine here?
*Com.* Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE X. *The camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!
*First Sol.* 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.
*Auf.* Condition!—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,
I 've fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By th' elements, 10
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He s mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where[3]
I thought to crush him in an equal force
True sword to sword, I 'll potch[4] at him some way,
Or[5] wrath or craft may get him.
*First Sol.* He 's the devil.
*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour, poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane nor Capitol, 20
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements[6] all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon[7] my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon,[8] would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 't is held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.
*First Sol.* Will not you go?
*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you— 30
'T is south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
*First Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

---

# ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

*Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.
*Bru.* Good or bad?
*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.
*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

---

[1] *Articulate,* make articles (of peace).
[2] *Lay,* lodged (iv. 4. 8).
[3] *Where,* whereas. [4] *Potch,* poke, thrust. [5] *Or,* either.
[6] *Embarquements,* embargoes, impediments.
[7] *Upon,* under.
[8] *Hospitable canon,* rule of hospitality (see iii. 1. 90).

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 11

*Bru.* He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all. 21

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured[1] here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

*Both.* Why, how are we censur'd?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

*Both.* Well, well, sir, well. 30

*Men.* [Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so.] You blame Marcius for being proud?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone; [for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single:[2]] your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too. 50

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous[3] patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying[4] Tiber in 't; [said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint,[5] hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning:] what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. [Meeting two such wealsmen[6] as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bissom[7] conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?]

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset[8]-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. [When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves.] You are a pair of strange ones. 89

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's[9] cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet

[1] *Censured*, criticised.
[2] *Single*, poor, insignificant.
[3] *Humorous*, capricious.
[4] *Allaying*, diluting.
[5] *The first complaint, i.e.* the first complainer.
[6] *Wealsmen*, statesmen.
[7] *Bissom*, blind.
[8] *Fosset*, tap.
[9] *Botcher*, patcher of old clothes.

you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den[1] to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, [being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians:] I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius retire.*

*Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *with Attendants.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 109

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home!

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

[*Vir. Val.* Nay, 't is true.]

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you. 120

*Men.* I will make my very house reel tonight:—a letter for me!

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw 't.

*Men.* A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: [the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic,[2] and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench.]—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 131

*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for 't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings 'a[3] victory in his pocket?—the wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 141

*Men.* And 't was time for him too, I'll warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd[4] of this?

*Vol.* [Good ladies, let's go.]—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 151

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True! pow, wow.

*Men.* True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—[*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: [there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place.] He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 170

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish within.*] Hark! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers[5] of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy[6] arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd,[7] declines, and then
men die.

*A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter* COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

[*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight 179

[1] *God-den,* good even.
[2] *Empiricutic,* a coinage of Menenius for empiric, quack.
[3] *'A,* he.
[4] *Possess'd,* informed.
[5] *Ushers,* introducers.
[6] *Nervy,* sinewy (see note 25).
[7] *Advanc'd,* raised (see note 76).

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus:—welcome,
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*
*All.* Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!]

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph?—(Act ii. 1. 192-194.)

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
*Com.* Look, sir, your mother!
*Cor.* O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*
*Vol.* [*Raising him*] Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and 189
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!
*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
[*Men.* Now, the gods crown thee!
*Cor.* And live you yet?—[*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.]
*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;—
And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.
*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes:—I could weep, 200
And I could laugh; I'm light and heavy:—welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.
*Com.* Ever right.
[*Cor.* Menenius ever, ever.]
*Her.* Give way there, and go on!
*Cor.* [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours: 210
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
*Vol.* I have liv'd
To see inherited[1] my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
*Cor.* Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
*Com.* On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*
*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights 221
Are spectacled to see him: [your prattling nurse
Into a rapture[2] lets her baby cry

[1] *Inherited*, possessed, realized. [2] *Rapture*, fit.

CORIOLANUS

*Her* Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

While she chats[1] him: the kitchen malkin[2] pins 224
Her richest lockram[3] 'bout her reechy[4] neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,[5] windows, ]
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens[6]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil 233
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,[7]
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
*Sic.* On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
*Bru.* Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport[8] his honours 240
From where he should begin and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.
*Bru.* In that there 's comfort.
[ *Sic.* Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which[9]
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.
*Bru.*] I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility; 250
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
[ *Sic.* 'T is right.
*Bru.* It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry 't but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.]

[1] *Chats*, chats about. [2] *Malkin*, slattern.
[3] *Lockram*, coarse linen. [4] *Reechy*, smoky.
[5] *Bulks*, stalls in front of shops.
[6] *Flamens*, Roman priests.
[7] *Pother*, turmoil. [8] *Transport*, carry.
[9] *Which*, which cause.

*Sic.* I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
*Bru.* 'T is most like he will.
*Sic.* It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,[10]
A sure destruction.
*Bru.* [ So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end, 260
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power[11] he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war; who have their provand[12]
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence 270
Shall touch the people,—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

[ *Bru.*] What 's the matter?
*Mess.* You 're sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I 've seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers, 280
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.
*Bru.* Let 's to the Capitol;

[10] *As our good wills*, as our advantage requires.
[11] *To 's power*, to his utmost power.
[12] *Provand*, provender.

And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.[1]
*Sic.* Have with you.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

[*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

*First Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

*Sec. Off.* Three, they say: but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

*First Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

*Sec. Off.* Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

*First Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved[3] indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite.[4] Now, to seem to affect[5] the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, —to flatter them for their love.

*Sec Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees[6] as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

*First Off.* No more of him; he 's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.] 40

*A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them,* COMINIUS, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *Senators,* SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volsces, [and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify[7] his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,]
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes,[8] to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom 50
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

[*First Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state 's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out.—[*To the Tribunes*]
Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.
*Sic.* We are convented[9]
Upon a pleasing treaty;[10] and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance 60
The theme of our assembly.
*Bru.* Which the rather
We shall be blest[11] to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
*Men.* That 's off,[12] that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
*Bru.* Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

---

1 *Hearts for the event,* hopes for what it may bring forth.
2 *Have with you,* come along.
3 *Waved,* would wave.
4 *Opposite,* opponent.
5 *Affect,* desire.
6 *Degrees,* steps.
7 *Gratify,* reward.
8 *Well-found successes,* the successes we have fortunately met with.
9 *Convented,* convened.
10 *Treaty,* proposal.
11 *Blest,* most happy.
12 *Off,* beside the mark.

*Men.* He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—]
Worthy Cominius, speak.—[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place. 70
*First Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
*Cor.* Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
[*Bru.* Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd[1] not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.]
*Men.* Pray now, sit down.
*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun, 79
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
*Men.* Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
[That 's thousand to one good one—] when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear 't? — Proceed, Cominius.
*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world 90
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head[2] for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: [our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,

[1] *Sooth'd,* flattered. [2] *Head,* band, army.

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed 101
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-enter'd[3] thus, he waxed like a sea;]
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd[4] all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: [he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, 110
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took;[5] from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries:] alone he enter'd
The mortal[6] gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his:
When, by and by,[7] the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit 120
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking[8] o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
*Men.* Worthy man!
[*First Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.]
*Com.* Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards 131
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time to end it.
*Men.* He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.
*First Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
*Off.* He doth appear.

[3] *His pupil-age man-enter'd,* his minority having passed into manhood.
[4] *Lurch'd,* despoiled. [5] *Took,* took effect.
[6] *Mortal,* deadly. [7] *By and by,* immediately.
[8] *Reeking,* smoking.

*Re-enter* CORIOLANUS.

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
*Cor.* I do owe them still[1]
My life and services.
*Men.* It then remains
That you do speak to the people.
*Cor.* I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you 142
That I may pass this doing.
*Sic.* Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
*Men.* Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
*Cor.* It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
*Bru.* [*To Sicinius*] Mark you that?
*Cor.* To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;— 151
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!—
*Men.* Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
*Senators.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt* [*all except Brutus and Sicinius.*
*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.
*Sic.* May they perceive 's intent! He will require them, 160
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] *Still*, always.

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter several Citizens.*

*First Cit.* Once,[2] if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.
*Sec. Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.
*Third Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.
[*First Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once[3] we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.
*Third Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some abram,[4] some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.
*Sec. Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?
*Third Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,—'t is strongly wedg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.
*Sec. Cit.* Why that way?
*Third Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.
*Sec. Cit.* You are never without your tricks: —you may, you may. 39
*Third Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.—]

[2] *Once*, once for all. [3] *Once*, once when.
[4] *Abram*, auburn.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not known

*First Cit.* But this is something odd.
*Sec. Cit.* And 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.—(Act ii. 3. 90–92.)

The worthiest men have done 't?
*Cor.* What must I say?—
"I pray, sir,"—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—"Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums."
*Men.* O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them 61
To think upon you.
*Cor.* Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.
*Men.* You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.
*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,
[And keep their teeth clean.] [*Exit Menenius.*]
—So, here comes a brace.

*Re-enter two Citizens.*

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
*First Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't. 70
*Cor.* Mine own desert.
*Sec. Cit.* Your own desert!
*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

*First Cit.* How! not your own desire!

*Cor.* No, sir, 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

*First Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship? 80

*First Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—[*To Second Citizen*] Your good voice, sir; what say you?

*Sec. Cit.* You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir. — There 's in all two worthy voices begg'd. — I have your alms: adieu.

*First Cit.* But this is something odd.

*Sec. Cit.* And 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter. [*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

[*Re-enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

*Third Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*Third Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition[1] they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off[2] to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

*Fourth Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*Third Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve, 120
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
[Why in this woolvish toge[3] should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on ántique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth t' o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go 129
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, th' other will I do.—
Here come moe voices.]

*Re-enter three other Citizens.*

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I 've seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

*Fifth Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice. 140

*Sixth Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All three Citizens.* [Amen, amen.]—God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter* MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

*Men.* You 've stood your limitation;[4] and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon[5] do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd: 150
The people do admit you; and are summon'd

[1] *Condition*, disposition.
[2] *Off*, off with my hat.
[3] *Toge*, toga.
[4] *Limitation*, appointed time.
[5] *Anon*, at once (see note 149)

To meet anon,[1] upon your approbation.[2] 152
*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?
*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.
*Cor.* May I, then, change these garments?
*Sic.* You may, sir.
*Cor.* That I 'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
*Men.* I 'll keep you company. — Will you along?
*Bru.* We stay here for the people.
*Sic.* Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*
He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'T is warm at 's heart.
*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. — Will you dismiss the people? 162

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
*First Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
*Sec. Cit.* Amen, sir:—to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
*Third Cit.* Certainly
He flouted us downright.
*First Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech,—he did not mock us.
*Sec. Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says 170
He us'd us scornfully; he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.
*Sic.* Why, so he did, I 'm sure.
*All the Citizens.* No, no; no man saw 'em.
*Third Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
[And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,]
"I would be consul," says he; "aged custom
But by your voices will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore:" when we granted that,
Here was, "I thank you for your voices,— thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices, 180
I have no further with you:"—was not this mockery?
*Sic.* Why, either were you ignorant to see 't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
[*Bru.* Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal;[3] and now, arriving[4]
A place of potency, and sway o' the state, 190
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plébeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate[5] his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
*Sic.* Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd[6] his spirit 199
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.]
*Bru.* Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? [Why, had your bodies 211
No heart[7] among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?]
*Sic.* Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of[8] him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

---

[1] *Anon,* at once (see note 149).
[2] *Upon your approbation,* for the purpose of approving you.
[3] *Weal,* commonwealth.
[4] *Arriving,* arriving at.
[5] *Translate,* transform.
[6] *Touch'd,* tested.
[7] *Heart,* cf. i. 1. 120: "the *counsellor* heart."
[8] *Of,* on.

*Third Cit.* He 's not confirm'd; we may
Deny him yet.
*Sec. Sec.* And will deny him; I
Will have five hundred voices of that sound.
*First Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends
They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore[1] kept to do so.
*Sic.* Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce[2] his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; [but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,[3]
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears you.
*Bru.* Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between,[4] but that you must
Cast your election on him.
*Sic.*] Say you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.
*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. [Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continu'd; and what stock he springs of,—
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
And [Censorinus,] nobly nam'd so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.
*Sic.* One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling[5] his present bearing with his past,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
*Bru.*] Say you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
*All the Citizens.* We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt.*
[*Bru.* Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put[6] in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer[7]
The vantage of his anger.]
*Sic.* To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

---

# ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Cornets. Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?
*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.[8]
*Cor.* So, then, the Volsces stand but as at first;

[1] *Therefore,* for that purpose (redundant).
[2] *Enforce,* lay stress upon. [3] *Portance,* demeanour.
[4] *No impediment between,* so that no impediment remained.
[5] *Scaling,* weighing.
[6] *This mutiny were better put,* it were better to put, &c.
[7] *Observe and answer,* wait for the opportunity and use it.
[8] *Composition,* coming to terms.

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road[1]
Upon 's again.
*Com.* They 're worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
*Cor.* [Saw you Aufidius?
*Lart.* On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
*Cor.* Spoke he of me?
*Lart.* He did, my lord.
*Cor.* How? what?
*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
*Cor.* At Antium lives he?
*Lart.* At Antium.
*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
T' oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.]

*Enter* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank[2] them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.[3]
*Sic.* Pass no further.
*Cor.* Ha! what is that?
*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
*Cor.* What makes this change?
*Men.* The matter?
*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
*Bru.* Cominius, no.
*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?
*First Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.
[*Sic.* Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.]
*Cor.* Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
*Men.* Be calm, be calm.
*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
[Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be rul'd.]
*Bru.* Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd[4] the suppliants for the people,—call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
*Cor.* Why, this was known before.
*Bru.* Not to them all,
*Cor.* Have you inform'd them sithence?[5]
*Bru.* How! I inform them!
*Cor.* You 're like to do such business.
*Bru.* Not unlike,
Each[6] way, to better yours.
*Cor.* Why, then, should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
[*Sic.* You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you 're bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
*Men.* Let 's be calm.
*Com.* The people are abus'd;[7] set on. This paltering[8]
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub,[9] laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
*Cor.* Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again,—
*Men.* Not now, not now.

[1] *Road*, inroad. [2] *Prank*, deck, dress up.
[3] *Against all noble sufferance*, beyond the bearing of the nobility.
[4] *Scandal'd*, defamed. [5] *Sithence*, since.
[6] *Each*, every. [7] *Abus'd*, deceived.
[8] *Paltering*, trifling. [9] *Rub*, hindrance.

*First Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as[1] I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.]
*Men.* Well, no more.
[*First Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.]
*Cor.* How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter[2] us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
*Bru.* You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
*Sic.* 'T were well
We let the people know 't.
*Men.* What, what? his choler?
*Cor.* Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!
*Sic.* It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
*Cor.* Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall"?
[*Com.* 'T was from the canon.[3]
*Cor.* "Shall"!
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion[4]
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.]
*Com.* Well,—on to the market-place.
*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was us'd
Sometime in Greece,—
*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.
*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute power,—
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
*Bru.* Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
*Cor.* I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. [They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:—this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

[1] *As*, that. [2] *Tetter*, to mark with a rash.
[3] *From the canon*, contrary to rule, unconstitutional (see i. 10. 26).
[4] *Confusion*, ruin.

{How shall this bosom multiplied digest 131
{The senate's courtesy?] Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:"—thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human, 141
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,[1]—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without[2] all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,— 149
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump[3] a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity[4] which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control't.

*Bru.* 'Has said enough.

*Sic.* 'Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer 162
As traitors do.

[1] *Worship*, dignity. [2] *Without*, beyond.
[3] *Jump*, risk, put to hazard.
[4] *Integrity*, wholeness, singleness of purpose.

*Cor.* Thou wretch, despite[5] o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald[6] tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.—(Act iii. 1. 179, 180.)

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,[7]
And throw their power i' the dust. 171

*Bru.* Manifest treason!

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The ædiles, ho!

*Enter an Ædile.*

Let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people [*Exit Ædile*]:—in whose name myself

[5] *Despite*, contempt. [6] *Bald*, empty-headed.
[7] *i.e.* let right become might.

Attach[1] thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
*Cor.* [Hence, old goat!
*Sen. and Pat.* We 'll surety him.
*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.
*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing! or] I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
[*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!] 180

*Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.*

[*Men.* On both sides more respect.
*Sic.* Here 's he that would take from you all your power.
*Bru.* Seize him, ædiles!
*Citizens.* Down with him! down with him!
*Sen. Pat. &c.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*
Tribunes! — Patricians! — Citizens! — What, ho! —
Sicinius! — Brutus! — Coriolanus! — Citizens! —
Peace, peace, peace! — Stay, hold, peace!
*Men.* What is about to be? — I 'm out of breath;
Confusion[2] 's near; I cannot speak. — You, tribunes, 190
Speak to the people: — Coriolanus, patience: —
Speak, good Sicinius.
*Sic.* Hear me, people; peace!
*Citizens.* Let 's hear our tribune: peace! — Speak, speak, speak.
*Sic.* You are at point to lose[3] your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
*First Sen.* T' unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
*Sic.* What is the city but the people?
*Citizens.* True,
The people are the city. 200
*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
*Citizens.* You so remain.
*Men.* And so are like to do.
*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,[4]
In heaps and piles of ruin.]
*Sic.* This[5] deserves death.
*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority, 208
Or let us lose it. — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present[6] death.
*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
[*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him!
*Citizens.* Yield, Marcius, yield!
*Men.* Hear me one word:
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
*Æd.* Peace, peace!
*Men.* [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous 221
Where the disease is violent. — Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.]
*Cor.* No, I 'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
[There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.]
*Men.* Down with that sword! — Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.
*Men.* Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
*Citizens.* Down with him! down with him!
[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*
*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230
All will be naught else.
*Sec. Sen.* Get you gone.
*Cor.* Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

---

[1] *Attach*, arrest. [2] *Confusion*, ruin.
[3] *At point to lose*, at the point of losing.

[4] *Distinctly ranges*, stands erect, each part in its place.
[5] *This*, what has taken place.
[6] *Present*, instant.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?
*First Sen.* The gods forbid!—
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
*Men.* For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent[1] yourself: be gone, beseech you.
*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.
[ *Cor.* I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol— ]
*Men.* Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
*Cor.* On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
[ *Men.* I could myself
Take up[2] a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
*Com.* But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag[3] return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
*Men.* Pray you, be gone:
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
*Com.* Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*
*First Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.— [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!
*Sec. Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
*Men.* I would they were in Tiber! What,[4] the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Re-enter* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself? ]
*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—
*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.
*First Cit.* He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
*Citizens.* He shall, sure on 't.
*Men.* Sir, sir,—
*Sic.* Peace!
*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
*Sic.* Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
*Men.* Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
*Sic.* Consul!—what consul?
*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.
*Bru.* He consul!
*Citizens.* No, no, no, no, no.
*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I 'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
[ *Sic.* Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one[5] danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
*Men.* Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
*Sic.* He 's a disease that must be cut away.
*Men.* O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;

[1] *Tent,* probe (see i. 9. 31).
[2] *Take up,* fight.
[3] *Tag,* tag-rag.
[4] *What,* why.
[5] *One,* one constant.

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy. 297
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.
*Sic.* This is clean kam.[1]
*Bru.* Merely[2] awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
*Men.* The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.]
*Bru.* We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
*Men.* One word more, one word.
[This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find 312
The harm of unscann'd[3] swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels.] Proceed by process;
Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
*Bru.* If it were so,—
*Sic.* What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come,—
*Men.* Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars 320
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted[4] language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,—
In peace,—to his utmost peril.
[*First Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.]
*Sic.* Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.— 330
[Masters, lay down your weapons.
*Bru.* Go not home.
*Sic.*] Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there: 332
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
*Men.* I'll bring him to you.—[[*To the Senators*] Let me
Desire your company: he must come, or what
Is worst will follow.
*First Sen.* Pray you, let us to him.]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in Coriolanus's house.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
[*First Pat.* You do the nobler.
*Cor.*] I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, [who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up 12
To speak of peace or war.]

*Enter* VOLUMNIA.

[I talk of you:]
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
*Cor.* Let go.
*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition, if 21
You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
*Cor.* Let them hang.
*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

---

[1] *Clean kam*, quite distorted.
[2] *Merely*, absolutely.
[3] *Unscann'd*, inconsiderate. [4] *Bolted*, sifted.

*Enter* MENENIUS *and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.
[ *First Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless,[1] by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish. ]
*Vol.* Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt[2] as yours, 29
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
*Men.* Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
*Cor.* What must I do?
*Men.* Return to the tribunes.
*Cor.* Well, what then? what then?
*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.
*Cor.* For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I, then, do't to them?
*Vol.* You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say, 41
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
*Cor.* Tush, tush!
*Men.* A good demand.
[ *Vol.* If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not,—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both 50
It stands in like request? ]
*Cor.* Why force[3] you this?
*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance[4] to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. 61
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour: [ I am, in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want[5] might ruin.
*Men.* Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so, 70
Not[6] what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
*Vol.* ] I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, [ with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with them,—
Thy knee bussing[7] the stones,—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears,—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout[8] heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry 79
That will now hold the handling,—say to them, ]
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
*Men.* This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
*Vol.* [ Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather 90

---

[1] *Unless* (you are content that).
[2] *Apt*, teachable. [3] *Force*, urge (see ii. 3. 227).
[4] *Of no allowance*, not acknowledged by.
[5] *That want*, the want of their loves. [6] *Not*, not only.
[7] *Bussing*, kissing. [8] *Stout*, proud.

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.]—Here is Cominius.

*Enter* COMINIUS.

*Com.* I 've been i' the market-place; and, sir, 't is fit

*Vol.* Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd.—(Act iii. 2. 89, 90.)

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.
*Men.* Only fair speech.
*Com.* I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
*Vol.* He must, and will.—
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd[1] sconce?[2] must I 99
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-place!—
You 've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge[3] to the life.
*Com.* Come, come, we 'll prompt you.
*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son,—as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
*Cor.* Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me 111
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired[4] with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! [the smiles of knaves
Tent[5] in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight!] a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't;
Lest I surcease[6] to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind 122
A most inherent baseness.
*Vol.* At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me; 129
But owe[7] thy pride thyself.
*Cor.* Pray, be content:
Mother, I 'm going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog[8] their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:

[1] *Unbarb'd*, unarmed.
[2] *Sconce*, a contemptuous word for head.
[3] *Discharge*, perform.
[4] *Quired*, used to harmonize with.
[5] *Tent*, camp.
[6] *Surcease*, cease.
[7] *Owe*, own.
[8] *Cog*, cheat.

Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
*Vol.* Do your will. [*Exit.*
*Com.* Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.
*Cor.* The word is "mildly:"—pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
*Men.* Ay, but mildly.
*Cor.* Well, mildly be it, then,—mildly!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

[*Bru.* In this point charge him home,—that he affects[1]
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on[2] the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?
*Æd.* He's coming.
*Bru.* How accompanied?
*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
*Sic.* Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
*Æd.* I have; 't is ready 10
*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?
*Æd.* I have.
*Sic.* Assemble presently[3] the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry "Fine,"—if death, cry "Death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative,
And power i' the truth o' the cause.[4]
*Æd.* I shall inform them.
*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution 21
Of what we chance to sentence.
*Æd.* Very well.
*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.]
*Bru.* [Go about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*]
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks 29
With us[5] to break his neck.
*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.
*Cor.* [Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.[6]]—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng our large temples with the shows[7] of peace,
And not our streets with war!
*First Sen.* Amen, amen.
*Men.* A noble wish.

*Enter* [*Ædile, with*] *Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.
[*Æd.* List to your tribunes; audience! peace, I say! 40
*Cor.* First, hear me speak.
*Both Tri.* Well, say.—Peace, ho!]
*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine[8] here?

---

[1] *Affects,* aims at. [2] *Got on,* won from. [3] *Presently,* instantly.

[4] *And* (placing) *power i' the truth o' the cause, i.e.* trusting to the justice of the cause.
[5] *Looks with us,* is likely with our help.
[6] *Bear the knave by the volume,* bear volumes of abuse.
[7] *Shows,* pageants. [8] *Determine,* end.

*Sic.* I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure[1] for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
*Cor.* I 'm content.
*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think 49
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
*Cor.* Scratches with briers,
[ Scars to move laughter only.
*Men.* Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
*Com.* Well, well, no more.
*Cor.*] What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I 'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour 60
You take it off again?
*Sic.* Answer to us.
*Cor.* Say, then: 't is true, I ought so.
*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd[2] to take
From Rome all season'd[3] office, and to wind[4]
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
*Cor.* How! traitor!
*Men.* Nay, temperately; your promise.
*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people! 68
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious[5] tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
"Thou liest" unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
*Sic.* Mark you this, people?
*Citizens.* To the rock, to the rock with him!
*Sic.* Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
[ Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this, 80
So criminal, and in such capital kind,]
Deserves th' extremest death.
*Bru.* But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
*Cor.* What do you prate of service?
*Bru.* I talk of that that know it.
*Cor.* You?
*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your mother?
*Com.* Know, I pray you,—
*Cor.* I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger 89
But with a grain a day,—I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying "Good morrow."
*Sic.* For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against[6] the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as[7] now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not[8] in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it;—in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
[ In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Roman gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.
*Citizens.* It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he 's banish'd,
And it shall be so.]
*Com.* Hear me, my masters and my common friends,—
[ *Sic.* He 's sentenc'd; no more hearing.
*Com.* Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love 111
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

[1] *Censure*, sentence.
[2] *Contriv'd*, conspired.
[3] *Season'd* (by time).
[4] *Wind*, insinuate.
[5] *Injurious*, insolent.
[6] *Envied against*, shown hatred to.
[7] *As*, so that he has.
[8] *Not*, not only.

My dear wife's estimate,[1] her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—
*Sic.* We know your drift:—speak what?]
*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.
*Citizens.* It shall be so, it shall be so.
*Cor.* You common cry[2] of curs! whose breath I hate 120
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of yourselves, 130
Still your own foes, deliver you, as most
Abated[3] captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.
[*Exeunt* [ *Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.*
*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
*Citizens.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone
Hoo! hoo!
[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*
*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city. 141
*Citizens.* Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come;—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—come.
[*Exeunt.*]

---

# ACT IV.

[SCENE I. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,[4] craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them. 11

[1] *Estimate,* worth.
[2] *Cry,* the name for a pack of hounds.
[3] *Abated,* humiliated, down-trodden.
[4] *Being gentle wounded,* to bear gently when wounded.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!
*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—
*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
*Cor.* What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife,—my mother: 20
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'T is fond[5] to wail inevitable strokes,

[5] *Fond,* (as) foolish.

As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly,—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous[1] baits and practice.[2]

*Vol.* My first[3] son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us, 39
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal,[4] we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.[5]

*Cor.* Fare ye well:
Thou 'st years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch;[6] when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That 's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let 's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] *Cautelous,* crafty. [2] *Practice,* conspiracy.
[3] *First,* first-born. [4] *Repeal,* recall.
[5] *The needer,* him who is in want of it, whose advantage it is.
[6] *Of noble touch,* of proved nobility.

SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*

*Enter* SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let 's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say she 's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way. 10

*Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

*Vol.* O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods,
Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace; be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—[*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?

*Vir.* [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?—

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows than ever thou wise words; 21
And for Rome's good.—I 'll tell thee what;—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then!
He 'd make an end of thy posterity.
*Vol.* Bastards and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
*Men.* Come, come, peace.
*Sic.* I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself 31
The noble knot he made.
*Bru.* I would he had.
*Vol.* "I would he had!" 'T was you incens'd the rabble;—
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
*Bru.* Pray, let us go.
*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You 've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed 39
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
*Bru.* Well, well, we 'll leave you.
*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited
With[1] one that wants her wits?
*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.— [*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
*Men.* You 've told them home;[2]
And, by my troth, you 've cause. You 'll sup with me? 49
*Vol.* Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
*Men.* Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vols.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?
*Vols.* Nicanor? no.
*Rom.* The same, sir.
*Vols.* You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour[3] is well appear'd by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor. —(Act iv. 3. 30, 31.)

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.
*Vols.* Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division. 19
*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for

[1] *With*, by. [2] *Home* (see i. 4. 38). [3] *Favour*, face.

the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vols.* Coriolanus banish'd!

*Rom.* Banish'd, sir. 29

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vols.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vols.* A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,[1] and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 50

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vols.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Antium. Before Aufidius's house.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars[2]
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

*Enter a Citizen.*

Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir: farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, 12
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still[3] together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit,[4] break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep 19
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick[5] not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town.—I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.*

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

*First Serv.* Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

*Enter a second Servant.*

*Sec. Serv.* Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

---

[1] *In the entertainment,* entertained, engaged.

[2] *'Fore my wars,* (groan and drop) before me in battle.

[3] *Still,* always.

[4] *Doit,* a small Dutch coin.

[5] *Trick,* trifle.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS.

*Cor.* A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

*First Serv.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here 's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment 10
In being Coriolanus.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

*Sec. Serv.* Whence are you, sir?—Has the

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?
*Sec. Serv.* Here, sir: I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.—(Act iv. 5. 56-58.)

porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?[1]—Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*Sec. Serv.* Away! get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou 'rt troublesome.

*Sec. Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

*Enter a third Servant.*

*Third Serv.* What fellow 's this? 20

*Sec. Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him.

*Third Serv.* What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

*Third Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*Third Serv.* A marvellous poor one. 30

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*Third Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

[1] *Companions,* fellows.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go,
And batten[1] on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

*Third Serv.* What, you will not?—Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*Sec. Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

*Third Serv.* Where dwellest thou? 40

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*Third Serv.* Under the canopy!

*Cor.* Ay.

*Third Serv.* What 's that?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*Third Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows! —What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master. 50

*Third Serv.* How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 't is an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him in.*

*Enter* AUFIDIUS, *with the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*Sec. Serv.* Here, sir: I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*The two Servants retire.*

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not 61
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st[2] a noble vessel: what 's thy name?

[ *Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—thy name?] 70

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
[ The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains; ]
The cruelty and envy of the people, 80
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; [ not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers, 89
Stand I before thee here.] Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak[3] in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am 100
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius!

---

[1] *Batten,* feed fat. [2] *Show'st,* appearest. [3] *Wreak,* vengeance.

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. [If Jupiter 109
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius.]—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained[1] ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip[2]
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hot and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. [Know thou first
I lov'd the maid I married; never man 120
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out[3]
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius, 132
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.]

*Cor.* You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute[4] sir, if thou wilt have 142
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote, 148
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*—[*The two Servants come forward.*

*First Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!

*Sec. Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

*First Serv.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb as one would set up a top. 161

*Sec. Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

*First Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

*Sec. Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

*First Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he you wot on. 171

*Sec. Serv.* Who, my master?

*First Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

*Sec. Serv.* Worth six on him.

*First Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

*Sec. Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

*First Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too. 180

*Re-enter Third Servant.*

*Third Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!

*First and Sec. Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

*Third Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemn'd man.

*First and Sec. Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

*Third Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

*First Serv.* Why do you say "thwack our general?" 191

---

[1] *Grained*, tough. [2] *Clip*, embrace.
[3] *Out*, out and out.
[4] *Absolute*, consummate.

*Third Serv.* I do not say "thwack our general;" but he was always good enough for him.

*Sec. Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

*First Serv.* He was too hard for him directly,[1] to say the troth on't: before Corioli he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

*Sec. Serv.* And he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too. 201

*First Serv.* But, more of thy news?

*Third Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes

*Third Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!—(Act iv. 5. 181, 182.)

a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,[2] and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl[3] the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.[4]

*Sec. Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

*Third Serv.* Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

*First Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

*Third Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

*First Serv.* But when goes this forward?

---

[1] *Directly,* manifestly.
[2] *With's hand, i.e.* by touching Coriolanus's hand.
[3] *Sowl,* drag.
[4] *Poll'd,* shaven bare.

*Third Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently;[1] you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

*Sec. Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

*First Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.[2] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd,[3] deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

*Sec. Serv.* 'T is so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

*First Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

*Third Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.— They are rising, they are rising. 250

*All Three.* In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame [i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.]

*Bru.* [We stood to 't in good time.]—Is this Menenius? 10

*Sic.* 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.

*Enter* MENENIUS.

Hail, sir!

*Bru.* Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

[*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Citizens.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* God-den,[4] our neighbours.

*Bru.* God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

*First Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

*Citizens.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 30
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.]

[1] *Presently,* instantly.
[2] *Full of vent,* effervescent.
[3] *Mulled,* flat, insipid.
[4] *God-den,* good even.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
*Men.* 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
[*Sic.* Come, what[1] talk you
Of Marcius?
*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
*Men.* Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been 50
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
*Sic.* Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
*Bru.* Not possible.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
*Sic.* 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising; 60
Nothing but his report.
*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
*Sic.* What more fearful?
*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
*Sic.* This is most likely!
*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
*Sic.* The very trick on 't. 71
*Men.* This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone[2]
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*Sec. Mess.* You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

*Enter* COMINIUS.

*Com.* O, you have made good work!
[*Men.* What news? what news?
*Com.* You 've holp to ravish your own daughters, and 81
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
*Men.* What 's the news? what 's the news?
*Com.* Your temples burned in their cément; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.]
*Men.* Pray now, your news?—
You 've made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
*Com.* If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature, 91
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflees,
Or butchers killing flies.
*Men.* You 've made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation[3] and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

[1] *What*, why.

[2] *Atone*, be reconciled.

[3] *Occupation*, tradesmen (see note 230).

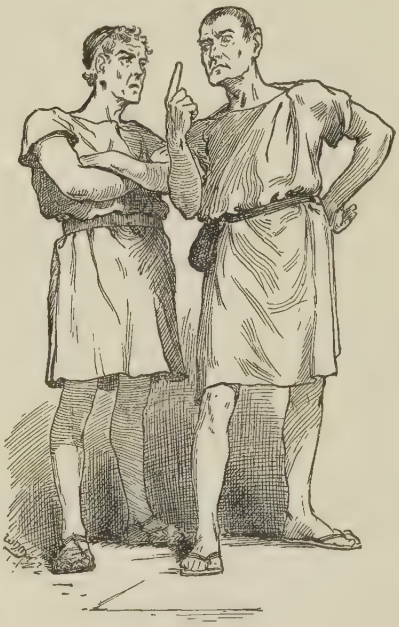
*Com.* He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
*Men.* As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit.—You 've made fair work! 100
[*Bru.* But is this true, sir?
*Com.* Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant[1] fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
*Men.* We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
*Com.* Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd[2] him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd[3] like enemies.
*Men.* 'T is true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You 've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you 've crafted fair!
*Com.* You 've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
*Both Tri.* Say not, we brought it.
*Men.* How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts 121
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
*Com.* But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points[4]
As if he were his officer:—desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—

[1] *Constant*, obstinate. [2] *Charg'd*, would charge.
[3] *Show'd*, would show. [4] *Points*, orders.

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at 131
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,



*First Cit.* I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banish'd him.—(Act iv. 6. 155, 156.)

And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
*Citizens.* Faith, we hear fearful news.
*First Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.
*Sec. Cit.* And so did I. 141
*Third Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
*Com.* Ye 're goodly things, you voices!
*Men.* You have made

Good work, you and your cry![1]—Shall's to the Capitol?

*Com.* O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd: 150

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

*First Cit.* The gods be good to us!—Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banish'd him.

*Sec. Cit.* So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter* AUFIDIUS *and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.[2]

*Auf.* I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier, 8
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,[3]—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too: 30
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal,[4] as hasty
T' expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even:[5] whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time; 50
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou 'rt poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Cry* (see iii. 3. 120). [2] *Own*, own men.
[3] *Particular*, private interest.

[4] *Repeal*, recall. [5] *Even*, level, steady.

# ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

*Men.* No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular.[1] He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd[2]
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.
*Com.* He would not seem to know me.
*Men.* Do you hear?
*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name: 9
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.
*Men.* Why, so,—you 've made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have racked for Rome
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!
*Com.* I minded him how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had punish'd.
*Men.* Very well:
Could he say less?
*Com.* I offer'd[3] to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 't was folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.
*Men.* For one poor grain or two!
I 'm one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

[1] *In a most dear particular,* in an especial degree.
[2] *Coy'd,* disdained. [3] *Offer'd,* tried.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid 33
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
*Men.* No, I 'll not meddle.
*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.
*Men.* What should I do?
*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd, 42
Unheard; what then?
But[4] as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
*Sic.* Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
*Men.* I 'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd; 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we 've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.
*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness, 59
And cannot lose your way.
*Men.* Good faith, I 'll prove him.
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
*Com.* He 'll never hear him.
*Sic.* Not?

[4] (If I return) *but.*

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me, what he would not;—
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, 70
Unless his noble mother and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An outpost of the Volscian camp before Rome. The sentinels at their stations.*

*Enter to them* MENENIUS.

*First S.* Stay: whence are you?
*Sec. S.* Stand, and go back.
*Men.* You guard like men; 't is well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
*First S.* From whence?
*Men.* From Rome.
*First S.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
*Sec. S.* You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.
*Men.* Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius. 11
*First S.* Be 't so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover:[1] I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends—
Of whom he 's chief—with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
I 've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing:[2] therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.
*First S.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.
*Men.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary[3] on the party of your general. 31
*Sec. S.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.
*Men.* Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.
*First S.* You are a Roman, are you?
*Men.* I am, as thy general is. 39
*First S.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant[4] as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.
*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.
*Sec. S.* Come, my captain knows you not.
*Men.* I mean, thy general.
*First S.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

[1] *Lover*, friend.
[2] *Stamp'd the leasing*, given authority to a lie.
[3] *Factionary*, a partisan.
[4] *Dotant*, dotard.

*Men.* Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

*Enter* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

*Cor.* What 's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion,[1] I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant[2] cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swound for what 's to come upon thee.—[*To Coriolanus*] The glorious gods

*First S.* Be 't so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.—(Act v. 2. 12, 13.)

sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here, —this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away!

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe[3]
My revenge properly, my remission lies 90
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than

[1] *Companion*, fellow (see note 245).

[2] *Guardant*, sentinel.

[3] *Owe*, own.

Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!
*Auf.* You keep a constant temper. 100
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*First S.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

*Sec. S.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

*First S.* Do you hear how we are shent[1] for keeping your greatness back?

*Sec. S.* What cause, do you think, I have to swound?

*Men.* I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

*First S.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*Sec. S.* The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter* Coriolanus, Aufidius, *and others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.
*Auf.* Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
*Cor.* This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father; 10
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I've yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 't is made? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits,* Virgilia, Volumnia *leading young* Marcius, Valeria, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should 30
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
*Vir.* My lord and husband!
*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.
*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,[2] 41

[1] *Shent,* scolded.

[2] *Out,* at a loss.

Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say, 43
For that, "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee,[1] dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show 51
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!
[*Raising him.*
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.
[*Kneels; he hastily raises her.*

*Cor.* What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility, to make 61
What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple:—dear Valeria!

*Vol.* [*Presenting young Marcius*] This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,
With the consent of súpreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove 72
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,[2]
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That 's my brave boy!

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before,—
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me 81
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate[3]
Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more!
You 've said you would not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we 'll ask;
That, if you fail in[4] our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us. 91

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear naught from Rome in private.—Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We 've led since thy exíle. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow; 100
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity 's most capital:[5] thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we 're bound,—together with thy victory,
Whereto we 're bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, 110
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had

[1] *Carried from thee, i.e.* when I left Rome, and now give it back. [2] *Flaw,* gust.

[3] *Capitulate,* make terms.
[4] *In,* in granting. [5] *Capital,* fatal.

Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine:[1] if I cannot persuade thee 120
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
*Vir.* Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
*Young Mar.* 'A[2] shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight. 128
*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I've sat too long. [*Rising.*
*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son, 140
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains[3] of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou'st never in thy life 160
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees. 169
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last:—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch:
I'm hush'd until our city be a-fire, 181
And then I'll speak a little.
*Cor.* [*After holding Volumnia by the hand in silence*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,

[1] *Determine*, conclude. [2] *'A*, he (see ii. 1. 135). [3] *Strains*, impulses, traits.

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You 've won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, 191
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.
*Cor.* I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I've sat too long.—(Act v. 3. 129-131.)

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!
*Auf.* [*Aside*] I'm glad thou 'st set thy mercy and thy honour 200
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune.[1]
[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*
*Cor.* [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by and by;
But we[2] will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *A former fortune,* a fortune such as I had before.

[2] *We,* Aufidius and I.

[SCENE IV. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS *with* SICINIUS.

*Men.* See you yond[1] coign[2] o' the Capitol,—yond corner-stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon[3] execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man? 10

*Men.* There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He lov'd his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,[4] as a thing made for[5] Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: 38
The plébeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Sec. Mess.* Good news, good news;—the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Sec. Mess.* As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide 50
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together; shouting also, within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again within.*

*Men.* This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You've pray'd well today:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit.[6]—Hark, how they joy! [*Shouting and music still, within.*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next, 61
Accept my thankfulness.

*Sec. Mess.* Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They're near the city?

*Sec. Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] *Yond*, see note 175. [2] *Coign*, corner.
[3] *Stay upon*, await. [4] *State*, chair of state.
[5] *A thing made for*, *i.e.* a statue of.

[6] *Doit*, a small Dutch coin. See note 68.

SCENE V. *The same. A street near the gate.*

*Enter, in procession,* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, *&c., accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and Citizens.*

*First Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal[1] him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, "Welcome, ladies, welcome!"
*All.* Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.* [*Exeunt.*]

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.—(Act v. 5. 38.)

SCENE VI. *Corioli. A public place.*

*Enter* AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction*

Most welcome!
*First Con.* How is it with our general?
*Auf.* Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
*Sec. Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein 13
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
*Third Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst

[1] *Repeal,* recall.

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
*Auf.* I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits 20
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
*Third Con.* Sir, his stoutness 27
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end[1] all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,[2] as if 40
I had been mercenary.
*First Con.* So he did, my lord,—
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
*Auf.* There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall.—But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*
*First Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,[3] 50
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
*Sec. Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
*Third Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
*Auf.* Say no more:
Here come the lords. 60

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.
*Auf.* I've not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
*Lords.* We have.
*First Lord.* And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge,[4] making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
*Auf.* He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, *with drum and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love 72
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and,
With bloody passage, led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part[5]
The charges of the action. We've made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

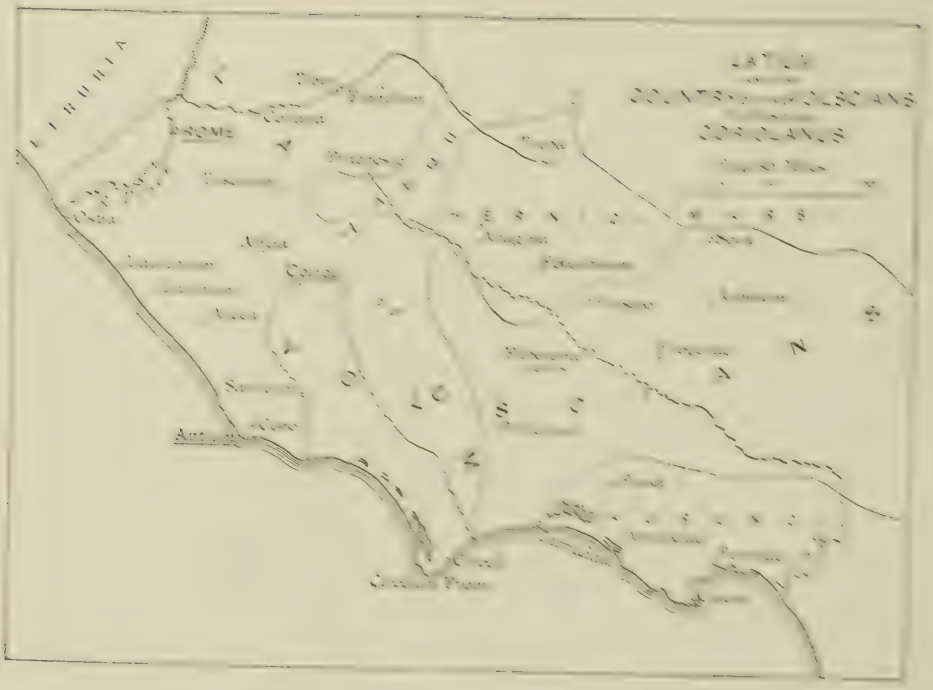
[1] *End*, get in, house.
[2] *Wag'd with countenance*, rewarded with patronage.
[3] *Post*, messenger (fore-running Coriolanus).
[4] *Answering us with our own charge*, bringing us back the bill to pay.
[5] (By) *a full third part.*

*Cor.* Traitor!—how now!
*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius!
*Cor.* Marcius!
*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?— 90
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome—
I say, your city—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel[1] o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?
*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears!
*Cor.* Ha!
*Auf.* No more.[2] 102
*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. "Boy!" O slave!—
Pardon me, lords; 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion[3]—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie upon him. 110
*First Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.
*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—"Boy!" false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—"Boy!"
*Auf.* Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears? 120
*All the Conspirators.* Let him die for 't!
*Citizens.* Tear him to pieces!—Do it presently!—He kill'd my son!—My daughter!—He kill'd my cousin Marcus!—He kill'd my father!—

[1] *Never admitting counsel,* taking no thought at all.
[2] *No more,* than a boy. [3] *Notion,* understanding.

*Sec. Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds-in
This orb o' th' earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious[4] hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
*Cor.* O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword!
*Auf.* Insolent villain!
*All the Conspirators.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on him.*
*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold!
*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.
*First Lord.* O Tullus,—
*Sec. Lord.* Thou 'st done a deed whereat valour will weep.
*Third Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.
*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver 141
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
*First Lord.* Bear from hence his body,—
And mourn you for him:—let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
*Sec. Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.
*Auf.* My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury, 154
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.
[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.*

[4] *Judicious,* judicial.




# NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. The character of CORIOLANUS is thus given in Plutarch: "This man is a good proofe to confirme some men's opinions: That a rare and excellent wit vntaught doth bring forth many good and euill things together: as a fat soile that lyeth vnmanured (i.e. unworked) bringeth foorth both hearbes and weeds. For this Martius naturall wit and great heart did maruellously stirre vp his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But on the other side for lacke of education, he was so cholericke and impatient, that he would yeeld to no liuing creature: which made him churlish, vnciuill, and altogether unfit for any mans conuersation. Yet men maruelling at his constancie, that he was neuer owercome with pleasure nor mony, & how he wold endure easily all maner of paines & trauels: thereupon they well liked and commended his stoutnesse and temperancy. But for all that they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen vseth to be with another in the city: his behauiour was so vnpleasant to them by reason of a certaine insolent and stern maner he had, which because he was too Lordly, was disliked" (North's Plutarch, ed. 1631, p. 221). "He was a man too ful of passion and choler, and too much giuen to selfe-wil, & opinion, as one of a high mind & great courage, that lacked the graultie and affability that is gotten with iudgement of learning & reason, which only is to be looked for in a gouernour of state: and that remembred [illegible] gouernour of a common-wealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitarinesse" (p. 228).

2. The following is Plutarch's account of TULLUS AUFIDIUS: "In the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobilitie and valiantnesse was honoured among the Volsces as a King. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and [illegible] that many times in battels where they met, they were euer at the encounter ore against another, like lusty couragious youths, striuing in all emulation of honor, and [illegible] Martius with.] Among those Tullus was chiefe who though he had received no priuate iniury or displeasure

of Martius, yet the common fault and imperfection of mans nature wrought in him, and it grieued him to see his owne reputation blemished through Martius great fame and honour, and so himselfe to be lesse esteemed of the Volsces then he was before" (p. 236).

3. In the character of VOLUMNIA Shakespeare is following hints to be found in Plutarch. Thus it is said: "Touching Martius the onely thing that made him to loue honour, was the ioy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might heare euerybody praise and commend him, that she might alwaies see him return with a crown vpon his head, and that she might still imbrace him with teares running down her cheekes for ioy: . . . Martius thinking all due to his mother, that had bin also due to his father if he had liued, did not only content himself to rejoyce and honor her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet neuer left his mother's house therefore" (p. 233). The name of the wife is afterwards given as Virgilia. Of young Marcius nothing is said.

4. Of the remaining characters little but the names are to be found in Plutarch. Of JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS it is said that they "were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only bene the causers and procurers of the sedition" (p. 224). MENENIUS AGRIPPA is mentioned as the senator who told the tale of the belly and its members; and VALERIA as the lady who first had the idea of the women's supplication to Coriolanus; COMINIUS was the consul at the time of the expedition against Corioli, and TITUS LARTIUS the lieutenant, with whom he divided his army.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

5. Line 11: *Is't a verdict?*—Perhaps a sly hit at trial by jury.

6. Line 15: *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians,* GOOD.—The first citizen uses the word, with a quibble, in its other sense of "wealthy," "substantial," as in Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 12–17:

> *Shy.* Antonio is a *good* man.
> *Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
> *Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient.

Dyce quotes from Brome's Northern Lasse, sig. D 2, ed. 1632: "A *good* man in th' citty is not call'd after his good deeds, but the knowne weight of his purse."

7. Line 20: *the leanness that afflicts us . . . is as an inventory to particularize their abundance.*—The list of our wants is a list of their possessions: what we lack they have.

8. Line 20: *the* OBJECT *of our misery.—Object* in the sense of "object of sight" is quite ordinary modern English. We speak of "*object*-lessons," of "writing with the eye upon the *object*," &c. The peculiarity here is its use in this sense with the preposition *of*. The only other instance of this in Shakespeare is Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 41:

> And reason flies the *object of* all harm.

9. Line 21: *our* SUFFERANCE *is a gain to them.—Sufferance* in Shakespeare means either suffering, as here, or endurance, as in iii. 1. 23, 24:

> For they do prank them in authority,
> Against all noble *sufferance.*

10. Line 24: *ere we become* RAKES.—A reference to the proverb, "As lean as a *rake;*" with a quibble on the other meaning of *pike*, viz. a pitch-fork. *Pike* and *pitch* are the same word. See note 35.

11. Line 32: *and could be content; i.e.* and would be pleased. Cf. Julius Cæsar, v. i. 8:

> they *could be content*
> To visit other places.

So, in line 38 below, *can be content* means "may be pleased."

12. Line 39: *to please his mother.*—So North's Plutarch, ed. 1632, p. 222: "But touching Martius the onely thing that made him to loue honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him."

13. Line 59: *Our business is not unknown to the senate.*—"This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus" (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xiv. p. 8).

14. Line 84: *edicts for usury, to support usurers.*—Shakespeare has combined two revolts of the people described by Plutarch: the first, on account of the exactions of usurers; the second, by reason of a famine.

15. Line 95: *To* STALE *'t a little more.*—Theobald's conjecture for F. *scale*, which some commentators defend, explaining it to mean: "strip off the husk a little further, to shew the hidden meaning." But probably *scale* is a misprint here. In ii. 3. 257 it is used correctly for *weigh.*

16. Line 97: *to* FOB OFF *our disgrace with a tale.*—To *fob off* is to put off with a jest or trick. Cf. II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 37: "I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been *fubb'd off*, and *fubb'd off*, and *fubb'd off*, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on."

17. Line 99.—As a specimen of the way in which Shakespeare employs his authorities, it may be well to quote the fable as it stands in North's Plutarch: "On a time all the members of mans body did rebell against the belly, complaining of it, that it only remained in the midst of the body without doing anything, neither did beare any labour to the maintenance of the rest: wheras all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very carefull to satisfie the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said: It is true, I first receive all meates that nourish mans body: but afterwards I send it againe to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he) O you, my masters, and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike betweene the Senate and you. For matters being well digested, and their counsels throughly examined, touching the benefite of the common-wealth, the Senatours are cause of the common commodity that cometh vnto euery one of you" (p. 224).

18. Line 112: *Which ne'er came from the lungs; i.e.* as

we should say, not a *hearty* smile, with a play on the literal use of the word *lungs*. Cf. Tempest, ii 1. 173–175: "These gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble *lungs* that they always use to laugh at nothing;" Hamlet, ii. 2. 336: "the clown shall make those laugh whose *lungs* are tickle o' the sere."

19. Line 114: *it* TAUNTINGLY *replied.*—So F. 4; F. 1 *taintingly;* F. 2, F. 3 *tantingly.*

20. Line 120: *The* COUNSELLOR *heart.*—Compare ii. 3. 211, 212:

> Why, had your bodies
> No *heart* among you? (sc. to advise you).

In the old medicine the three principal parts of the body were liver, heart, and brain, called the tripod of life, in which were begotten respectively the *natural vital* and *animal* spirits, by which the soul performed all its actions.

21. Line 130: YOU'ST *hear the belly's answer.*—*You'st* is a provincialism either for *you (thou) shalt*, or *you must*, probably the former. Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Marston's Malcontent, v. 3. 67: "*You'st* ne'er meet more,' and line 81, "*you'st* do 's no harm," as well as iv. 1: "*Thou'st* kill him" (ed. Bullen, i. 310, 311, 283).

22. Lines 131, 132:

> *Note* ME *this, good friend;*
> YOUR *most grave belly.*

This conversational use of the pronouns has become rare in modern English, but it is frequent in Shakespeare. Compare for the first, Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 11, 12:

> Villain, I say, knock *me* at this gate,
> And rap *me* well, or I'll knock your knave's pate;

and for the second, Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7. 29–31: "*Your* serpent of Egypt is bred now of *your* mud by the operation of *your* sun: so is *your* crocodile."

23. Line 140: *Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain.*—That is, to the court, the heart, and to the seat, or throne, of the brain, *viz.* the head.

24. Line 141: CRANKS.—The word is used only twice else by Shakespeare, *viz.* I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 98:

> See how this river comes me *cranking* in;

and Venus and Adonis, 682:

> He *cranks* and crosses with a thousand doubles.

Compare Milton, L'Allegro, 27:

> Quips and *cranks* and wanton wiles,

where "cranks" are quibbles. Drayton uses "crankling" in a line quoted by Nares:

> Now on along the crankling path doth keep.

25. Line 142: *The strongest* NERVES.—*Nerve* in Elizabethan English retained its classical sense of sinew. Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 82, 83:

> And makes each petty artery in this body
> As hardy as the Némean lion's *nerve.*

Cymbeline, iii. 3. 94:

> Strains his young *nerves* and puts himself in posture.

We still speak of a vigorous style in writing as *nervous.*

26. Line 154: DISGEST *things rightly.*—*Disgest* is a frequent Elizabethan form of *digest; e.g.* Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 305; Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 179; according to the Folio reading.

27. Line 155: *Touching the weal o' the common.*—That is, the *wealth* or welfare of the common people. Compare Shakespeare's use of *the general* in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 11, 12:

> I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
> But for *the general;*

and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "'t was caviare to *the general.*"

28. Line 163: *Thou* RASCAL, *that are worst* IN BLOOD *to run.*—A *rascal* was a deer out of condition. Compare As You Like It, iii. 3. 58: "the noblest deer hath them as huge as the *rascal.*" *In blood* meant in condition. Compare I. Henry VI. iv. 2. 48, 49:

> If we be English deer, be then *in blood;*
> Not *rascal*-like, to fall down with a pinch.

Menenius means that for rascals to lead may be for their own advantage, but not for that of the herd. The proper order of society is expressed in a passage of The Maid's Metamorphosis:

> The lustie stag, conductor of the traine
> Leads all the heard in order doun the plaine;
> The baser *rascals* scatter here and there
> As not presuming to approach so neere.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, 1st Ser. i. 114.

29. Line 167: *The one side must have* BALE.—Compare Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 1. 16:

> For light she hated as the deadly *bale.*

The word occurs only here in Shakespeare, though its derivative "baleful" is frequent. Already in Bullokar's Expositor (1616) it is marked as obsolete. It is found usually as the antithesis of "bliss" or "boot.

30. Lines 169, 170:

> *That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,*
> *Make yourselves* SCABS?

*Scab* was a term of contempt, as in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 82, "Out, *scab!*" it may therefore be used here with a quibble, make yourselves scabs, meaning both "make *scabs* for yourselves" and "make yourselves into *scabs.*" Compare Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 3. 105–107:

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.
*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow *itch'd;* I thought there would a *scab* follow.

31. Line 179: *To make him worthy whose offence subdues him, &c.*—That is, to praise him whose offence brings him to punishment, and curse that justice which punished him.

32. Line 188: *Him* VILD *that was your garland.*—*Vild* is a frequent old spelling of *vile.* See, *e.g.* Tempest, i. 2. 358; King John, iii. 4. 19, Ff.

33. Line 202: *I'd make a* QUARRY.—*Quarry* is derived from *curée* (from Low Latin *corata*, intestines), which Cotgrave explains as "a dog's reward, the hounds' fees of, or part in, the game they have killed." Bullokar defines it as "venison which is taken by hunting." The word is used here for a heap of dead, as in Hamlet, v. 2. 375–378:

> This *quarry* cries on havoc. O proud Death,
> What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
> That thou so many princes at a shot
> So bloodily hast struck?

34: Line 203: *With thousands of these* QUARTER'D *slaves.*—For the proleptic use of the adjective compare i. 4. 20, 21:

list, what work he makes
Amongst your *cloven* army;

and for the sense of "cut in pieces," compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 268:

Their infants *quarter'd* with the hands of war.

35. Line 204: *As I could* PICK *my lance.—Pick* is for *pitch*, as in Henry VIII. v. 4. 99:

I'll *pick* you o'er the pales else.

For the double form cf. *ache* and *atche*, *poke* and *potch* (i. 10. 15), *eke* and *eche* (Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 23, Q. 2), *lurk* and *lurch* (ii. 2. 105 of this play).

36. Line 215: *To break the heart of* GENEROSITY.—"To give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson). *Generous* in Shakespeare is frequently used for "of noble birth," according to its derivation from the Latin *generosus*. Cf. Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 13:

The *generous* and gravest citizens.

37. Line 233: *that will* PUT YOU TO 'T; *i.e.* give you work to do, try your mettle. Cf. Othello, iii. 3. 469, 471:

I greet thy love. . . .
And will upon the instant *put thee to't.*

38. Line 255: *Worshipful* MUTINERS.—In the only other place where the word occurs in Shakespeare the form used is *mutineer:* "If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree" (Tempest, iii. 2. 41, Folio). But cf. the form *enginer* in Hamlet, iii. 4. 206, 207:

For 't is the sport to have the *enginer*
Hoist with his own petar;

and *pioner* in Hamlet, i. 5. 162:

A worthy *pioner!* Once more remove, good friends;

and Milton, Paradise Lost, i. 675, 676:

as when bands
Of *pioners* with spade and pickaxe armed.

Peele, Battle of Alcazar, iv. 1. 10 (ed. Bullen, vol. i. p. 274) has *muleters.*

39. Line 260: *Being mov'd, he will not spare to* GIRD *the gods.*—Cf. II. Henry IV. i. 2. 7, where Falstaff says: "Men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me." The noun occurs in Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 58, and I. Henry VI. iii. 1. 131. For the use of the verb without a preposition cf. Returne from Parnassus, i. 2. 280:

Cleanly to *gird* our looser libertines.
—Ed. Macray, p. 86.

The original sense is to strike; cf. Chaucer, Monkes Tale, 556:

And to these cherles tuo he gan to praye
To sleen him, and to *girden* of his head.

40. Lines 262, 263:

*He is grown*
*Too proud* TO BE *so valiant;*

*i.e.* he is grown too proud *of being* so valiant. "*To* was originally used not with the infinitive, but with the gerund in *-e*, and, like the Latin *ad* with the gerund, denoted a purpose. Thus '*to* love' was originally '*to* lovene;' *i.e.* to (or toward) loving (ad amandum). Gradually as *to* superseded the proper infinitival inflection *to* was used in other and more indefinite senses: 'for,' 'about,' 'in,' 'as regards'" (Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, p. 256). Thus the sense becomes ambiguous, especially when *too* precedes. Compare Richard II. i. 3. 244:

I was *too* strict to make mine own away (in making).

41. Line 276.—DEMERITS was long used as *deserts* is now in both a good and evil sense. In Bullokar's English Expositor (1616) *demerit* is defined simply as "desert;" but in Blount's Glossographia (1674) the sense given is "ill-deserving, want of merit." For the good sense cf. Othello, i. 2. 22–24:

my *demerits*
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd:

and for the bad sense, Macbeth, iv. 3. 226, 227:

Not for their own *demerits*, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls.

For the two senses before Shakespeare's time, contrast Hall's Chronicle, Henry VI. fol. 69: "This noble prince for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester," with Stat. I. Henry VII. c. 4 (1485): "Priests culpable, or by their *demerits* openly reported of incontinent living." Cotgrave explains *demerite:* "desert, merit, deserving; also (the contrary,) a disservice, demerit, misdeed, ill-carriage, ill-deserving; in which sense it is most commonly used at this day."

42. Lines 281, 282:

*in what fashion*
*More than his singularity;*

*i.e.* with what forces over and above himself. The speech is sarcastic. Cf. iii. 1. 263–265:

Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

43. Lines 5, 6:

*Rome*
*Had circumvention.*

A mixture of "Rome had intelligence" and "the act had circumvention.

44. Line 14: *Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman.*—"Titus Latius one of the Valiantest men the Romaines had at that time" (North's Plutarch, p. 224).

45. Line 24: *To* TAKE IN *many towns; i.e.* capture. Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 83:

When he hath mus'd of *taking* kingdoms *in;*

and, metaphorically, Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 587, 588:

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not *take in* the mind.

46. Line 28: *for the remove; i.e.* for their removal; to raise the siege and relieve the town.

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

47. Line 10: *that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made* IT *not stir; i.e.* if renown did not stir so goodly an appearance, it was no better than a picture.

48. Line 16: *his brows bound with oak*, for saving the life of a citizen.—See quotation from North's Plutarch in note 143.

49. Line 32: *Methinks I hear* HITHER *your husband's*

*drum; i.e.* the sound seems to reach me here. For the use of the adverb with a verb of motion not expressed, cf. Sonnet xxxix. 14:

> By praising him here who doth hence remain.

**50.** Line 46: AT *Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria,* &c.—This is the emendation of Collier, and is quite satisfactory. F. 1 reads:

> At Grecian *sword. Contemning,* tell *Valeria,* &c.;

as though *Contenning* were a proper name. F. 2 reads:

> At Grecian swordes *Contending:* tell Valeria, &c.

Capell added an apostrophe:

> At Grecian swords' contending.

**51.** Line 54: *you are* MANIFEST *house-keepers.—Manifest* has two senses in Shakespeare: (1) evident; (2) well-known, public; the second being the sense in this place. Cf. All's Well That Ends Well, i. 3. 229:

> his reading
> And manifest experience.

**52.** Line 56: *A fine* SPOT.—*Spot* here seems to mean a small pattern that Virgilia is working. Compare Othello, iii. 3. 434, 435:

> Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
> *Spotted* with strawberries in your wife's hand?

**53.** Line 71: *how he* MAMMOCK'D *it.*—The word occurs only here in Shakespeare. Both Cotgrave and Minsheu in their dictionaries recognize the substantive *mammocks,* for morsels, but neither has the verb; nor do the commentators supply any instance. Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Major Moor's Suffolk Words and Phrases: "*Mammuck.* To cut and hack victuals wastefully."

**54** Line 74: *A* CRACK, *madam; i.e.* Yes, he is a lively boy. The word is used by Shallow in II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 34: "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a *crack* not thus high." A *crack* was a pert, lively boy. In Marston's What You Will, iii. 3 (ed. Bullen, vol. ii. p. 382), the leading page in their games together is called "Emperor of Cracks;" and in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, when Mercury and Cupid disguise themselves as pages, Mercury says: "Since we are turned *cracks,* let's study to be like *cracks,* practise their language and behaviours, act freely carelessly and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quicksilver." Cf. also Jonson's The Devil is an Ass, ii. 3 (p. 355, ed. Gifford, 1838):

> If we could get a witty boy
> That were an excellent *crack,* I could instruct him
> To the true height.

[So, too, Massinger's The Unnatural Combat, i. 1; and The Bashful Lover, i. 1 (Cunningham's ed. pp. 36, 528).]

**55.** Line 122: *at a word*=in one word. Cf. Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 107–109: "He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—*at a word,* he hath;—believe me;" i. 3. 15; II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 319; Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 1. 119; Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 266.

## ACT I. SCENE 4.

**56.** Line 14: *No, nor a man that fears you* LESS *than he.*—Johnson proposed MORE, which undoubtedly gives the required sense. Many passsges might be collected from English classics where, by a confusion, the comparative is incorrectly used. See, *e.g.,* King Lear, ii. 4. 141; also Paradise Lost, i. 257:

> And what I should be, all but *less* than he
> Whom thunder hath made greater.

**57.** Line 25: *With hearts more* PROOF *than shields.*—"Arms of proof" are arms proved by experience. In Macbeth, i. 2. 54, we have the phrase "lapp'd in *proof*" for lapped in armour.

**58.** Lines 31, 32:

> *You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues*
> *Plaster you o'er.*

This is Johnson's correction of the Ff.:

> you Heard of Byles and Plagues
> Plaister you o're.

The punctuation of the Ff. is never to be relied upon, and the aposiopesis suggested by Dr. Johnson, besides being the simplest possible correction, is eminently characteristic of Coriolanus. Cf. i. 6. 42, 43:

> but for our gentlemen,
> The common file—a plague!

**59.** Line 42: AS *they us to our trenches.*—F. 1 adds *followes,* which the second corrects into *followed.* Lettsom conjectured *Follow me,* which Dyce prints.

**60.** Lines 44, 45:

> *'T is for the followers fortune widens them,*
> *Not for the fliers.*

"He did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that fortune had opened the gates of the city, more for the followers than the fliers" (North's Plutarch, p. 224).

**61.** Line 47: *To the* POT, *I warrant him.*—Staunton quotes from Webster's White Devil (p. 37, ed. Dyce, 1857): "They go *to the pot* for't;" from New Custome, ii. 3: "Thou mightest sweare, if I could, I would bring them *to the pot;*" and from Peele's Edward I. p. 389 (ed. Dyce, 1861): "King Edward, no: we will admit no pause, For goes this wretch, this traitor, *to the pot.*" Mr. Bullen in his edition of Peele (i. 129) quotes from John Heywood's Proverbs:

> And where the small with the great cannot agree
> The weaker goeth *to the pot* we all day see.

**62.** Lines 53, 54:

> *Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,*
> *And, when it bows, stands up!*

The man dares more and endures longer than his sword, although he can feel and the sword cannot. For *sensibly* cf. i. 3. 95: "I would your cambric were *sensible* as your finger." Steevens quotes from the Arcadia: "Their very armour by piecemeal fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less *sensible* of smart than the *senseless* armour" (Var. Ed. 1821, xiv. p. 35).

**63.** Line 57: *Even to* CATO'S *wish,* &c.—Theobald's correction of the Folio *Calues.* "For he was euen such another as *Cato* would haue a souldier and a captaine to be, not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make

the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice, and grimnesse of his countenance" (North's Plutarch, p. 224). Of course the reference to Cato in the mouth of Lartius, like the reference to Galen in ii. 1. 128, is an anachronism.

64. Line 61: *Were* FEVEROUS *and did tremble.*—Cf. Macbeth, ii. 3. 65, 66:

> some say, the earth
> Was *feverous* and did shake.

65. Line 62: *Let's fetch him off, or make* REMAIN *alike.*—In mod. Eng. only the plural of this word is used, and only in the sense of *remainder.* Shakespeare uses both singular and plural in this sense; and also the singular in the sense of *stay.* Cf. Macbeth, iv. 3. 148: "since my here-*remain* in England."

## ACT I. Scene 5.

66. Line 4: Stage-direction.—TRUMPET is for Trumpeter, just as ensign is used in modern English for both the man and the thing. Cf. Henry V. iv. 2. 61:

> I will the banner from a *trumpet* take.

67. Lines 5, 6:

> *See here these* MOVERS *that do prize their hours*
> *At a crack'd drachm!*

*Movers* may mean agitators, or it may be a contemptuous word for men who are only "moving animals." "Martius was marvellous angry with them and cryed out on them, that it was no time now to looke after spoile, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves whilest the other consull and their fellow citizens peraduenture were fighting with their enemies" (North's Plutarch, p. 224).

68. Line 7: *Irons of a doit.*—So iv. 4. 17; v. 4. 60. A *doit* was a small Dutch coin, worth half a farthing, and so "worth a doit" means valueless. Cf. Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 141, 142:

> take no *doit*
> Of usance.

Also, The Tempest, ii. 2. 33: "they will not give a *doit* to relieve a lame beggar."

*doublets.*—North in his translation of Plutarch modernized classical dress, and Shakespeare in the Roman plays followed him. There is a good example in the Life of Pompey about the execution of Carbo. "He prayed the executioner to give him a little respite and place to *untrusse a point*, for he had a paine" (p. 636).

69. Lines 19, 20:

> *The blood I drop is rather* PHYSICAL
> *Than dangerous to me.*

Cf. Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 261–263:

> Is Brutus sick?—and is it *physical*
> To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
> Of the dank morning?

70. Line 24: *Prosperity be thy page! i.e.* may prosperity follow thy footsteps. A page walked behind his master; cf. Timon, iv. 3. 224: "Will these trees *page* thy heels?" and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 12, 13, where Falstaff says to his page: "I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath o'erwhelm'd all her litter but one." For the metaphor cf. Sonnet cviii. 12: "makes antiquity for aye his page."

## ACT I. Scene 6.

71. Line 6: THE *Roman gods.*—For the definite article where we should rather use the pronoun *ye*, cf. iv. 1. 37: "O *the* gods!" Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 171, 172:

> *The* gods! it smites me
> Beneath the fall I have.

The awkwardness in the present passage is that there is nothing until the pronoun "you" in the fourth line to decide whether "the Roman gods" is the second or third person; where there is no ambiguity, as in Julius Cæsar, v. 3. 99:

> The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

the difference from modern usage hardly attracts attention.

72. Line 16: BRIEFLY *we heard their drums.*—*Briefly* means "within a short time," as Cymbeline, v. 5. 106:

> *briefly* die their joys
> That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

It is more commonly applied with a forward than, as in the present passage, with a backward reference; *e.g.* Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4. 10:

> *Ant.* Go put on thy defences.
> *Eros.* *Briefly*, sir.

73. Line 17: *How couldst thou in a mile* CONFOUND *an hour.*—For the sense of "waste," applied to time, cf. I. Henry IV. i. 3. 100, 101:

> He did *confound* the best part of an hour
> In changing hardiment with great Glendower;

and Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 45:

> Let 's not *confound* the time with conference harsh.

74. Lines 42, 43:

> *but for our gentlemen,*
> *The common file.*

*i.e.* had it not been for our gentlemen, the common file (would have ruined us). But the mere mention of them sets Coriolanus cursing, and his sentence is not finished. For a similar aposiopesis cf. i. 4. 31, 32:

> You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
> Plaster you o'er.

75. Line 53: *Their bands i' the* VAWARD *are the Antiates.*—*Vaward* is a contraction of *vanward*, the vanguard or first line of an army. *Van* occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 6. 9:

> Plant those that have revolted in the *van.*

This passage is closely copied from Plutarch: "The consull made him answer that he thought *the bands* which were *in the vaward* of their battell were those of *the Antiates*, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consull granted him, greatly praising his courage" (North's Plutarch, p. 225).

76. Line 61: *Filling the air with swords* ADVANC'D.—To *advance* was a technical word for uplifting a sword or a standard. For the former cf. Henry V. v. 2. 382, 383:

> that never war *advance*
> His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France;

and for the latter, Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 96:

> And death's pale flag is not *advanced* there.

77. Line 76: *O' me alone, make you a sword of me?*—The Folio reading is:

> Oh me alone, make you a sword of me.

Capell first marked the question, and the last part of the sentence then refers to the soldiers taking Marcius in their arms instead of waving their swords as he had bidden, which is very good sense. The first words have been variously emended. Heath proposed, *Let me alone;* Singer, *O come along;* Collier, *Of me alone*, which if written *O' me alone* is the nearest to the reading of the Folio. The meaning will then be: "Of me alone do you make a sword." "Am I your only sword?" The comma may be placed either after *alone*, or after *sword*.

78. Line 84: AND FOUR *shall quickly draw out my command.*—Capell, *And I;* Heath, *And so I;* Jackson, *And foes shall;* Mitford, *An hour;* Singer, *And some;* Johnson proposed:

> *And fear* shall quickly draw out OF my command
> Which men are *least* inclined.

If the passage seem to require correction, Mitford's suggestion is by much the best; but it is advisable always to leave the text unaltered so long as it makes sense. There is no reason why Coriolanus should not have deputed four captains to make choice for him.

## ACT I. Scene 8.

79. Line 4: *More than thy fame*, AND ENVY.—Steevens takes *envy* as a noun, explaining *fame and envy* to mean detested fame. More probably it is a verb parallel to "abhor." Collier suggested that the compositor mistook *I* for the contraction of *and*. Dyce also reads *I*.

80. Line 11: *Wrench up thy power to th' highest.*—For the metaphor compare Macbeth, i. 7. 60:

> But screw yóur courage to the sticking-place.

81. Line 12: *That was the whip* OF *your bragg'd* PROGENY.—It was the Trojans, not the Greeks, from whom the Romans boasted their descent. *Of* must therefore mean "belonging to." *Progeny* is used for "race," as in I. Henry VI. v. 4. 38: "issued from the *progeny* of kings."

## ACT I. Scene 9.

82. Line 7: *That, with the fusty* PLÉBEIANS, *hate thine honours.*—Here, and in v. 4. 39, *plebeians* is accented on the first syllable.

83. Line 10: *Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast.*—That is, "what you did here was but an added morsel to what you had previously done, in Corioli itself."

84. Line 12: *Here is the steed, we the caparison.*—"This is an odd encomium; the meaning is, 'this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show'" (Johnson).

85. Lines 22-25:

> *no less than a traducement,*
> *To hide your doings; and to silence that,*
> *Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,*
> *Would seem but modest.*

That is, it would be a slander to silence the recital of your deeds, which, even if it employed all possible praises, would seem to fall short of your deserts.

86. Line 31: *And* TENT *themselves with death.*—That is, having death instead of gratitude as a surgeon to probe them; a way of saying, having no surgeon to probe them, and so mortifying. A *tent* is a roll of lint for searching and cleansing a wound. Compare iii. 1. 235, 236:

> t' is a sore upon us
> You cannot *tent* yourself;

Cymbeline, iii. 4. 116-118:

> mine ear,
> Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
> Nor *tent* to bottom that.

87. Lines 41-46:

> *May these same instruments, which you profane,*
> *Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall*
> *I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be*
> *Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows*
> *Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made*
> *An overture for the wars! No more, I say!*

This is Dyce's arrangement; the Ff. end lines at *soothing* and *wars*. The passage by its regular balance has the form of sense, but what the sense may be it is difficult to determine. By laying stress upon *all* in the fourth line, the first clause gains a certain meaning. "If flattery has reached the field of battle, we must expect courts and cities to be entirely given over to it." But the second clause eludes interpretation. "Overture" in Shakespeare means either (i) disclosure, as in Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 170-172:

> I wish, my liege,
> You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
> Without more *overture;*

or (ii) proposal, as in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 225: "I bring no *overture* of war," and neither of these significations is appropriate to the parasite. The best emendation of the passage is Tyrwhitt's conjecture of *A coverture* (cf. Much Ado, iii. 1. 30; III. Henry VI. iv. 2. 13) for *An overture*, altering *him* to *this*, or, as Steevens suggested, leaving *him* unaltered in the sense of *it*. *His* for the neuter possessive was common, as *its* was only coming into use; *him* for *it* is another matter. Mr. Wright quotes an instance from Bacon's Advancement of Learning, ii. 22. § 11: "Like unto the rowing against the stream, or making a wand straight by bending *him* contrary to *his* natural crookedness;" but this may be explained as a personification.

88 Lines 47-51.—The lines are arranged as by Theobald. The Ff. read:

> No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd
> My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
> Which without note, here's many else haue done,
> You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall.

The spelling *shoot* in the last line represents the pronunciation of the time. Cf. Marston, Antonio and Mellida, part I. iv. 1. 80 (vol. i. p. 65, ed. Bullen): "Your houts (*i.e.* hoots) and *shouts*."

89. Line 66: *Th'* ADDITION *nobly ever!*—"In our common law it signifieth any title giuen to a man beside his name, which title sheweth his estate, trade, course of life, and also dwelling place" (Bullokar's Expositor, 1616). Cf. Macbeth, i. 3. 105, 106:

> He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
> In which *addition*, hail, most worthy thane!

Henry V. v. 2. 367; Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 20; Hamlet, i. 4. 20, &c. In King Lear, i. 1. 137, 138, it has a meaning rather more general:

> Only we still retain
> The name, and all th' *additions* to a king.

90. Line 77: *The best, with whom we may* ARTICULATE. —Bullokar, in his English Expositor (1616), defines *articulate* "to set down articles or conditions of agreement." It is so used by Camden (Remaines, 212): "The inhabitants were willing to *articulate*, and to yeelde themselues to the Duke of Burgundie." In the only other passage where Shakespeare uses the word, I. Henry IV. v. 1. 72:

> These things indeed you have *articulate*,

it means "set forth in articles," *articulate* being used as we should now used *specified*.

91. Line 82: *I sometime lay, here in Corioli.*—For *lie* in the sense of "lodge," cf. Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 286:

> He *lies* to-night within seven leagues of Rome;

Merry Wives, ii. 1. 187: "Does he *lie* at the Garter?" II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 299: "when I *lay* at Clement's Inn."

92.—The passage in Plutarch on which this scene is founded is as follows: "He willed Martius that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all their goods they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honourable offer he had made him, he gave him in testimonie that he had wonne that day the prise of prowesse aboue all other, a goodly horse with a capparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole army beholding did maruellously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth told the Consull he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his Generals commendation; and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenarie reward, then a honourable recompence, he would haue none of it, but was contented to haue his equall part with the other souldiers. Onely this grace (said he) I craue and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who liuing before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liueth now a poore prisoner, in the hands of his enemies: & yet notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slaue. (Coriolanus' forgetfulness of this man's name is thus an addition of Shakespeare's) . . . after the noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consull Cominius began to speake in this sort: We cannot compell Martius to take these gifts we offer him . . . but we will giue him such a reward for the noble seruice he hath done as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree that henceforth he be called Coriolanus (p. 225).

## ACT I. Scene 10.

93. Lines 4, 5:

> *I cannot,*
> *Being a Volsce, be that I am;*

*i.e.* I cannot become all that I have it in me to be.

94. Lines 17–19:

> *My valour, poison'd*
> *With only suffering stain by him, for him*
> *Shall fly out of itself.*

My valour, poisoned simply by losing colour in comparison with his, shall in order to do him hurt, leave its true nature altogether and become cowardly. Aufidius means he will turn assassin. To *stain* or *distain* was originally not to "dye," but to "take colour out." It is used metaphorically, as in this passage, by Chaucer in the refrain to the Song in the Legende of Goode Women (l. 255):

> Hyd, Absalon, thynne gilte tressis clere;
> Ester, ley thou thy mekenesse al adoune;
> Hyde, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere;
> Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,
> Make of youre wifhode no comparysoun;
> Hyde ye youre beautes, Ysoude and Eleyne,
> My lady cometh, that al this may *disteyne*.

Cf. also Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 4. 26, 27:

> I'll raise the preparation of a war
> Shall *stain* your brother.

95. Line 22: EMBARQUEMENTS.—No other instance of this word has been found in an English author. It is given as a French word in Cotgrave's Dictionary and explained to mean either an "imbarking" or an "imbarguing." The latter is plainly the sense in this passage. Richardson quotes "embarged" from Hakluyt's Voyages (iii. p. 535): "Why our marchants with their goods were *embarged* or arrested.

96. Line 26: *Against the hospitable* CANON.—For *canon* in the sense of *rule, law*, which is its original meaning, cf. iii. 1. 90: "'Twas from the *canon;*" and Hamlet, i. 2. 131, 132:

> Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter!

97. Line 31: *'Tis south the city mills.*—It may be worth while to quote Malone's note here: "Shakespeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So in Romeo and Juliet:

> Underneath the grove of sycamore
> That westward rooteth from the city's side (i. 1. 128)."

## ACT II. Scene 1.

98. Line 39: *your actions would grow wondrous* SINGLE. —There is a quibble here on the two meanings of *single* (i) alone and (ii) insignificant. There is a similar play in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 207: "Your chin double? your wit *single?*" and in Much Ado, ii. 1. 289: "a double heart for his *single* one." For the sense of "simple" cf. Tempest, i. 2. 431, 432:

> Pros. What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
> Ferd. A *single* thing, as I am now.

99. Line 51: *I am known to be a* HUMOROUS *patrician.* —Cf. As You Like It, i. 2. 278: "The duke is *humorous.* There were supposed to be four *humours* or moistures in the body, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy,—derived from the four elements air water fire and earth —from the preponderance of any one of which arose a *humorous* disposition, or "complexion," as it was sometimes called. On the other hand, in perfect health there

would be a perfect balance of these. South says of Adam: "The elements were at perfect union and agreement in his body;" and so Antony says of Brutus:

> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "*This was a man!*"
> —Julius Cæsar, v. 5. 73–75.

In Shakespeare's time the word was beginning to be used in the sense of any foolish whim or caprice, and the fashion is ridiculed in Henry V. and Merry Wives of Windsor, in the person of Nym, who is always saying "that's the *humour* of it." Cf. Ben Jonson, Induction to Every Man out of his Humour (ed. Cunningham, vol. i. p. 67):

> In every human body
> The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and are not continent,
> Receive the name of *humours*. Now thus far
> It may, by metaphor, apply itself
> Unto the general disposition:
> As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluctions, all to run one way
> This may be truly said to be a *humour*.
> But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather
> The cable hatband, or the three-piled ruff,
> A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
> On his French garters, should affect a *humour!*
> O it is more than most ridiculous

**100.** Line 53: *with not a drop of* ALLAYING TIBER *in't.* —There were originally two verbs of this form, one being purely English and meaning to put down, reduce; the other through French, from Lat. *alligare*, now written *alloy*, after the modern French form, and meaning to mix. The senses very much ran into each other, and were in time referred to a single verb. It was, for instance, a common phrase to speak of *allaying* wine with water, as in Sir Thomas Elyot's Castle of Helth (quoted by Murray): "Whyte wine *alayd* with much water;" and the metaphor here might be either that of "reducing" (as in Paradise Lost, x. 566: "Fondly thinking to *allay* their appetite") or that of "mixing with alloy." Lovelace, who imitated this passage in his poem To Althea from Prison (ed. Hazlitt, 1864, p. 117):

> When flowing cups ran swiftly round
> With no *allaying Thames*,

has also the phrase. "the Gold *allayd* almost halfe brasse" (1659, p. 93).

**101.** Line 54: *something imperfect in favouring the first complaint* —Menenius confesses that his choleric humour gives an advantage to the side that first states its case. Two emendations deserve recording: Collier's "the thirst complaint." and Leo's "savouring the feast of Lent."

**102.** Line 62: *I* CANNOT *say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables.*—The *not* was inserted by Theobald. That Menenius means to call the tribunes asses is clear; but what is his joke? Shakespeare of course knew that *-as* was a common termination of Latin words, but Menenius talked Latin no less than the tribunes. Probably Shakespeare had in mind some Latin Grammar rule in which were the words "*as* in compound with the major part of the syllable."

**103.** Line 68: *If you see this in the map of my microcosm; i.e.* in my face. For the idea that man was a little world cf. King Lear, iii. 1. 10, 11:

> Strives in his *little world of man* to out-scorn
> The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

It is thus expressed by Pico of Mirandola: "Tritum est in scholis esse hominem *minorem mundum*, in quo mixtum ex elementis corpus et spiritus cœlestis, et plantarum anima vegetalis, et brutorum sensus, et ratio, et angelica meus, et Dei similitudo conspicitur" (quoted by Pater, Renaissance 2nd ed. p. 43). Minsheu, Ductor ad Linguas (1617) gives *Microcosmus* as part of the definition of the word *Man*, with the explanation "quod totius universi pulchritudinem analogice in se contineat." Bullokar's account of the word reads poorly after Pico's, but it may be added as probably as good as either tribune could have given. "This terme is sometime applyed to man, who is therefore called a *microcosmus*, or little world, because his body being compared to the baser part of the world, and his soule to the blessed Angels, seemeth to signifie, that man is as it were a little world and that the whole world doth resemble a great man" (English Expositor, 1616). Sometimes the comparison is not to a world, but a kingdom, as in Macbeth, i. 3. 139–141:

> My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
> Shakes so my *single state of man* that function
> Is smother'd in surmise;

King John iv. 2. 246:

> This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath;

Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 67–69:

> the state of man,
> Like to a *little kingdom*, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection;

and notably II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 116–122, where Falstaff says of sherris-sack: "It illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of *this little kingdom, man*, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage."

**104.** Line 70: *what harm can your* BISSOM CONSPECTUITIES.—Theobald corrected the Ff. *beesome* into *bisson*, but this is unnecessary, as the form *bysom* is found elsewhere, as in the quotation below. The etymology is uncertain. From a passage quoted in Murray's Dictionary, Owl and Nightingle, 243 (1250): "a dai thu art blind other bisne," the sense seems to be "purblind;" but elsewhere it is used as a synonym of blind; *e.g.* Udall. Erasm. Par. Mark viii. 22: "Not poreblind but as bysome as was possible." The word occurs once more, in Hamlet, ii. 2. 529, where in a passage of the player's speech applauded by Polonius *bisson* is applied by metonymy to *rheum*. CONSPECTUITIES is a coinage of Menenius, like *empiricutic* in line 128 and *fidius'd* in line 144 of this same scene.

**105.** Line 79: *an orange-wife and a fosset-seller.*—Oranges are again referred to in Much Ado, ii. 1. 305: "civil as an *orange*" (with a pun on Seville); iv. 1. 33; but not elsewhere in Shakespeare except as an epithet of colour. *Fosset* only occurs here. It is spelt in F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 *forset;* F. 4 *fauset.*

106. Line 82.—Lord Campbell (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 96) says: "Shakespeare here mistakes the duties of the tribune for those of the prætor; but in truth he was recollecting with disgust what he had witnessed in his own country." The description would be not inapplicable to Justice Shallow.

107. Line 84: *set up the bloody flag against all patience.*—To set up a red flag was the sign of battle; cf. Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 14:

> Their *bloody* sign of battle is hung out;

Henry V. i. 2. 101: "unwind your *bloody flag.*" Tamburlaine in Marlowe's play uses three flags, first white, then red, then black. Of the second he says (Part I. act iv. sc. 2):

> But if he stay until the *bloody flag*
> Be once advanced on my vermilion tent,
> He dies and those that kept us out so long.

Mr. Wright quotes a passage about Dissenters from a sermon by Dr. Sacheverell (part I. iv. 3. 109, ed. Bullen), vol. i. p. 74: "Against whom every Man, that wishes its welfare (the Church) ought to hang out the *Bloody flag* and banner of defiance."

108. Line 98: *to stuff a* BOTCHER'S *cushion.*—The word occurs in All's Well, iv. 3. 211, and Twelfth Night, i. 5. 51–53: "if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the *botcher* mend him." For the disparaging sense, cf. Timon, iv. 3. 285, 286:

> 'T is not well mended so, it is but *botch'd.*

The word is sometimes used for a cobbler, but oftener for a tailor, as in Baxter, Divine Life, 31: "A sorry Taylor may make a *Botcher*, or a bad Shoomaker may make a Cobler."

109. Line 102: *your predecessors since* DEUCALION.—So Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 442: "Far than *Deucalion* off." Deucalion was the Noah of Greek mythology.

110. Line 103: GOD-DEN *to your worships.—God-den* is a corruption of *good-den*, itself a corruption of *good-even;* possibly due to the form "God give you good-evening," which occurs as *God gi' good den* in Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 58; and *God ye god-den* in iii. 5. 173 of the same play.

111. Line 128: *the most sovereign prescription in Galen.*—So Merry Wives, ii. 3. 29, 30: "What says my Æsculapius? my *Galen?* . . . is he dead?" All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 3. 12: "Both of *Galen* and Paracelsus;" and Falstaff says of apoplexy (II. Henry IV. i 2. 131–134): "It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen.*" Galen was the most celebrated of ancient physicians (born 131 A.D.); up to the time of Paracelsus his authority was undisputed. For the anachronism cf. note 63. In Selden's Table Talk (died 1654) we read: "To be a Physician let a man read *Gallen* and Hypocrates" (Arber's reprint, p. 72).

112. Line 135: *brings* 'A *victory in his pocket?—'A* is an abbreviation of *ha*, the older form of *he.* Compare Hamlet, iii. 3. 74 (1604 Q.): "Now aught I doe it, but now *a* is a praying, And now Ile doo 't, and so *a* goes to heauen."

113. Line 137: *On's brows.*—This is an answer to Menenius's question. He brings the victory, not in his pocket, but on his brows. Cf. i. 9. 59, 60:

> Caius Marcius
> Wears this war's garland.

114. Line 145: *Is the senate* POSSESS'D *of this?*—For *possess* in the frequent sense of "inform," cf. Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 149, 150: "*Possess* us, *possess* us, tell us something of him;" and Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 65, 66:

> Is he yet *possess'd*
> How much we would?

115. Line 165: *when he shall stand for his place.*—Volumnia regards the consulship as her son's natural right.

116. Line 178: Stage-direction. SENNET.—The derivation of this word is uncertain; it signifies a particular set of notes on the trumpet of which nothing is known except that it is not a flourish; for there is a stage-direction in Dekker's Satiromastix: "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a sennet." [See Henry V. note 286.]

TITUS LARTIUS.—Mr. Daniel would omit the name of Titus Lartius from this stage-direction, comparing i. 9. 76, where he is left in Corioli, with ii. 2. 42, where it is determined to send for him. Possibly he was allowed to join the triumph upon the stage, without the question being raised whether he had come to Rome on purpose.

117. Line 190: *By* DEED-ACHIEVING *honour newly nam'd.*—The participle in *-ing* is sometimes used for the passive; the commonest instance is *beholding* for *beholden*, which is common in the Elizabethan dramatists, occurring some twenty times in Shakespeare (*e.g.* Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 70:

> For Brutus' sake, I am *beholding* to you),

and is even found in non-popular writers like Bacon and Clarendon (*e.g.* Bacon, Ess. x.: "The stage is more *beholding* to love than the life of man"). Dr. Murray suggests in his Dictionary (*s.v. Beholding*) that its general use may have been due to the notion that it meant "looking" (*e.g.* with respect or dependence) Similar uses are:

> from his *all-obeying* breath I hear
> The doom of Egypt.
> —Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 77, 78;

and Rape of Lucrece, 993: "his *unrecalling* crime." Schmidt considers these to be examples of the "gerund used adjectively," whatever that may mean; probably fashion had a good deal to do with the use of *beholding*, and in the same way *obeying* was used for *obeyen*, and *unrecalling* for *unrecallen.* The opposite error of dropping the *g* was fashionable not long since.

118. Line 209: *Menenius ever, ever.*—Cf. the following sentence from a letter to Alleyn, preserved at Dulwich College, urging him to act for a wager some part in which certain of his predecessors had been famous: "I see not how yow canne any waie hurte your credit by this action: for if yow excell them, yow will then be famous: if equall them, you wynne both the wager and credit: yf short of them, we must and will saie, *Ned Allen still*" (Bullen's Peele, i. 25).

119. Line 214: *But with them* CHANGE *of honours.*—This is the reading of the Ff., and it may be explained to mean "with the greetings additional honours." Theobald proposed *charge*, in the sense of commission, which Dyce adopts. See note on v. 3. 152.

120. Line 221: Stage-direction. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.—Mr. Daniel would mark a new scene here, and a new day; thinking it improbable that Coriolanus should be made to arrive in Rome, stand for the

consulship, and be banished all in one day. But such a criticism shows a misconception of the nature of time in tragedy, which is ideal, concerning itself only with the stages of an action.

**121.** Line 223: *Into a* RAPTURE *lets her baby cry.*—Steevens quotes from the Hospital for London's Follies (1602): "Your darling will *weep itself into a rapture* if you take not good heed."

**122.** Line 224: *While she chats him.*—For the omission of the preposition cf. ii. 2. 107: "I cannot speak *him* home;" Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 275: "speak *me* (*i.e.* of me) fair in death;" Henry VIII. iv. 2. 32:

> Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak *him* (*i.e.* of him).

For other instances see Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, 198–202.

**123.** Line 224: *the kitchen* MALKIN.—The word occurs again in Pericles, iv. 3. 32–35:

> none would look on her,
> But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
> Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a *malkin*
> Not worth the time of day.

*Malkin* is a diminutive of *Matilda*, as appears from the Promptorium Parvulorum: "Malkyne, or Mawt, propyr name *Matildis;*" quoted by Mr. Wright. At one time this name was very fashionable; "there were six Matildas of royal lineage between William I. and Henry II. alone" (Bardsley's English Surnames, p. 78); then like all things fashionable it became common, and was finally the accepted sobriquet for a servant-maid. From meaning a slattern, it was applied to the mop made of old clouts used to clean ovens, a sense given in Minsheu's French Dictionary.

**124.** Line 225: *Her richest* LOCKRAM *'bout her* REECHY *neck.—Lockram* is a coarse kind of linen, so called from *Lok-renan* or "St. Ronan's cell," in Brittany, where it is manufactured. Steevens quotes from Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, iv. 1:

> Thou thoughtst because I did wear *Lokram* shirts,
> Ide no wit.

It must have been made of various degrees of fineness, for Steevens also quotes from Greene's Vision: "His ruffe was of fine *lockram* stitched very fair with Coventry blue."

*Reechy* is a weakened form of *reeky*, that is, "smoky" (cf. "Auld Reekie," a name for Edinburgh), hence "dirty." It is applied in Much Ado, iii. 3. 143, to a painting made dirty by smoke: "like Pharaoh's soldiers in the *reechy* painting." Cf. ii. 2. 123: "Run *reeking* o'er the lives of men."

**125.** Line 226: BULKS.—In this sense, of a frame or stall projecting from the front of a shop, the word, according to Dr. Murray, is not recorded before the late sixteenth century. Its etymology is uncertain. It occurs again in Othello, v. 1. 1: "Here, stand behind this *bulk*." From *bulks* being used as common sleeping places, a *bulker* became a slang term for a vagabond. Johnson in his Life of Savage (iii. 325, ed. 1787) says: "On a *bulk*, in a cellar, among thieves and beggars was to be found the author of the Wanderer." A good illustration of the word is given by Mr. Wright from Defoe's History of the Plague in London (p. 70, ed. 1810): "During this interval the master of the house took his opportunity to break a large hole through his shop into a bulk or stall, where formerly a cobler had sat before or under his shop window."

**126.** Lines 228, 229:

> *variable* COMPLEXIONS, *all agreeing*
> *In earnestness to see him;*

*i.e.* people of the most different characters and expressions yet agreeing in this one thing. *Complexion* meant: (1) the general state of the body, *e.g.* "a man of feeble *complexion* and sickly" (Berner's Froissart, quoted by Richardson); (2) any one of the several "humours," sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy (see note 99), *e.g.* Hamlet, i. 4. 27:

> By the o'ergrowth of some *complexion;*

then (3) the expression of the face, especially the colour, as an index of these, as here; cf. Othello, iv. 2. 62–64:

> turn thy *complexion* there,
> Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
> Ay, there, look grim as hell!

also (4) the general state of the mind, *e.g.* Merchant of Venice, iii. 1. 33: "it is the *complexion* of them all to leave the dam."

**127.** Line 229: SELD-SHOWN *flamens.—Seldom* is strictly an adverb formed by what was originally the dative plural termination from an adjective *seld*, rare (cf. *whilom*). The form *seld*, however, is only found as an adverb; it occurs again in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 150: "As *seld* I have the chance;" and in The Passionate Pilgrim, 175: "Goods lost are *seld* or never found."

**128.** Lines 232, 233:

> *Commit the* WAR *of white and damask, in*
> *Their nicely-gawded cheeks.*

Steevens compares Lucrece, 71, 72:

> Their silent *war* of lilies and of roses,
> Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field;

and Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 30:

> Such *war* of white and red within her cheeks!

**129.** Line 234: *such a* POTHER.—Ff. *poother.* The word occurs again in King Lear, iii. 2. 49, 50:

> the great gods,
> That keep this dreadful *pother* o'er our heads;

where the Ff. read *pudder*, and Q. 2 *powther.* In Phillips's New World of Words (1706) the form used is *pudder;* Bailey's Dictionary (1735) has both *pother* and *potter;* Skeat explains all these as frequentatives of a verb *pote*, to push, whence our *put.*

**130.** Line 235: *As if that* WHATSOEVER GOD WHO LEADS HIM.—A paganized version of the doctrine of the "genius" or "guardian angel," for which see Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 16–22:

> *Ant.* Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
> *Sooth.* Cæsar's.
> Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
> *Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee,* is
> Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
> Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy *angel*
> Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.

Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 332–334:

> One of these men is *Genius* to the other;
> And so of these. [*Looking at the two Dromios.*] Which is the natural man,
> And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

In Nabbes's Microcosmus, Bellanima appears attended by *Bonus* and *Malus Genius.*

**131.** Line 241: *From where he should begin and end.*—From where he should begin to where he should end; *i.e.* for any distance. Malone quotes a similar construction from Cymbeline, iii. 2. 64–66:

> the gap
> That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
> *And* our return.

**132.** Line 250: *The napless vesture of humility.*—This is from North, who says: "The custome of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office, should for certaine dayes be in the market-place onely with a *poore* gowne on their backs, and without any coate underneathe" (p. 227). All that Plutarch says is that they appeared in the *toga* without the *tunic.*

**133.** Line 271: *Shall* TOUCH *the people.*—Hanmer's conjecture for the Ff. *teach.*

**134.** Line 286: *Have with you.*—Cf. the title of Nash's tract, "*Have with you* to Saffron-Walden;" As You Like It, i. 2. 268:

> *Have with you.*—Fare you well.

## ACT II. Scene 2.

**135.** Line 19: *he* WAVED *indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm.—Waved* is here not the indicative but the subjunctive, meaning "would wave," a form which has now entirely supplanted it, owing to the ambiguity arising from the loss of mood inflections. Another instance is Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 17–22:

> But, *if* my father *had* not scanted me,
> And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
> His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
> Yourself, renowned prince, then *stood* as fair
> As any comer I have look'd on yet
> For my affection.

**136.** Line 23: OPPOSITE.—Neither *opponent* nor *antagonist* is used by Shakespeare. *Opposite* is of frequent occurrence; *e.g.* Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 292–295: "He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal *opposite* that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria."

**137.** Lines 30–32: BONNETED, *without any further deed to* HAVE *them at all into their estimation and report.—Bonneted* must mean "took off their bonnets or caps to the people;" cf. iii. 2. 73:

> Go to them, with this bonnet *in thy hand,* &c.

The word may be taken either absolutely, or with the clause *into their estimation and report* (as we might say, "bowed their way into estimation"), comparing v. 1. 5, 6:

> knee
> The way into his mercy.

In either case the meaning will be that given by Malone, "They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to have them, that is to insinuate themselves, into the good opinion of the people." Knight and Staunton explain *bonneted* to mean "put on the bonnet," as though this were intended to be the mark of a consul; but the use of *unbonneted* in Othello, i. 2. 22–24:

> my demerits (*i.e.* deserts)
> May speak, *unbonneted,* to as proud a fortune
> As this that I have reach'd,

where it plainly means "without *taking off* the bonnet," is entirely against this interpretation.—For *have* Pope conjectured *heave,* which gives the right sense, but is an unnecessary correction; to *have them into,* meaning to "get them into;" cf. Taming of the Shrew. Induction, 2. 39:

> Or wilt thou sleep? we'll *have* thee to a couch.

**138.** Stage-direction: SENNET.—See note 116.

**139.** Lines 54, 55:

> *Rather our state's defective for requital*
> *Than we to stretch it out.*

Let it rather appear that the state is unable to requite his deserts than we unwilling to put it to the utmost effort to do so.

**140.** Lines 58, 59:

> *We are* CONVENTED
> *Upon a pleasing* TREATY.

Shakespeare does not use *convened.* For *convented* see Measure for Measure, v. 158; Henry VIII. v. 1. 52. *Treaty* is the sb. of the vb. *treat,* and so means a negotiation, proposal. Cf. King John, ii. 1. 480, 481:

> Why answer not the double majesties
> This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

**141.** Line 62: *We shall be blest to do.*—Cf. King John, iii. 1. 251, 252:

> then we *shall be blest*
> *To do* your pleasure, and continue friends.

**142.** Line 69: *But tie him not to be their bedfellow.*—Cf. Henry V. ii. 2. 8–11:

> Nay, but the man that was his *bedfellow,*
> Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
> That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
> His sovereign's life to death and treachery,

where see note.

**143.** Line 92.—"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the proud . . . did come to Rome with all the aide of the Latines. . . . In this battell, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought *in the sight of the Dictator:* and a Romaine souldier being throwne to the ground euen hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands that had before ouerthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoeuer saueth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland" (North's Plutarch, p. 222).

**144.** Line 100: *When he might act the woman in the scene.*—Women's parts until the Restoration were taken by boys. Cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 444–448:

> What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 164, 165:

> When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
> Our youth got me to play the *woman's* part.

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 219, 220:

> I shall see
> Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.

[See As You Like It, note 194.]

**145.** Line 102: *pupil-age.*—Cf. I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 105–107: "since the old days of goodman Adam to the *pupil age* of this present twelve o'clock at midnight." Spenser addresses Lord Grey in a sonnet prefixed to the Faery Queen as "Patrone of my muses *pupillage.*"

*Pupill* is defined by Bullokar (an English Expositor, 1616) as "a ward, a young schollar, *one under age;*" *pupilage* therefore means minority

**146.** Line 105: *He* LURCH'D *all swords of the garland.*—There are at least two words *lurch*: (1) a verb, a form of *lurk*, as in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 26: "I . . am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to *lurch,*" from which sense arose that of *stealing;* and (2) a game at cards, from the French *lourche.*

It might seem sufficient here to refer only to the first of these, which is the sense the word plainly bears: "He stole the garland, or prize of victory, from all swords else;" cf. Nashe's Christ's Teares over Jerusalem, p. 33. a (1593): "The Father stole from the Sonne; the mother *lurcht* from them both." But there can be no doubt that this sense has been influenced by the other word. For, first, it is commonly used of card-sharpers, as in Greene's Defence of Coney-catching, Rep. p. 18: "to *lurch* a poor coney of so many thousand at the time;" and, further, *lourche* is explained by Cotgrave not only as "the game called *lurche,*" but as "a *lurch* in game." What this was appears from Florio's Italian Dictionary (1598): "Gioco marzo. A *maiden set* or *lurch* at any game;" and from Coles' Latin Dictionary (1679): "A lurch. Duplex palma, facilis victoria" (both quoted by Malone); so that there might easily arise a verb to *lurch*, meaning "to win easily." Moreover, there is the common expression, "to leave in the *lurch,*" which is variously explained. (Skeat, taking *lourche* to be for *l'ourche*, as Cotgrave recognizes *ourche* as well as *lourche*, derives *ourche* from the Latin *urceus*, and explains it to be the "pool in which the loser's stakes were left.")

In the passage of Shakespeare before us there seems to be a suggestion of these various meanings: Coriolanus stole the honours from his companions, yet at a fair game, leaving them in the lurch.

The expression in the text is quoted by Malone from Ben Jonson's Epicoene, or the Silent Woman, v. 1: "Well, Dauphine, you have *lurched* your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot." The date of this play is 1609, which may very well be the date of Coriolanus (see Introduction); for some reason or another the phrase may have been in vogue.[1]

[1] There is a well-known passage in Bacon's Essay of Building: "too near (great cities) *lurcheth* all provisions." Skeat assigns this doubtfully to a separate verb derived from the Lat. *lurcare.* The following extracts from Palsgrave's Lesclaircissement (1530) make it probable that this sense also is connected with that of stealing: "I *lurtche* as one doth his felowes at meate with eatyinge to hastyly, je briffe. Syt not at his messe for he wyll lurtche you than. Ne vous assiez poynt a son plat car il briffe oultre mesure."

**147.** Lines 115, 116:

> *The mortal gate of the city, which he painted*
> *With shunless destiny.*

The blood of those he slew within the city splashed upon the gates was a sign upon it of its doom. For *painting* used of blood, cf. i. 6. 68, 69:

> this *painting*
> Wherein you see me smear'd.

**148.** Lines 117, 118:

> STRUCK
> *Corioli like a* PLANET.

Cf. Hamlet, i. 1. 162:

> The nights are wholesome; then no *planets strike,*

and the word *moonstruck.* In Shakespeare's time the notion of planetary influence was only just losing ground, so that he could make Edmund and Kent in King Lear express contrary opinions about it. Compare i. 2. 128–131: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars," with iv. 3 34, 35:

> It is the stars,
> The stars above us, govern our conditions.

Bacon distinguished what he called a "sane astrology," which allowed the stars to affect masses of men, if not individuals (De Augmentis, iii. 4). In his Essay on the Vicissitude of Things he says: "The northern track of the world is in nature the more martial region; *be it in respect of the stars of that hemisphere*, or of . . ."

**149.** Line 119: *by and by.*—It is interesting to note as a point of morals that not only *by and by*, but also *presently* and *anon* (on-án), all of which formerly meant "at once," have come to mean "after an interval."

**150.** Line 133: *To spend the time to end it.*—That is, to spend the time thus, simply in order to get through it.

**151.** Line 144: *Must have their* VOICES.—That is, their votes, which is a word not found in Shakespeare. Compare Richard III. iii. 2. 53: "I'll give my *voice* on Richard's side."

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

**152.** Line 1: ONCE.—*Once* here may be the ordinary emphatic particle like "at all," common in the protasis of conditional sentences, *e.g.* I. Henry VI. v. 3. 58, 59:

> if this servile usage *once* offend,
> Go and be free again.

And compare two similar instances where the particle comes at the end of the clause; Much Ado, v. 1. 212, 213: "nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite *once*, you must be look'd to;" Timon, i. 2. 250, 251: "Nay, an you begin to rail on society *once*, I am sworn not to give regard to you." But in the present passage it would seem that the citizens have had previous argument, and *once* therefore stands probably for "once for all." Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 89: "*Once* this—"; Much Ado, i. 1. 320: "'t is *once*, thou lovest;" Peele, Edward I., scene 7, l. 35: "I'll to Robin Hood, that's *once;*" and another instance in the quotation from Peele given on line 102 of this scene. A nearer parallel to the text is a line quoted by Farmer from Gascoigne's Supposes: "*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me."

**153.** Line 21: *some* ABRAM.—F. 4 *Auburn;* the first three Folios read *Abram.* And this is not a misprint, but an old spelling of the word. Compare Bartholomew Yong's translation of the Diana of George of Montemayor (ed. 1598 p. 152): "The hew of their faces was a nut browne sanguine, but amiable, the colour of their haire, a darke browne-*abram:* their eies and eiebrowes blacke, and yet of a sweet and mild aspect in their countenances." Other spellings were common, such as *abern, abron,* or even *abroun,* and the supposed connection with *brown* had an influence upon the meaning. For *auburn* is derived from *alburnus,* which means whitish; and in the Promptorium Parvulorum "awburne coloure" is given as the rendering of *citrinus.* Schmidt (s.v.) quotes from Florio, ed. 1611: "Alburno . . . the white, the sappe or softest part of any timber subject to worm-eating. *Also that whitish colour of women's hair which we call an Alburne or Aburne colour.*" In a passage quoted in Murray's Dictionary, s.v. *Abraham* (into which *Abram* was sometimes expanded, *e.g.* an Abraham-coloured beard in Blurt Master Constable) a distinction is drawn between the *auburn* and *abram:* "I shall passe to the exposition of certain colours.—Abram-colour, i.e. brown. Auburne or Abborne, i.e. brown or brown-black" (Peacham, Compl. Gent. p. 155, ed. 1661).

**154.** Line 39: *you may, you may; i.e.* go on, go on. Cf. Troilus and Cressida, iii. 1. 116–118:

*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.
*Pandarus.* Ay, *you may, you may.*

**155.** Lines 63, 64:

*I would they would forget me, like the virtues*
*Which our divines lose by 'em;*

*i.e.* as they forget the virtuous teaching which our divines are ever wasting upon them.

**156.** Line 67: Stage-direction: Re-enter two Citizens.—The Ff. have *Enter three of the Citizens,* and assign the speeches to 3, 2, 1 Cit. accordingly. But Coriolanus says "here comes a brace." The correction is due to Rowe. The Cambridge editors make a third citizen enter alone after the "brace."

**157.** Lines 89, 90: AND *'t were to give again,—but 't is no matter.*—The words *an, and,* are the same, *an* being written for the copulative not uncommonly from 1100–1500, and for the conditional conjunction occasionally after 1600. Except in the phrase *an't, an* is found only once (Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 232) in the First Folio of Shakespeare, the full form *and* being used. Sometimes *and* was strengthened by the addition of *if,* as in S. Matthew xxiv. 48: "But *and if* that evil servant," &c. This conditional use of *and* is variously accounted for. Prof. Skeat derives it from the Norse *enda,* which means both "moreover" and "if." Dr. Murray thinks this unlikely, and suggests that there is an ellipsis, as in "I'll cross the sea, *so* it please my lord." Dr. Abbott (Sh. Grammar, 102) regards the *and* as merely copulative, the conditional force being in the subjunctive mood.

**158.** Line 102: *I will, sir, flatter* MY SWORN BROTHER, *the people.*—A *sworn-brother* was what we should now call a "bosom-friend." Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 73: "He hath every month a new *sworn brother.*" Richard II. v. 1. 20–22:

I am *sworn brother,* sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 606–608: "what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his *sworn brother,* a very simple gentleman!" The phrase is frequent also in the other dramatists, *e.g.* Peele, Old Wives' Tale (ed. Bullen, vol. i. p. 324): "As sure as Jack was Jack, and I Wiggen his sweet *sworn-brother,* Jack shall have his funerals, or some of us shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once." The original meaning of this phrase is preserved more closely by a passage in Henry V. ii. 1. 13, 14, where Bardolph says he will bestow a breakfast to make Nym and Pistol friends, "and we 'll be all three *sworn brothers* to France." For *sworn brothers* were properly brothers in arms according to the laws of chivalry (*fratres jurati, frères* or *compagnons d'armes*). "These fraternities of arms were contracted in various ways. Three knights according to the romance of Lancelot du Lac caused themselves to be let blood together and mixed their blood. This kind of fraternity is not a romantic fiction since M. du Cange cites many similar examples from foreign histories. . . . If the mode was barbarous, the sentiment which arose out of it was far otherwise" (St. Palaye Men. de Chevalerie, p. 3, quoted by Nares). Robert de Oily and Roger de Iuery are recorded as "sworn brothers" (*fratres jurati*) in the expedition of the Conqueror to England, and they shared the honours bestowed upon either of them.

**159.** Line 120: *better to* STARVE.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 spell *sterve;* as in iv. 2. 51. But that the pronunciation was as at present, and that *deserve* rhymes with it, is shown by Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 55, 56:

*Prin.* Boyet, you can *carve;*
Break up this capon.
*Boyet.* I am bound to *serve.*

**160.** Line 122: *Why in this* WOOLVISH TOGE *should I stand here.*—F. 1 has *woolvish tongue,* altered in later editions to *woolvish gowne.* A similar error of *tongue* for *toge* is found in the Folio of Othello, i. 1. 25: "the *Tongued* Consuls," where the Quarto reads *toged.* For *woolvish* Collier conjectured *woolless,* comparing ii. 1. 250:

The *napless* vesture of humility.

What does *woolvish* mean? There can scarcely be, as some have thought, an inverted reference to the fable of the wolf in sheep's clothing. Perhaps it may mean *shaggy.*

**161.** Line 123: *To beg of* HOB AND DICK.—Malone quotes from Minsheu's Dictionary: "A Quintaine or Quintell, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, *Dic, Hob* and Will striue for the gay garland." *Hob* is short for *Robert.*

**162.** Line 132: *Here come* MOE *voices.*—*Moe* is a comparative adjective, allied to German *mehr,* and Latin *magis,* generally used for the comparative of *many,* as *more* was for the comparative of *much.* It was frequent in the Authorized Version of the Bible, but in modern reprints has been altered to *more.*

**163.** Lines 135, 136:

*battles thrice six*
*I've seen, and heard of.*

One would have thought that this passage required no annotation, but Dyce's note shows how the simplest things may be hidden from the wise and prudent. "*Heard* of," he says, "seems to mean *famous* and to refer either to the battles or to the speaker." Mr. Collier's explanation of the passage is a strange one: "The hero, instantly on the mention of the thrice six battles he has seen, becomes ashamed of his apparent boasting, and adds therefore the qualifying words *and heard of*, meaning that some of the thrice six battles he had not so much seen as heard of." Farmer proposed

> battles thrice six
> I 've seen and *you have* heard of; for your voices
> Done many things.

Of course Coriolanus is quizzing the people by affected magniloquence, from which he occasionally lapses into irony. The effect on the people would be to puzzle them, which would be partly Coriolanus's intention. It is perhaps allowable to call attention to the excellent development of this scene. At first Coriolanus is simply cross and speaks shrewishly to the citizens; then he recovers his good temper and is chiefly bored by them; then when they refer to his wounds he becomes angry again and almost resolves to give up the consulship; finally he reflects that as the ceremony is half over he may as well finish it, and for the remainder of the time throws himself into the part with exaggerated urbanity.

**164**. Line 168: *He* FLOUTED *us downright.*—To *flout* is said by Prof. Skeat to be merely a peculiar use of *flute*, borrowed from old Dutch, the same verb *fluyten* meaning "to play the flute" and "to jeer." It is a common enough word in Shakespeare and Elizabethan writers generally; *e.g.* Stephano's song in The Tempest (iii. 2. 130–132):

> *Flout* 'em and scout 'em
> And scout 'em and *flout* 'em;
> Thought is free

**165**. Lines 189, 190:

> ARRIVING
> *A place of potency, and sway o' the state.*

Cf. Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 110:

> But ere we could *arrive* the point propos'd;

III. Henry VI. v. 3. 7, 8:

> those powers that the queen
> Hath rais'd in Gallia have *arriv'd* our coast.

So Milton, Paradise Lost, ii. 409: "Ere he *arrive* the happy Ile;' Shelley, Cyclops, 668:

> Whence coming they *arrive* the Ætnean hill;

Tennyson's In Memoriam, 84: "*Arrive* at last the blessed goal.

**166**. Line 199: *As you were fore-advis'd, had* TOUCH'D *his spirit.*—A metaphor from the touchstone by which gold is tried. Cf. Timon, iii. 3. 6:

> They have all been *touch'd* and found base metal.

**167**. Lines 227, 228:

> ENFORCE *his pride,*
> *And his old hate unto you.*

*Enforce* has many uses akin to those of *urge*, which has almost replaced it. For this sense of "lay stress upon" cf. Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 42–44: "his glory not extenuated, . . . nor his offences *enforced;*" and Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 125: "We will extenuate rather than *enforce.* In iii. 3. 3 of this play the sense is to "press hard:"

> *Enforce* him with his envy to the people.

The word is used again further down the same scene, lines 21, 22:

> *Enforce* the present execution
> Of what we chance to sentence.

In iii. 2. 51 we have "Why *force* you this?"

**168**. Line 246: "*The house of the Martians* at Rome was of the number of the Patricians, out of the which haue sprung many *noble* personages, whereof *Ancus Martius* was one, King *Numaes daughters sonne*, who was King of Rome after *Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought* to Rome *their best water* they had *by conduits. Censorinus* also came of that family, that was *so surnamed, because the people had chosen him censor twice*" (North's Plutarch, p. 221).

**169**. Lines 251, 252:

> *And* [*Censorinus,*] *nobly nam'd so,*
> *Twice being* [*by the people chosen*] *censor.*

The bracketed words were added by the Cambridge editors from the passage in North's Plutarch quoted above. Something had clearly dropped out of the Ff.

## ACT III. Scene 1.

**170**.—According to Plutarch Coriolanus was twice tried before the people, and it was at his first trial that his rough bearing provoked the tumult described in this scene.

**171**. Line 19: *I wish I had a cause to seek him there.*—Note the dramatic irony. See act iv. scene 4.

**172**. Line 23: *For they do* PRANK *them in authority.*—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 117, 118:

> man, proud man,
> *Drest* in a little brief authority.

But Coriolanus uses a more contemptuous word. Cotgrave gives as the English equivalents of *Ajolier*, "To *pranke*, tricke up, set out, make fine" (Fr.-Eng. Dict. 1650); and Palsgrave has "I *pranke* ones goune, I set the plyghtes in order, ie mets les plies dune robe à poynt. Se yonder olde man, his goune is pranked as if he were but a yonge man (Lesclaircissement de la langue Francoyse, 1530). Compare Spenser, Faery Queen, i. 4. 14:

> Some *prancke* their ruffes, and others trimly dight
> Their gay attire.

and Milton, Comus, 759:

> Obtruding false rules *pranket* in reason's garb.

[So The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 10; Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 89 ]

**173**. Line 43: *When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd.*—"But Martius standing upon his feet, did somewhat sharpely take vp those who went about to gratifie the people therein; and called them *people pleasers and traitours to the Nobility*" (North's Plutarch, p. 228).

**174**. Line 48: Cor.—This is Theobald's emendation of the Ff. Com.; and it seems probable, there being no especial reason why Cominius should interrupt the dialogue.

**175**. Line 50: *By* YOND *clouds.*—Strictly speaking *yond*

is the adverb of *yon*, as in Tempest, i. 2. 409: "say what thou seest *yond;*" but it is often incorrectly used for the adjective, as in Tempest, ii. 2. 20: "*yond* same black cloud, *yond* huge one."

**176.** Lines 58, 59:

*This* PALTERING
*Becomes not Rome.*

Cf. Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 124–126:

what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not *palter?*

Macbeth, v. 8. 19, 20:

be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That *palter* with us in a double sense.

Skeat thinks the original sense was "to haggle over something worthless," from *palter*, rags, a word which must have been in use, though only the derived adjective *paltry* has been recorded.

**177.** Line 60: *Deserv'd this so dishonour'd* RUB.—A metaphor from the game of bowls, in which an impediment was so called; cf. Henry V. v. 2. 33:

What *rub* or what impediment there is;

Hamlet, iii. 1. 65: "Ay, there's the *rub;*" King John, iii. 4. 128, 129:

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little *rub,*
Out of the path.

**178.** Line 70: *The* COCKLE *of rebellion.—Cockle* is a weed in corn; cf. Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 383: "Sow'd *cockle* reap'd no corn." "Moreouer he said, they *nourished against themselves* the naughtie seede and *cockle of insolencie and sedition, which had bene sowed and scattered* abroade amongst the people, which they should haue cut off, if they had bene wise, in their growth: and not (to their owne destruction) haue suffered the people to establish a magistrate for themselues of so great power and authority" (North's Plutarch, p. 229).

**179.** Line 78: MEASLES.—The language of the passage seems too strong for the word to mean what we mean by *measles*. Probably, therefore, it is used for leprosy, *mesell* being the old word for a leper, as when Wiclif's version says of Naaman: "Forsothe he was a stronge man and riche, but *mesell*" (4 Kings v. 1). Skeat points out that in derivation the words are quite distinct, the former being Dutch, the latter from Latin *misellus*, diminutive of *miser*. But Shakespeare need not have known this. In the passage from Hamlet quoted in the following note *tetter* is used of the scab of leprosy.

**180.** Line 79: *Which we disdain should tetter us.*—Cf. Hamlet, i. 5. 71–73:

And a most instant *tetter* bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.

**181.** Line 90: *'T was* FROM *the* CANON.—'T was against rule, illegal. For this use of *from* in the sense of *beyond, out of*, cf. Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 35:

Clean *from* the purpose of the things themselves;

Hamlet, iii. 2. 22: "for anything so overdone is *from* the purpose of playing;" Twelfth Night, i. 5. 201: "But this is *from* my commission." For *canon* see i. 10. 26.

**182.** Line 91: *O* GOOD, *but most unwise patricians!*—Pope for Ff. *God.*

**183.** Line 95: *The horn and noise o' the monster.*—He was called Triton in line 89, as the trumpeter of the little fishes; here the noisy horn through which Hydra bellows. The Hydra was a mythical many-headed monster slain by Hercules. Other references to it are Othello, ii. 3. 308: "Had I as many mouths as *Hydra;*" I. Henry IV. v. 4. 25:

Another king! they grow like *Hydra's* heads;

Henry V. i. 1. 35: "*Hydra*-headed wilfulness.'

**184.** Line 98: *Then* VAIL *your ignorance; i.e.* let your ignorance, which gave it power, bow to the monster. Cf. Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 28 (of a ship):

*Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs.

Cockeram in that most amusing second section of his English Dictionary (1613) gives "*vail* your bonnet" as a finer phrase for "put off your hat."

**185.** Lines 109–112:

*when two authorities are up,*
*Neither supreme, how soon confusion*
*May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take*
*The one by th' other.*

It may be interesting to note here what was the issue of the certainly most revolutionary privilege granted to the plebeians—that of making themselves into a self-governing corporation with officers of their own. In the year 289 the enactments of the plebeians—*plebis scita*—obtained the force of laws; and there were thus two sovereign bodies, the whole Roman People and the Plebeians, each with its own ministers, armed with powers against each other. What happened was that the senate, originally a merely consulting body, gradually superseded both. It is not hard to see how when magistracies were annual, knowledge of affairs, and so responsibility, and so power, should come to rest with a permanent body. And to this body both patricians and plebeians were eligible by serving certain magistracies.

**186.** Line 113: *Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth,* &c.—"Therefore said he, they that *gaue counsell* and perswaded *that the corne should be giuen out* to the common people *gratis, as they vsed to do in the cities of Grece, where the people had more absolute power, did but onely nourish their disobedience*, which would breake out in the end, *to the* vtter *ruine* and ouerthrow *of the* whole *state. For they will not thinke it is done in recompence of their seruice past*, sithence they know well enough they have so oft refused to go to the warres, when they were commanded: *neither for their mutinies* when they went with vs, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their countrey: *neither for their accusations* which their flatterers haue preferred unto them, and they haue receiued & made good *against the Senate:* but they will rather judge we giue and grant them this as *abasing* ourselues, and standing *in feare* of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. . . . Yea shall I say more? We should if we were wise take from them the Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of the diuision of their city. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh dismembred in two factions, which maintaines alwaies ciuill dissention and discord between vs, and will

neuer suffer us again to be vnited into one body" (North's Plutarch, p. 227).

187. Line 129: *All cause unborn, could never be the* NATIVE.—Mason conjectured *motive*, which gives the right sense. But the word "unborn" preceding makes it probable that *native* is what Shakespeare wrote.

188. Line 131: *How shall this* BOSOM MULTIPLIED *digest.*—So the Ff. Collier's MS. Corrector reads *bisson multitude.* In the Folio (ii. 1. 70) we have *beesome*, the old spelling of *bisson*, and the one reading might support the other, as Shakespeare frequently uses an expression once or twice in the same play and not elsewhere; *e.g. to bear (one) hard* occurs only in Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 317; ii. 1. 215; iii. 1. 157; *discandy* and *chare* occur each twice in Antony and Cleopatra and not elsewhere. But the Folio reading is not indefensible; cf. King Lear, v. 3. 48:

> To pluck the *common bosom* on his side;

II. Henry IV. i. 3. 97, 98:

> So, so, thou common dog, didst thou *disgorge*
> Thy glutton *bosom* of the royal Richard.

If a bosom could disgorge it could digest.

189 Lines 151 152:

> *That* LOVE *the fundamental part of state*
> *More than you doubt the change on 't;*

*i.e.* whose love for what is really the state outweighs any fear of the revolution that might follow plucking out the multitudinous tongue, abolishing the tribunate.

190. Line 154: *To* JUMP *a body with a dangerous physic.*—Cf. Macbeth, i. 7. 7: "We 'd *jump* (*i.e.* risk) the life to come." Steevens quotes from Holland's Pliny, xxv. 5, of the use of "Ellebore," "it putteth the Patient to a *jumpe* or great hazzard." Dyce in his first edition adopted Pope's emendation *vamp;* in his second Singer's *imp* (a term in falconry, used in Richard II. ii. 1. 292); but the text is quite good as it stands, and either of these suggested metaphors would be incongruous.

191. Line 165: *What should the people do with these* BALD *tribunes?*—Mr. Wright quotes from Cotgrave's Fr. Dict.: "Chauve d'esprit. Bauld-spirited: that hath as little wit in, as he hath haire on, his head."

192. Line 191: SPEAK *to the people.*—Added by Tyrwhitt.

193. Line 213: *Bear him to the rock Tarpeian.*—Down which traitors were thrown. See the passage in North's Plutarch, quoted at the end of this scene. The reader interested in Roman antiquities may like to see a story told by Pliny of an attempt made by a tribune to carry out this execution with his own hands, his victim a certain Metellus, who had more reverence for law than Coriolanus, not daring to struggle with the inviolable person of a tribune: "It fortuned that *Catinius Labeo*, a Tribune or protector of the commons (whome he (*i.e.* Metellus) beforetime by virtue of his Censorship had displaced out of the Senat) waited his time when he returned about noone from *Mars* field, and seeing no man stirring in the market place nor about the Capitoll, tooke him away perforce to the cliffe Tarpeius, with a full purpose to pitch him downe headlong from thence, and to breake his necke. A number came running about him of that crew and companye, which was wont to salute him by the name of Father; but . . . to make resistance and withstand perforce the Tribune, armed with his sacrosanct and inviolable authoritie, they had no warrant by law: in so much as he was like to have perished had there not beene one Tribune of ten found, hardly and with much adoe to step betweene, and oppose himselfe against his colleague and so by good hap rescued him out of his clutches, and saved him as it were at the very pits brinke" (Holland's Pliny, vii. 43).

194. Line 231: COR. *Stand fast.*—The Ff. give this speech to Cominius; Pope substituted Coriolanus, and I think rightly; because in line 245 Cominius says:

> But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic.

Contrariwise line 237

> Come, sir, along with us

is given by the Ff. to Coriolanus.

195. Lines 238–240:

> *I would they were barbarians, as they are,*
> *Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not,*
> *Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.*

The Ff. give this as well as what follows to Menenius, and Knight approves; but if so, the next line as addressed to Coriolanus,

> Put not your worthy rage into your tongue,

is pointless, for Coriolanus has said nothing. The correction is Tyrwhitt's.

196. Line 242: *One time will owe another.*—Yielding today will owe us a victory to-morrow.

197. Line 248: *Before the* TAG *return.*—A *tag* is a point of metal at the end of a lace: "tag and rag" means therefore every appendage and shred; a name for the rabble; and "the tag" is an abbreviation of this. Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 260: "If the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiss him, . . I am no true man."

198. Lines 275, 276:

> *Do not* CRY HAVOC *where you should but hunt*
> *With modest warrant.*

To *cry havoc* was to give the signal for indiscriminate slaughter. "That noo man be so hardy to *cry havoke* upon payne of hym that is so founde begynner, to dye therefore" (Henry VIII. Statutes of Warre, quoted in Todd's Johnson). See King John, ii. 1. 357:

> *Cry "havoc,"* kings! back to the stained field;

Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 270–273:

> And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
> With Até by his side come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
> *Cry "Havoc!"* and let slip the dogs of war.

Compare The Martyred Souldier (i. 1):

> 'T was this sword was sheath'd
> In panting bosomes both of young and old;
> Fathers, sonnes, mothers, virgins, wives and widowes:
> Like death I *havocke cried* so long till I
> Had left no monuments of life or buildings
> But these poor ruins.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 183.

Skeat suggests that *cry havoc* was a popular exclamation like "ware the hawk," *havoc* being the O.E. *hafoc*, a hawk, and that the phrase was preserved in its military sense when the original meaning was forgotten.

199. Line 304: *This is* CLEAN KAM.—*Kam* is a Celtic word, meaning crooked; familiar as the name of the river

upon which *Cam*bridge stands. It is not found in English literature, says Dr. Murray, before the 16th century, though the derived form *cammed* is in the Promptorium Parvulorum. Johnson defines *clean kam* as "crooked, athwart, awry, cross from the purpose." The expression is quoted from Tomson, Calvin's Serm. Timothy 909/1 (1579): "We speake in good earnest, and meane not to say, walk on, behave yourselves manfully; and go *cleane kam* ourselves like Creuises." Cotgrave explains *Tout va à contrepoil* by "all goes *quite kamme.*" Cf. the phrase *a-kimbo*, and *kim-kam* as in Stanyhurst's Virgil (1582): "The wavering commons in *kim-kam* sectes are hurled;" a version of "Scinditur interea studia in contraria vulgus;" also *camock*, a crooked shrub. "But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn" (Lilly's Endymion (1591), both quoted by Steevens).

200. Line 322: *In* BOLTED *language.*—For the metaphor cf. Henry V. ii. 2. 137:

Such and so finely *bolted* didst thou seem.

To *bolt* was to sift; a *bolter*, in I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 81, is a sieve; a *bolting-hutch* in the same play, ii. 4. 495, the tub into which the meal is sifted.

201.—With the latter part of this scene may be compared the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch (p. 230): "This stirred coales among the people, who were in wonderfull furie at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him, that they could hold no longer. Whereupon Sicinius the cruellest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce in the face of all the people Martius as condemned by the Tribunes to die. Then presently he commanded the Tribunes to apprehend him, and cary him straight to the rocke Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the Ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius, . . . the noblemen being much troubled to see so much force and rigour vsed began to cry aloud, *Helpe Martius:* so those that laid hands on him being repulsed, they compassed him in round among themselues and some of them holding vp their hands to the people besought them not to handle him thus cruelly. . . . Then Sicinius bethinking himself a little did aske the Patricians for what cause they tooke Martius out of the officers' hands that went to do execution? The Patricians asked him againe why they would of themselues so cruelly and wickedly put to death so noble and valiant a Roman, and that without law and justice? Well then, said Sicinius, if that be the matter, let there be no quarrel or dissension against the people, for they do grant your demand that his cause be heard according to law."

## ACT III. Scene 2.

202. Line 5: *Below the* BEAM *of sight.*—Cf. Merry Wives, i. 3. 68: "sometimes the *beam* of her view gilded my foot."

203. Line 9: *woollen vassals.*—For the same contempt of coarse clothing cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 79, "hempen home-spuns."

204. Line 21: *The* THWARTINGS *of your disposition.*—Theobald's emendation of the Ff. *things of;* Rowe having previously read "the things that thwart your dispositions."

205. Line 24: *Ay, and burn too.*—The Ff. give this speech to Volumnia; the Cambridge editors to a Patrician; Dyce remarks: "Whoever recollects Mrs. Siddons in this scene will, I am sure, allow that the words seemed to come quite naturally from the lips of Volumnia as a sudden spirt of contempt for that rabble whom, however, she saw the necessity of her son's endeavouring to conciliate."

206. Line 32: *to th'* HERD.—Theobald's correction of the Ff. *heart.*

207. Lines 52–57.—In the Ff. the lines stand thus:

Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by' th' matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.

The arrangement in the text is Malone's; it is probable that there is more or less corruption here.

208. Line 52: *Because that now it* LIES YOU ON.—Cf. Richard II. ii. 3. 138: "It stands your grace upon;" Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 1. 50, 51:

It only stands
Our lives upon;

Richard III. iv. 2. 57:

About it; for it stands me much upon.

209. Lines 55, 56:

*But with such words that are but* ROTED *in*
*Your tongue,* THOUGH BUT *bastards, and syllables.*

The Ff. read *roated; i.e.* learned by rote. Wedgwood quotes *to rote*, meaning to hum a tune, from Drayton; else the verb is not found. Johnson conjectured *rooted.* In the second line Dr. Badham proposed to read "thoughts bastards and but syllables."

210. Line 74: HERE BE WITH THEM.—To *be with* a person seems to mean to get hold of him, satisfy him; and "here be with them" means "make a point of this humility so as to get hold of them." Staunton quotes from Brome's Jovial Crew, ii. 1 of a beggar feigning lameness: "Here I was with him [*Halts.*'

211. Lines 78, 79:

WHICH *often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,*
NOW *humble as the ripest mulberry.*

Many emendations of this passage have been suggested; perhaps the best is Mason's "*Bow* humble." Johnson proposed "*With* often;" Capell, "*And* often;" Staunton, "*While* often;" others, as Delius, take *humble* as a verb. For *stout*, in the sense of proud, cf. II. Henry VI. i. 1. 187:

As *stout* and proud as he were lord of all;

and Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 185, 186: "I will be strange, *stout*, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd;" and see lines 125–127 below:

et
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous *stoutness,*

where the stress, as Schmidt points out, is on *feel* and *fear*, *stoutness* and *pride* being identical.

212. Line 80: SAY *to them.*—Hanmer's correction of the Ff. *or say.*

**213.** Line 99: *Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?*—*Barbes*, or more correctly *bardes* (but Cotgrave gives *Barbes* as the English equivalent of the French *Bardes*) were trappings for horses; "the general name for the several pieces of defensive armour with which the horses of knights were covered in war; also the ornaments and housings of horses in peace or at tournaments" (Nares). So in Richard III. i. 1. 10 we have "*barbed* steeds." "The corruption *barbed*," says Nares, "was in more common use than the proper word *barded;*" the latter has been revived by Browning in his poem of James Lee: "a war-horse *barded* and chanfroned too." *Sconce* was originally a bulwark, and so was applied to the skull as the armour of the brain. It is frequent as a familiar word for the head, as here. Cf. Comedy of Errors, i. 2. 79: "I shall break that merry *sconce* of yours." In ii. 2. 37 of the same play it is used with a quibble on the two senses: "an you use these blows long, I must get a *sconce* for my head."

**214.** Line 115: *That babies* LULLS *asleep.*—Ff. *lull*, which may be what Shakespeare wrote, the verb having a tendency to agree in number with the nearest noun. Cf. Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 33:

> The posture of your blows *are* yet unknown.

Hamlet, i. 2. 37, 38:

> more than the scope
> Of these delated articles *allow*.

**215.** Lines 125–127:

> *let*
> *Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear*
> *Thy dangerous stoutness.*

That is, let me feel at once the final effects of thy pride, in the ruin it will bring on us, than live always in fear of it. See note 211.

**216.** Lines 136, 137:

> *Or never trust to what my tongue can do*
> *I' the way of flattery further.*

For the dramatic irony cf. note 171.

**217.** Line 142: THE WORD *is "mildly."*—Cf. Julius Cæsar, v. 5. 4: "slaying is *the word;*" Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 58: "cover is *the word.*"

## ACT III. Scene 3.

**218.** Line 1.—According to Plutarch, the Tribunes having charged Coriolanus in the senate with aspiring to be king, he promised to come and stand his trial before the people, if they limited their charges to this one accusation: "that his actions tended to usurpe tyranicall power." But when the Tribunes saw they could not prove this, "they beganne to broach afresh the former words that Martius had spoken in the Senate in hindering the distribution of the corne at meane price to the common people, and persuading also to take the office of Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged him anew, *that he had not made the common distribution* of the *spoile he had gotten in the inuading the territories of the Antiates*" (p. 231). Marcius had distributed it only among those who had gone with him on the expedition.

**219.** Lines 10, 11:

> *Set down by the poll? . . .*
> *Have you collected them by tribes?*

The point of this arrangement is lost upon the reader unacquainted with the passage in North's Plutarch on which it is based: "The Tribunes would in any case (whatsoeuer became of it) that the people should proceed to giue their voyces *by Tribes* and not by hundreds; for by this means the multitude of the poore needie people (and all such rabble as had nothing to lose and had lesse regard of honesty before their eyes) came to be of greater force (*because their voyces were numbered by the polle*) then the noble honest citizens whose persons and purse did dutifully serue the common wealth in their warres" (p. 231). The sentence "because . . . polle" is not in the Greek, and it is not a correct explanation of the tribunes' preference for voting by tribes. In the case of both *centuries* and *tribes* voting was by poll, till the vote of a century or tribe was arrived at, and then the vote of century or tribe was given as a single one. Without going into questions of Roman constitutional history, it will be sufficient to say that in the assembly by centuries (*comitia centuriata*) the preponderance was given to property. It is more important to notice how carefully Shakespeare follows North, taking from him any details which may give life to the narrative.

**220.** Lines 26, 27:

> *to have his worth*
> *Of contradiction,*

if it be the true reading, must mean, "to have his worth out of contradiction;" *i.e.*, as Dyce says, "to have his pennyworth in a dispute," to get quite his full share of a bargain, to give as good as he gets.

**221.** Line 36: THRONG *our large temples.*—Theobald's correction of Ff. *through.*

**222.** Line 55: *His rougher* ACCENTS.—Theobald for Ff. *Actions.*

**223.** Line 110: *I have been consul, and can show* FOR *Rome.*—Theobald, correction of Ff. *from.*

**224.** Line 120: *You common* CRY *of curs!*—Cf. iv. 6. 148: "you and your *cry.*" A *cry* was a pack of hounds, so called from their "giving mouth." Cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 124–131:

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A *cry* more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

**225.** Line 130: *Making* BUT *reservation of yourselves.*—That is, banishing all your defenders till you alone are left, who are your own foes. Capell conjectured *not*, which many editors adopt. A similar doubt occurs about a passage in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 278, 279:

> Repent *not* you that you shall lose your friend,
> And he repents not that he pays your debt,

where the F. reads *not*, and both Quartos *but.*

**226.** Lines 131, 132:

> *deliver you, as most*
> ABATED *captives.*

Steevens quotes from Arthur Hall's translation of the Seventh Iliad:

> Th' *abated* mindes, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my pheeres.

Compare Jeremy Taylor, Sermons, i. ix. 104: "They were *abated* with humane infirmities, and not at all heightened by the Spirit; Parismus, i. 89 (1661): "Which so revived the *abated* hearts of the Thessalins" (Murray's Dictionary).

## ACT IV. Scene 1.

**227.** Line 4: *To say* EXTREMITY *was the trier of spirits.*—F. 1 reads *extreamities;* corrected in F. 2.

**228.** Line 5.—Steevens quotes from Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 33–37:

> In the reproof of chance
> Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
> How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
> Upon her patient breast, making their way
> With those of nobler bulk!

**229.** Lines 7–9:

> *fortune's blows,*
> *When most struck home, being* GENTLE WOUNDED, *craves*
> *A noble cunning.*

So Ff. And the sense is clear, though the syntax is vicious: "To bear fortune's shrewdest blows gently, when you are wounded by them, craves," &c. The verb *craves* has practically two subjects, "fortune's blows" and "to be gentle when wounded." Various emendations have been proposed, such as Pope's *gently warded*, Collier's MS. Corrector's *gentle-minded*, but they are unnecessary.

**230.** Line 13: *Now the red pestilence*, &c.—Compare Tempest, i. 2. 364, 365:

> The *red plague* rid you
> For learning me your language!

**231.** Line 14: *And* OCCUPATIONS *perish!*—For *occupation*, in the sense of a trade, cf. iv. 6. 97: "the voice of *occupation;*" Tempest, ii. 1. 154: (in Gonzago's commonwealth there was to be)

> No *occupation*, all men idle, all;

and the use of "occupy" in Ezekiel xxvii. 16; "they *occupied* in thy fairs;" St. Luke xix. 13: "*Occupy* till I come."

**232.** Line 33: *With* CAUTELOUS *baits and practice.*—*Cautelous* is from the Roman law-term *cautela*, a security. Bullokar defines it "warie, circumspect" (English Expositor, 1616). Craik well explains it as "cautious and wary to the point of cowardice, if not to that of trickery." It bears in Shakespeare both these meanings of *cautious* and *shifty;* and in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 129,

> Swear priests and cowards and men *cautelous*,

the meanings are combined. In Hamlet, i. 3. 15 the noun *cautel* occurs.

**233.** Line 36: *More than a wild* EXPOSTURE.—*Exposture*, which the Ff. read, may be defended by the analogy of *imposture*, and *composture* (Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 444).

**234.** Line 49: *My friends of noble* TOUCH; *i.e.* tried by the touchstone and proved noble.—Cf. Pericles, ii. 2. 37: "gold that's by the *touchstone* tried." Richard III. iv. 2. 8, 9:

> Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,
> To try if thou be current gold indeed.

## ACT IV. Scene 2.

**235.** Line 16: *Are you* MANKIND? *i.e.* are you masculine? Cf. Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 67: "A *mankind* witch;" Fletcher's Woman Hater, iii. 1: "Are women grown so *mankind?* must they be wooing?" Lilly's Woman in the Moon, ii. 1: "What is my mistresse *mankind* on the sudden?" Jonson calls Pallas "*mankind* maid" (Prœludium, Forest x.). Hence the word acquired the sense of *fierce*, and was commonly used of wild beasts; thus in Cotgrave's Fr. Dict. "*manticore*" is explained as "a ravenous and *mankind* Indian beast." Volumnia intentionally misunderstands Sicinius, and asks if he, being a fox, thinks it shameful to be human.

**236.** Line 18: *Hadst thou* FOXSHIP.—The fox was typical of ingratitude. Cf. King Lear, iii. 6. 24: "Now, you she-*foxes!*" iii. 7. 28: "Ingrateful *fox!* 't is he.'

**237.** Lines 23, 24:

> *I would my son*
> *Were in Arabia.*

Cf. Macbeth, iii. 4. 104: "dare me to the *desert* with thy sword;" and Cymbeline, i. 1. 167:

> I would they were in *Afric* both together.

## ACT IV. Scene 3.

**238.** Line 9: *your favour is well* APPEAR'D *by your tongue.*—The sense required is, "your identity is made more apparent by your tongue," "your face is helped by your tongue;" the Volsce combines these into "your favour (*i.e.* face) is well appeared (or made apparent) by your tongue." But as this transitive use of *appear* is unsupported, it may be a misprint. Steevens conjectured *approved*, but this misses the sense.

**239.** Line 49: *in the entertainment.*—For *entertain*, in the sense of "engage," cf. Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 3. 10, 11: "I will *entertain* Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap;" and of soldiers, Julius Cæsar, v. 5. 60:

> All that serv'd Brutus, I will *entertain* them.

## ACT IV. Scene 4.

**240.** Line 6: Stage-direction.—"It was euen twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him" (North's Plutarch, p. 232).

**241.** Line 12: *O world, thy slippery turns!*—Notice in this speech how characteristically Coriolanus treats his alliance with Aufidius as nothing but a private concern. He has left old friends for new, that is all. The state is but his "birth-place."

**242.** Line 14: *whose bed.*—See note 142.

**243.** Line 21: *Some* TRICK *not worth an egg.*—For *trick* in the sense of a trifle, plaything, cf. Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 66, 67:

> Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
> A knack, a toy, a *trick*, a baby's cap.

Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 50–52:

> Remain a pinch'd thing: yea, a very *trick*
> For them to play at will.

**244.** Line 23: *My birth-place* HATE *I.*—Capell for Ff. *haue.*

## ACT IV. Scene 5.

**245.**—"So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius house, and when he came thither, he got him vp straight to the chimney harth, and sate him downe, and spake not a

word to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of the house spying him wondred what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For il favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine majestie in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man" (North's Plutarch, p. 232).

**246.** Line 14: COMPANIONS.—So v. 2. 65: 'Now, you *companion;*" Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 138: "*Companion*, hence!" Craik in his note on that passage (The English of Shakespeare, p. 305) remarks: "The notion originally involved in companionship would appear to have been rather that of inferiority than of equality. A *companion* (or *comes*) was an attendant. The *Comites* of the imperial court, whence our modern Counts or Earls, were certainly not regarded as the equals of the Emperor, any more than a *Companion* to a lady is now looked upon as the equal of her mistress." He quotes an instance of the use of the word in the contemptuous sense, like our modern *fellow*, from so late a writer as Smollett: "The young ladies who thought themselves too much concerned to contain themselves any longer, set up their throats all together against my protector, 'Scurvy *companion!* Saucy tarpaulin! Rude impertinent fellow!'" (Roderick Random, 1748).

**247.** Line 25: *Pray you* AVOID *the house.*—See below, line 34: "*pray you avoid.*" To *avoid* in modern English means to shun or evade; it formerly meant also to empty and to expel; and intransitively, to withdraw, as here. Compare Coverdale's version of S. Matthew xvi. 23: "*Avoyde* fro me, Sathan;" and the A.V. of 1 Samuel xviii. 11: "David *avoided* out of his presence."

**248.** Line 35: BATTEN *on cold bits.*—To *batten* is to thrive. Compare Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, ii. 3. 21: "It makes her fat, you see. She *battens* with it." Afterwards it came to mean to feed gluttonously, as here, and Hamlet, iii. 4. 66, 67:

> Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
> And *batten* on this moor?

Milton uses the word in an active sense, Lycidas, 29:

> *Battening* our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

**249.** Line 39: AND *I shall.*—For this use of *and* in replies, cf. Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 304–307:

> *Cass.* This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit.
> . . . . . .
> *Bru.* *And* so it is;

and see other examples collected in Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 97.

**250.** Line 48: *Then thou dwellest with daws too?*—Parrots and jackdaws from their powers of thoughtless speech are often used as types of foolish persons. Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 4. 18: "I am no wiser than a *daw.*" In Ben Jonson's Silent Woman there is a foolish knight called Sir John *Daw.*

**251.** Line 60.—These speeches of Coriolanus are closely versified from North's Plutarch. The first four lines were arranged as verse by Steevens; they are printed in the Folios as prose. "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, doest not perhappes beleeue me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessitie bewray my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy selfe particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischiefe, which I cannot denie for my surname of *Coriolanus* that I beare. For I neuer had other benefite nor recompence of the true and painfull seruice I haue done, and the extreme dangers I haue bene in, but this onely surname: a good memorie and witnesse of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harth, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my selfe in hazard: but prickt forward with desire to be reuenged of them that thus haue banished me, which now I do beginne, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, speed thee now, & let my misery serue thy turne, & so use it, as my seruice may be a benefit to the Volsces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you then I did whē I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiãtly, who know the force of the enemy then such as haue never proued it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearie to proue fortune any more, then am I also wearie to liue any longer. And it were no wisedome in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose seruice now can nothing help nor pleasure thee" (p. 232).

**252.** Line 114: *My* GRAINED *ash.*—*Grained* must mean showing the grain of the wood, an epithet implying strength, and perhaps also roughness. Compare A Lover's Complaint, 64:

> So slides he down upon his *grained* bat.

**253.** Line 115: *And* SCARR D *the moon with splinters.*—Delius compares, for the hyperbole, Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 92: "the ship *boring* the moon with her main-mast." Rowe unnecessarily conjectured *scar'd.*

**254.** Line 116: *The anvil of my sword.*—In Hamlet, ii. 2. 511–514, the metaphor is expanded into a simile:

> And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
> On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
> With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
> Now falls on Priam.

**255.** Line 137: *Like a bold flood* O'ER-BEAR.—Rowe's correction of the Ff. *o'erbeat.* Compare iii. 1. 248–250:

> whose rage doth rend
> Like interrupted waters, and *o'erbear*
> What they are us'd to bear;

and Othello, i. 3. 55, 56:

> for my particular grief
> Is of so *flood*-gate and *o'erbearing* nature.

**256.** Line 142: *Therefore, most* ABSOLUTE *sir.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 117: "most *absolute* lord;" Hamlet, v. 2. 111: "an *absolute* gentleman." *Absolute* was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as we

should use *perfect*. "It is not to any man given," says Feltham (Resolves, 1677, i. 26. 46) "*absolutely* to be *absolute;*" and Lyly speaks of a young man as "so *absolute* as that nothing may be added to his further perfection" (Euphues, 123, ed. 1579).

**257.** Line 171: *you wot* ON.—Dyce for Ff. *one.*

**258.** Line 197: *He was too hard for him* DIRECTLY.—Besides its regular senses of "in a straight line," and, by a metaphor, "straightforwardly," *directly* seems sometimes used for "manifestly," as in Othello, ii. 1. 221: "Desdemona is *directly* in love with him."

**259.** Line 199: *like a* CARBONADO.—A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut crosswise for broiling. *Carbonade* is Englished by Cotgrave as "a carbonadoe, a rasher on the coales, also a slash ouer the face which fetcheth the flesh with it." Compare King Lear, ii. 2. 41: "draw, you rogue, or I 'll so *carbonado* your shanks;" I. Henry IV. v. 3. 59–62, where Falstaff says, "if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a *carbonado* of me." Compare Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part i. iv. 4. 44 (Bullen's ed. i. 79): "I will make thee slice the brawns of thy armes into *carbonadoes* and eat them."

**260.** Line 201: *he might have* BROIL'D *and eaten him too.* —Pope for Ff. *boyled.* See previous note.

**261.** Line 213: SOWL *the porter of Rome gates* BY THE EARS.—*To sowle by the ears.* "Aures summa vi vellere" (Coles Lat. Dict.). Steevens quotes from Heywood's Love's Mistress, iv. 1:

> Venus will *sowle* me *by the ears* for this;

and Tyrwhitt quotes from Strafford's Letters (ii 149): "A lieutenant *soled* him well *by the ears,* and drew him by the hair about the room." Dyce quotes from Moor's Suffolk Words: "*Sowle.* To seize a swine by the ear. 'Wool 'a sowle a hog?' is a frequent inquiry into the qualifications of a dog."

**262.** Line 215: *poll'd.*—A *poll* is a head; to "*poll* the head" is to clip it round. The word is used, in this sense, of Absalom, in the A. V. of 2 Samuel xiv. 26. Cf. pollard, a tree *polled* or clipt. The present passage shows how from this the meaning passed to that of "plunder, strip bare;" in which sense it is commonly found with *pill,* as in Spenser's Faery Queene, v. 2. 6:

> Which *pols* and *pils* the poore in piteous wise.

**263.** Line 222: *directitude!*—Malone conjectured *discreditude,* but that would have been near enough to sense for the other servant to understand.

**264.** Line 237: *it's spritely,* WAKING.—The Ff. read *sprightly-walking,* but the antithesis "sleepy, insensible" favours "spritely, *waking,*" which Pope first suggested.

**265.** Line 238: *full of vent.*—A writer in the Edinburgh Review, October, 1872, suggests that *vent* is here a hunting term. "When the hound *vents* anything, he pauses to verify the scent, and then full of eager excitement strains in the leash to be after the game. . . . To strain at the lyam or leash 'upon good vent' is in Shakespeare's phrase to be 'full of *vent,*' or in other words keenly excited, full of pluck and courage." Mr. Aldis Wright, however, points out that the epithets of peace and war in this passage correspond in an inverse order, *insensible* to *spritely, sleepy* to *waking, deaf* to *audible,* and so probably *mulled* to *full of vent.* The expression, therefore, he suggests, "must be descriptive of something in wine which is the opposite to that conveyed by *mulled;* and as *mulled* signifies flat, insipid, *full of vent* would seem to be either effervescent, working ready to burst the cask, or full of scent." The former suggestion seems much the better of the two; for there is no proof that *vent* ever means "scent," unless as a hunting term; and the sense of "effervescent" arises easily from the ordinary meaning of the word; as we might now say "full of go."

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

**266.** Lines 2, 3:

> *His remedies are tame i' the present peace*
> *And quietness of the people.*

The preposition was inserted by Theobald. Johnson proposed

> His remedies are ta'en, the present peace, &c.;

that is, the remedies against him are taken, namely the present peace, &c.; but this is a forced construction. If the text be not corrupt, which seems probable, *his remedies* must mean "his means of redress or recall."

**267.** Line 12: Bru. *Hail, sir!*—The repetition of this phrase was made by Capell; who also added *sir* in the line following, and arranged the passage as verse, which runs on in the Ff. as prose.

**268.** Line 58: *some news is* COME.—Rowe's correction of the Ff. *comming.*

**269.** Line 72: *He and Aufidius can no more* ATONE.—Usually *to atone* means to "set at one," but the intransitive sense is found also in As You Like It, v. 4. 114–116:

> Then is there mirth in heaven,
> When earthly things made even
> *Atone* together.

The verb arose in the 16th century from the adverb *at-one* (then pronounced as it is spelt), used as in the A.V. of Acts vii. 26: "and would have set them *at one* again."

**270.** Line 87: *Into an auger's bore; i.e.* within narrow limits. Cf. Macbeth, ii. 3. 128, 129:

> What should be spoken here, where our fate,
> Hid in an *auger-hole,* may rush, and seize us?

**271.** Line 94.—"Write or at least pronounce *butterflees* [on account of flies in the next line]. Drayton, Muses Elysium, viii.:

> 'Of lilies shall the pillows be
> With down stuft of the *butterflee.*'"

Walker's Crit. Exam. iii. 212, quoted by Dyce.

**272.** Lines 112–114:

> *they charg'd him even*
> *As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,*
> *And therein show'd like enemies.*

"Their *charge* or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs, and make them *show like enemies*" (Johnson). See note 135.

**273.** Line 117: *You've made fair hands.*—Cf. Henry

VIII. v. 4. 74: "Ye have made a *fine hand*, fellows;" *i.e.* a fine piece of work.

**274.** Line 125: *obeys his* POINTS.—"A *point* of war" was an order given by a trumpet. Cf. II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52:

> (Turning) Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine,
> To a loud trumpet and a *point* of war.

Peele, Edward I. scene 1. 108 (ed. Bullen, vol. i. p. 91):

> Sound proudly here a perfect *point* of war.

## ACT IV. Scene 7.

**275.** Line 13: *I mean for your* PARTICULAR.—That is, for your own person. Cf. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 9, 10:

> Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
> As far as toucheth *my particular;*

and King Lear, ii. 4. 295, 296:

> For *his particular*, I 'll receive him gladly,
> But not one follower.

**276.** Line 15: HAD *borne the action of yourself.*—Malone for Ff. *have.*

**277.** Lines 34, 35:

> *As is the* OSPREY *to the fish, who takes it*
> *By sovereignty of nature.*

Ff. *Aspray.* Fish were supposed to be fascinated by the osprey, and to surrender themselves. Cf. Peele's Battle of Alcazar, ii. 3. (ed. Bullen, vol. ii. p. 254):

> I will provide thee with a princely *osprey,*
> That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
> The fish shall turn their glittering bellies up,
> And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all;

and Drayton's Polyolbion, song xxv.:

> The *osprey* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
> But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw.

There is a chapter upon the *osprey* in Holland's Pliny, x 3, but no reference to this popular belief.

**278.** Line 37: *whether 't was pride,* &c.—"Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority;* but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war" (Johnson).

**279.** Lines 48, 49:

> *but he has a merit,*
> *To choke it in the utterance.*

*It* may mean *detraction*, or some such idea supplied from *hated.* If *it* refers to "banishment," the sense must be "which *ought to have* choked it in the utterance." Staunton thinks there is a lacuna after *banish'd.*

**280.** Lines 49, 50:

> *So our virtues*
> *Lie in th' interpretation of the time.*

This may mean either "virtues are not virtues unless acknowledged to be such by our contemporaries;" or more probably, "our virtues become vices if they are mistimed." Coriolanus's soldier-like virtues became vices when he recognized no distinction between what was appropriate to war and peace.

**281.** Lines 51–53:

> *And power, unto itself most commendable,*
> *Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair*
> *T' extol what it hath done.*

That is, "Power, when it is entirely self-satisfied, finds, in general, no readier grave than the right of praising itself." *Chair* seems to mean magistrate's chair, and so "authority." Singer proposed *hair;* Collier's MS. Corrector *cheer.* The sense of the passage is that power may lose itself by being boastful; but there is very probably some corruption of the text.

**282.** Line 54: *One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail.*—For these common metaphors cf. Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4. 192, 193:

> Even as one heat another heat expels,
> Or as one nail by strength drives out another;

Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 171:

> As fire drives out fire, so pity pity;

King John, iii. 1. 277, 278:

> And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
> Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd;

Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 46–49:

> Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
> One pain is lessen d by another's anguish;
> Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
> One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

**283.** Line 55: *Rights by rights* FALTER—Dyce's emendation of the Ff. *fouler.* If *fouler* be read, it must be construed with the verb at the end of the line, and the sentence may be taken to mean, according to Mr. Wright, "just titles have to yield to those that are worse in point of law." But the principle laid down is more general than this: "one nail drives out another," not "a worse nail drives out a better;" we have therefore adopted Dyce's correction. Malone conjectured *founder.*

## ACT V. Scene 1.

**284.** Line 3: *In a most dear particular.*—There seems some quibble intended on *general* in the preceding line.

**285.** Line 6: *nay, if he* COY'D.—To be *coy* means now to be modest; it used to mean to be disdainful. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 29, 30:

> To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
> *Coy* looks with heart-sore sighs;

and this is the meaning of Herrick's advice in his poem To the Virgins (Hesperides, xciii.):

> Then be not *coy*, but use your time.

**286.** Line 16: *A pair of tribunes that have* RACKED FOR *Rome.*—Ff. *wracked.* Hanmer suggested *fair.* To *rack* is found transitively in Shakespeare in the sense of to stretch, as in Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 180, 181:

> Try what my credit can in Venice do:
> That shall be *rack'd*, even to the uttermost.

And it may be a sufficient account of the verb in this passage to say that it is used reflectively, in the sense of to strain: "a pair of tribunes that have strained every nerve." It is not at all impossible, however, that Steevens

may be right in taking the metaphor to be from a "racking steward." That expression occurs in a passage of Sidney's Arcadia quoted by Richardson: "The court of affection, held by that *racking steward*, remembrance;" we still speak of "*rack*-rents." Steevens' interpretation is as follows: "You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expense of coals."

287. Line 20: *It was a* BARE *petition of a state.*—Dyce *rare.* Does a bare petition mean a "bare-faced," or an "empty-handed" petition?

288. Line 49: *And* HUM *at good Cominius.*—Cf. Macbeth, iii. 6. 41, 42:

> The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
> And *hums;*

I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 158, 159:

> I cried "*hum*," and "*well, go to*,"
> But mark'd him not a word.

Palsgrave (Lesclaircissement de la langue Francoyse, 1530) has, "I *humme*, I make a noyse like one that lysteth not speake, *je fays du muet.*"

289. Lines 61, 62:

> *Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge*
> *Of my success.*

Mason and Collier's MS. Corrector read *you.* But the idea is the same as in Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 123-126:

> O that a man might know
> The end of this day's business ere it come!
> But it sufficeth that the day will end,
> And then the end is known.

290. Line 63: *I tell you, he does sit in gold.*—Cf. North's Plutarch, p. 236: "The ambassadours that were sent were Martius familiar friends and acquaintances who looked at the least for a curteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing lesse: for at their coming they were brought through the campe, to the place where he was set *in his chaire of state, with a maruellous and an vnspeakable maiesty*, hauing the chiefest men of the Volsces about him."

291. Line 69: *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.*—The desired meaning is that Coriolanus was bound by an oath to the Volscians to impose certain conditions, or to make the Romans yield to his conditions; but it must be confessed that the text does not say this. Or the meaning may be that the *message* was affirmed by an oath, viz. that his conditions must be yielded to. Various punctuations have been proposed, and numerous emendations, none of them satisfactory.

## ACT V. Scene 2.

292. Line 10: *lots to blanks* is a difficult phrase. The sense required is "a dead certainty;" Menenius must mean therefore "as sure as lots are better than blanks."

293. Line 14: *Thy general is my* LOVER.—*Lover* was formerly used in a wider signification than now. Compare Brutus's address "Romans, countrymen, and *lovers*," with Antony's "*Friends*, Romans, countrymen" (Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 13, 78); the meaning is of course the same in either case.

294. Line 17: *For I have ever* VERIFIED *my friends.*—Can this be a coinage of Menenius like *conspectuities* (ii. 1. 70), *fidius'd* (ii. 1. 144), as if it were *very-fy* in the sense of *magnify*, with a play on *verity* below? This clearly is the meaning intended. Hanmer reads *magnified*, Lettsom *amplified.*

295. Line 20: *Like to a bowl upon a* SUBTLE *ground.*—Steevens compares Ben Jonson, Chloridia: "Tityus's breast, that is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus." *Subtle* must mean difficult or deceptive on account of the slope.

296. Line 45: EASY *groans.*—Collier's MS. Corrector, *queasy;* Staunton, *wheezy.*

297. Line 65: *I'll say an* ERRAND *for you.*—Ff. *arrant*, though the word is elsewhere spelt *errand.* The meaning may be: "I shall tell a tale about you," or "I predict you will be sent on an errand," or "I will deliver a message in spite of you."

298. Line 67: *a Jack guardant cannot office me.*—We still speak of a "Jack in office." *Jack* was a common title of contempt. Cf. Much Ado, i. 1. 186: "do you play the flouting *Jack?*" Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 159:

> she did call me "rascal fiddler,"
> And "twangling Jack;

290:

> A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack.*

For *guardant* compare I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 9:

> But when my angry *guardant* stood alone;

and *dotant* above in line 47.

299. Line 69: *guess, but* BY *my entertainment.*—*By* was added by Malone.

300. Line 92: *Ingrate forgetfulness shall* POISON.—That is, forgetfulness shall kill the recollection. Theobald conjectured *prison.*

301. Line 93: *Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.*—Pointed as by Theobald: for the Ff., "Then pitty: Note how much, therefore."

## ACT V. Scene 3.

302. Line 38.—By *eyes* Coriolanus means "disposition." Virgilia wilfully misunderstands, and takes *eyes* in its literal sense, saying that the change is not in her husband's eyes, but in the appearance she and Volumnia present so dressed in mourning.

303. Line 41: *I have forgot my part, and I am out.*—Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 172:

> They do not mark me, and that brings me *out;*

and As You Like It, iv. 1. 76: "Very good orators, when they are *out*, they will spit."

304. Line 46: *Now, by the jealous queen of heaven.*—Cf. Pericles, ii. 3. 30:

> By Juno, that is queen of marriage.

305. Line 48: *You gods! I* PRATE.—Theobald for Ff. *pray.*

306. Line 58: *Then let the pebbles on the* HUNGRY *beach.*—Malone *angry. Hungry* has been explained to mean

either "sterile," or "hungry for shipwrecks," probably the former.

**307.** Line 61: *Murdering impossibility.*—Coriolanus says: "If you kneel to me, nothing any more must be impossible."

**308.** Line 64: *The noble sister of Publicola.*—"The greatest ladies were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolin, among which troupe by name was *Valeria, Publicolaes own sister.* . . . Valeria was greatly honoured and reuerenced among all the Romains: and did so modestly and wisely behaue her selfe, that she did not shame nor dishonour the house she came of" (North's Plutarch, p. 238).

**309.** Line 74: *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw.—Sea-mark* occurs once more, in Othello, v. 2. 267, 268:

> Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
> And very *sea-mark* of my utmost sail.

Compare Sonnet cxvi. 5, 6:

> O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

"A *flaw* of wind is a gust which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth" (Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627, p. 46, quoted by Dyce). Cotgrave has "*Tourbillon de vent*, a whirlewind, also a gust, *flaw*, berrie, sudden blast, or boisterous tempest of wind." Compare Venus and Adonis, 456:

> Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds.

**310.** Lines 82, 83:

> CAPITULATE
> *Again with Rome's mechanics.*

To *capitulate* in modern English is to "make terms of surrender;" formerly it meant to arrange or propose terms of any sort. Compare Lodge, "A peace lately *capitulated* betwixt Dagobert, King of France and Grimwald" (Wm. Longbeard, F. ii. b, 1593); Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, p. 247 (1669): "think not to *capitulate* with Christ, and divide your heart between him and the world" (Murray's Dict.).

**311.** Line 94.—Volumnia's speech in Plutarch is as follows: "*If we held our peace* (my sonne) *and determined not to speake, the state of our* poore *bodies, and* present sight of our *rayment, would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we haue led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad; but *think* now *with thyself, how* much *more vnfortunate then all* the *women liuing, we are come hither, considering that the sight which* should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spightfull fortune had made most fearefull to vs: *making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here her husband,* besieging the walls of his natiue countrey: so as that *which is the onely comfort to all other* in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thing which plungeth vs into most deepe perplexitie. *For we cannot* (*alas*) together *pray, both for victory to our countrey, and* for safety of thy life also: but a world of grieuous curses, yea more then any mortall enemy can heape vpō vs, are forcibly wrapt vp in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choise is offered thy wife and children, *to forgo one of the two: either to lose the person of thy self, or the nurse of their natiue country. For my selfe* (*my sonne*) *I am determined not to tary, till fortune* in my life time *do make an end of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to do good vnto both parties then to ouerthrow and destroy the one,* preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust vnto it, *thou shalt no sooner march* forward *to assault thy coūtry, but* thy foot shall *treade vpon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee* first *into this world.* And I may not deferre to see the day, *either that my son be led prisoner in triumph* by his naturall countrymen, *or that he himselfe do triumph* of them and *of his naturall country.* For *if it were so, that my request tended to saue thy country, in destroying the Volsces,* I must confess, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolue on that. For as to destroy thy naturall country, it is altogether vnmeete and vnlawfull, so were it not iust, and lesse honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my onely demand consisteth, to make a gaile-deliuery of all euils, which deliuereth equall benefite and safety, both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volsces. For it shall appeare, that hauing victory in their hands, they haue of speciall fauour granted vs singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselues haue no lesse part of both then we. Of which good, if so it came to passe, thy selfe is the onely author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it faile, and fall out contrary thy self alone shalt deseruedly carry the shamefull reproch and burthen of either party. So, *though the end of war be vncertain, yet this* notwithstanding *is* most *certain, that if it be thy chāce to conquer, this benefite shalt thou reape* of thy goodly conquest, *to be chronicled* the plague and destroyer of thy countrey. And if fortune ouerthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to reuenge thy priuate iniuries, thou hast for ever vndone thy good friends, who did most louingly and courteously receiue thee. . . . My sonne, why doest thou not answer me? doest thou think it good altogether to giue place vnto thy choler and desire of reuenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request, in so weighty a cause? *dost thou take it honorable for a nōble man, to remember the wrongs* and iniuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest noble man's part, to be thankfull for the goodnes that parents do shew to their children, acknowledging the duty and reuerēce they ought to beare vnto them? *No man liuing is more bound* to shew himself thankfull in all parts and respects then thy self: who so vniuersally shewest all ingratitude. Moreover, (my son) thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grieuous payments vpon thē, in reuenge of the iniuries offered thee, besides, *thou hast not hitherto shewed thy poore mother any curtesie.* And therefore it is not onely *honest,* but *due* vnto me, that without compulsion I should obtaine my so iust and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot perswade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope? *And with these words herself, his wife, & children fell down vpon their knees before him:* Martius seeing that, could refraine no longer, but went straight and lift her vp crying out *Oh mother, what haue you done* to me? And *holding her* hard *by the* right *hand, oh mother,* said he, *you haue won a happy victory for your country, but mortall* and

vnhappy *for your son:* for I see myself vanquished by you alone. These words being spoken openly, he spake a litle apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome" (p. 239).

**312.** Line 115: *With manacles* THROUGH *our streets, or else.*—Johnson altered *through* to *thorough* for the sake of the metre, and he has been followed by succeeding editors. But the line is better as it is, with a pause before the alternative. Compare Julius Cæsar, v. 3. 32:

> He 's ta'en;—and, hark!
> They shout for joy.

For the contraction of *manacles* cf. i. 9. 57:

> Like one that means his proper harm—in *manacles;*

which is not an Alexandrine but a five-foot line with extra-syllable.

**313.** Lines 125–128.—In the Folio the lines stand thus:

> *Virg.* I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
> To keepe your name liuing to time.
> *Boy.* A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
> Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

The rearrangement was made by Pope.

**314.** Line 138: *Give the* ALL-HAIL *to thee.*—*All-hail* means literally "all health." The substantive is found again in Macbeth, i. 5. 55, 56:

> Great Glamys! worthy Cawdor!
> Greater than both, by the *all-hail* hereafter!

The verb also is used in Macbeth, i. 5. 7: "missives from the king, who *all-hail'd* me 'Thane of Cawdor.'"

**315.** Line 149: *Thou hast affected the fine* STRAINS *of honour.*—*Strain* is an English word meaning race, and is so used by Shakespeare; *e.g.* Julius Cæsar, v. i. 59, 60:

> O, if thou wert the noblest of thy *strain,*
> Young man, thou couldst not die more honourably.

Hence it came to mean the qualities of race, good natural disposition; *e.g.* King Lear, v. 3. 40:

> Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant *strain;*

Much Ado, ii. 1. 394: "he is of a noble *strain,* of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty." Finally, it is used of any disposition good or bad, but usually with some reference to breeding; *e.g.* Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 153–155:

> Can it be
> That so degenerate a *strain* as this
> Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

In the passage in the text Volumnia means that Coriolanus has always held the obligation of nobility, to be gentle as well as courageous.

**316.** Line 152: *And yet to* CHARGE *thy sulphur with a bolt.*—Theobald for Ff. *change.* A similar correction was made by Warburton in Julius Cæsar, iv. 2. 7, where the Folio reads: "In his own *change.*" See note 119.

**317.** Line 154: *Think'st thou it honourable,* &c.—Volumnia says: "You have always affected the honour and graces of the gods, whose power is nicely directed, not brute violence; but is your present conduct like theirs, is it honourable or courteous?"

**318.** Lines 176, 177:

> *Does reason our petition with more strength*
> *Than thou hast to deny 't;*

*i.e.* there is more reasonableness in the boy's ignorant prayer than in your reasons for denying it.

**319.** Line 179: HIS *child.*—Theobald, whose suggestions deserve all respect, proposed to substitute *this,* meaning "this child that we have brought with us." But the text as it stands is not indefensible. Volumnia has said, "*his* mother was a Volscian, *his* wife is in Corioli," and then continues "*his* child"—but looking at him is struck by the likeness and ends the sentence differently, and I venture to think most effectively.

**320.** Lines 206, 207:

> *Ladies, you deserve*
> *To have a temple built you.*

"The Senate ordained that the Magistrates to gratifie and honor these ladies should graunt them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of Fortune for the women, vnto the building whereof they offered themselues to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices. Neuerthelesse the Senate ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city" (North's Plutarch, p. 240).

## ACT V. Scene 4.

**321.** Line 22: *He sits in his* STATE.—A *state* is properly a canopy, as in Milton Par. Lost, x. 445: "*Under state* of richest texture spread;" thence a canopied chair as here, and in Macbeth, iii. 4. 5: "Our hostess keeps her *state;*" Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 50: "sitting in my *state.*" So Falstaff, when the Prince says "Do thou stand for my father," replies "Shall I? content; this chair shall be my *state,* this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown" (I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 415).

**322.** Line 50: *Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide.*—Malone compares Rape of Lucrece, 1667, 1668:

> As through an arch the violent roaring tide
> Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste.

## ACT V. Scene 5.

**323.**—This new scene was first marked by Dyce.

## ACT V. Scene 6.

**324.**—The stage-direction used to read *Antium,* until Singer altered it to *Corioli* because of what Aufidius says below (lines 88–90):

> dost thou think
> I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
> Coriolanus, *in Corioli?*

**325.** Lines 36, 37:

> *holp to* REAP *the fame*
> *Which he did* END *all his.*

To *end* is a provincial term for housing a crop, probably corrupted from *in;* which is the form used in All's Well, i. 3. 48: "He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to *in* the crop." Aufidius says he helped to reap, but Coriolanus took all the crop to himself.

**326.** Line 100: *Look'd wondering each at* OTHER.—Rowe for Ff. *others.*

**327.** Line 101: *thou* BOY *of tears!*—Compare, for the insult, Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 83, where Antonio says to Claudio:

> Come, follow me, *boy!* come, sir *boy*, follow me.

**328.** Line 116: FLUTTER'D *your Volscians in Corioli.*—F. 1, F. 2 read *flattered;* corrected in F. 3.

**329.** Lines 145, 146:

> *that ever herald*
> *Did follow to his urn.*

"This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of English princes; at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased" (Steevens).

---

# WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN CORIOLANUS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Abundantly.... | i. | 1 | 206 |
| Acclamation[1].. | i. | 9 | 51 |
| Advance (vb. int.) | i. | 4 | 25 |
| Adversely..... | ii. | 1 | 61 |
| Aediles..... | iii. | 1 | 173, 183, 214, 319 |
| After-meeting. | ii. | 2 | 43 |
| Agued..... | i. | 4 | 38 |
| Aidless..... | ii. | 2 | 116 |
| *An-hungry ... | i. | 1 | 209 |
| Annals ..... | v. | 6 | 114 |
| *Apron-men... | iv. | 6 | 96 |
| Ascent..... | ii. | 2 | 28 |
| Ash..... | iv. | 5 | 114 |
| Asker..... | ii. | 3 | 214 |
| Assuage[2]..... | v. | 2 | 82 |
| Auger..... | iv. | 6 | 87 |
| Bale ..... | i. | 1 | 167 |
| Banishers..... | iv. | 5 | 89 |
| Bedward ..... | i. | 6 | 32 |
| *Before-time .. | i. | 6 | 24 |
| Bench[3]..... | iii. | 1 | 106, 167 |
| Bencher..... | ii. | 1 | 92 |
| Bewitchment.. | ii. | 3 | 108 |
| Birth-place.... | iv. | 4 | 23 |
| *Block-head... | ii. | 3 | 31 |
| Bonneted (verb) | ii. | 2 | 30 |
| Bountiful (adv.) | ii. | 3 | 109 |
| Briefly[4]..... | i. | 6 | 16 |
| Brow-bound... | ii. | 2 | 102 |
| Brunt..... | ii. | 2 | 104 |
| Budger..... | i. | 8 | 5 |
| Burrows..... | iv. | 5 | 228 |
| Calved ..... | iii. | 1 | 240 |
| Cannibally .... | iv. | 5 | 200 |
| Capital[5] ..... | v. | 3 | 104 |
| Carelessness... | ii. | 2 | 16 |
| Censor ..... | ii. | 3 | 252 |
| Centurions .... | iv. | 3 | 47 |
| Chamber-pot .. | ii. | 1 | 86 |

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Clucked..... | v. | 3 | 163 |
| Clusters (sub.). | iv. | 6 | 122, 128 |
| Comeliness.... | i. | 3 | 8 |
| Command[6] (sub.) | i. | 6 | 84 |
| Compass[7] ..... | ii. | 3 | 26 |
| Conspectuities. | ii. | 1 | 71 |
| Consulship.... | ii. | 2 | 2 |
| | ii. | 3 | 80 |
| Contest..... | iv. | 5 | 116 |
| *Corner-stone . | v. | 4 | 2 |
| Corslet..... | v. | 4 | 21 |
| Counterfeitly.. | ii. | 3 | 107 |
| Counter-sealed | v. | 3 | 205 |
| Coyed[8] (verb).. | v. | 1 | 6 |
| Crafted..... | iv. | 6 | 118 |
| Cranks (sub.).. | i. | 1 | 141 |
| Cupboarding (vb.) | i. | 1 | 103 |
| Curdied..... | v. | 3 | 66 |
| Cymbals..... | v. | 4 | 53 |
| Deed-achieving | ii. | 1 | 190 |
| Depopulate.... | iii. | 1 | 264 |
| Desirers..... | ii. | 3 | 109 |
| Dictator ..... | ii. | 2 | 93 |
| Differency..... | v. | 4 | 11 |
| Directitude.... | iv. | 5 | 224, 225 |
| Disbenched.... | ii. | 2 | 75 |
| Dislodged..... | v. | 4 | 44 |
| Dispropertied . | ii. | 1 | 264 |
| Diversely..... | ii. | 3 | 22 |
| Divide[9] (intr.). | i. | 6 | 87 |
| Dotant ..... | v. | 2 | 47 |
| Dove-cot..... | v. | 6 | 115 |
| Dragon-like ... | iv. | 7 | 23 |
| *Eight-year-old | v. | 4 | 17 |
| Eject..... | iii. | 1 | 287 |
| Embarquements | i. | 10 | 22 |
| Empiricutic... | ii. | 1 | 128 |
| Enormity..... | ii. | 1 | 18 |
| Entangled[10]... | ii. | 1 | 86 |

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Epitome..... | v. | 3 | 68 |
| Exposture..... | iv. | 1 | 36 |
| Factionary (adj.) | v. | 2 | 30 |
| False-faced.... | i. | 9 | 44 |
| Fatigate ..... | ii. | 2 | 121 |
| Fawn[11] (sub).. | iii. | 2 | 67 |
| Feebly ..... | ii. | 2 | 87 |
| Fidiused ..... | ii. | 1 | 144 |
| Fielded ..... | i. | 4 | 12 |
| Flour ..... | i. | 1 | 149 |
| Fluttered..... | v. | 6 | 116 |
| Fool-hardiness. | i. | 4 | 46 |
| Fore-advised .. | ii. | 3 | 199 |
| Fosset-seller .. | ii. | 1 | 80 |
| Foxship..... | iv. | 2 | 18 |
| Friendliness... | ii. | 3 | 183 |
| Gangrened .... | iii. | 1 | 307 |
| Garlic-eaters .. | iv. | 6 | 98 |
| Generosity .... | i. | 1 | 215 |
| Getter..... | iv. | 5 | 240 |
| Giber..... | ii. | 1 | 91 |
| Gibingly..... | ii. | 3 | 233 |
| Godded (verb). | v. | 3 | 11 |
| Grandchild.... | v. | 3 | 24 |
| Grief-shot..... | v. | 1 | 44 |
| Guider ..... | i. | 7 | 7 |
| *Half-pint .... | v. | 2 | 60 |
| *Harvest-man.. | i. | 3 | 39 |
| Haver..... | ii. | 2 | 89 |
| Heart-hardening | iv. | 1 | 25 |
| Heightened.... | v. | 6 | 22 |
| Hereto..... | ii. | 2 | 64 |
| Horse-drench.. | ii. | 1 | 130 |
| Hungry[12]..... | v. | 3 | 58 |
| Hurry (sub.)... | iv. | 6 | 4 |
| Infant-like .... | ii. | 1 | 41 |
| Information[13]. | iv. | 6 | 53 |
| Inherent..... | iii. | 2 | 123 |

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Innovator..... | iii. | 1 | 175 |
| Inshelled..... | iv. | 6 | 45 |
| Interjoin..... | iv. | 4 | 22 |
| Joint-servant.. | v. | 6 | 32 |
| Kam ..... | iii. | 1 | 304 |
| Lockram ..... | ii. | 1 | 225 |
| Lonely[14] ..... | iv. | 1 | 30 |
| Lurched[15]..... | ii. | 2 | 105 |
| Malignantly... | ii. | 3 | 191 |
| Mammocked .. | i. | 3 | 71 |
| Man-entered .. | ii. | 2 | 103 |
| Many-headed .. | ii. | 3 | 18 |
| Mastership[16].. | iv. | 1 | 7 |
| Measles..... | iii. | 1 | 78 |
| Mechanics..... | v. | 3 | 83 |
| Microcosm .... | ii. | 1 | 69 |
| Misguide..... | i. | 5 | 23 |
| Mortal (adv.).. | v. | 3 | 189 |
| Mountainous .. | ii. | 3 | 127 |
| Mountebank (vb.) | iii. | 2 | 132 |
| Mournfully .... | v. | 6 | 151 |
| Muck ..... | ii. | 2 | 130 |
| Mulled..... | iv. | 5 | 239 |
| Mummers..... | ii. | 1 | 85 |
| Muniments.... | i. | 1 | 122 |
| Mutable ... .. | iii. | 1 | 66 |
| Mutiners[17].... | i. | 1 | 254 |
| Napes..... | ii. | 1 | 43 |
| Napless..... | ii. | 1 | 250 |
| Native (sub.).. | iii. | 1 | 129 |
| Navel..... | iii. | 1 | 123 |
| Needer..... | iv. | 1 | 44 |
| Nervy..... | ii. | 1 | 177 |
| *Nicely-gawded | ii. | 1 | 233 |
| Notched..... | iv. | 5 | 199 |
| Oaken ..... | ii. | 1 | 138 |
| O'erpeer ..... | ii. | 3 | 128 |

[1] Lucrece, Arg. 25.
[2] Venus and Adonis, 318, 334; Lucrece, 790; Lover's Complaint, 69.
[3] = the senate.
[4] = lately.
[5] = fatal.
[6] = a body of troops.
[7] = mariner's compass.
[8] = disdained.
[9] = to partake; used frequently in other senses.
[10] = confused.
[11] = flattery.
[12] = barren; frequently used in its ordinary sense.
[13] = intelligence, notice; = accusation, Measure, iii. 2. 210; Henry VIII. v. 3. 110.
[14] Winter's Tale, v. 3. 18.
[15] = despoiled. *Lurch* = "to lurk," Merry Wives, ii. 2. 26.
[16] = skill.
[17] *Mutineer* occurs in Tempest, iii. 2. 40.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO CORIOLANUS.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Official | ii. | 3 | 148 |
| *Orange-wife | ii. | 1 | 79 |
| Ordinance[1] | iii. | 2 | 12 |
| Osprey | iv. | 7 | 34 |
| Outdone | ii. | 1 | 150 |
| *Over-measure | iii. | 1 | 140 |
| Pack-saddle | ii. | 1 | 99 |
| Participate (adj.) | i. | 1 | 106 |
| Particularize | i. | 1 | 20 |
| Percussion | i. | 4 | 59 |
| Perfidiously | v. | 6 | 91 |
| Pick[2] | i. | 1 | 204 |
| Picture-like | i. | 3 | 13 |
| Pleader | ii. | 1 | 263 |
| | v. | 1 | 36 |
| Plebeii[3] | ii. | 3 | 192 |
| Polled | iv. | 5 | 217 |
| Potch | i. | 10 | 15 |
| Pow (exclam.) | ii. | 1 | 157 |
| Precipitation | iii. | 2 | 4 |
| | iii. | 3 | 102 |
| Pre-occupied | ii. | 3 | 240 |
| Preservative | ii. | 1 | 129 |
| Pretext | v. | 6 | 20 |
| Process[4] | iii. | 1 | 314 |
| Provand | ii. | 1 | 267 |
| Psalteries | v. | 4 | 52 |
| Rakes (sub.) | i. | 1 | 23 |
| Rank-scented | iii. | 1 | 66 |
| Recomforted | v. | 4 | 51 |
| Rectorship | ii. | 3 | 213 |
| Refusal | ii. | 3 | 267 |
| Rejourn | ii. | 1 | 80 |
| Re-quickened | ii. | 2 | 121 |
| *Right-hand file | ii. | 1 | 26 |
| Roted | iii. | 2 | 55 |
| Rove | iv. | 1 | 46 |
| Rumourer | iv. | 6 | 47 |
| Sackbuts | v. | 4 | 52 |
| 'S death | i. | 1 | 221 |
| Seld-shown | ii. | 1 | 229 |
| Select (verb) | i. | 6 | 81 |
| Self-loving[5] | iv. | 6 | 32 |
| Servanted | v. | 2 | 89 |
| Shall (sub.) | iii. | 1 | 90, 94 |
| Shunless | ii. | 2 | 116 |
| Side (verb tr.) | i. | 1 | 197 |
| Sided (verb int.) | iv. | 2 | 2 |
| Sithence (adv.) | iii. | 1 | 47 |
| Slightness | iii. | 1 | 148 |
| Soft-conscienced | i. | 1 | 38 |
| Solemness | i. | 3 | 120 |
| Sourly[6] | v. | 3 | 13 |
| Southward (adv.) | ii. | 3 | 32 |
| Sowl | iv. | 5 | 213 |
| Spawn (sub.) | ii. | 2 | 82 |
| Spectacled | ii. | 1 | 222 |
| Spectatorship | v. | 2 | 71 |
| Spire | i. | 9 | 24 |
| Stitchery | i. | 3 | 75 |
| Store-house[7] | i. | 1 | 83, 137 |
| | iii. | 1 | 114 |
| Stoutness | iii. | 2 | 127 |
| | v. | 6 | 27 |
| Subsisting[8] | v. | 6 | 73 |
| Surname | iv. | 5 | 74, 77 |
| | v. | 3 | 170 |
| Tag | iii. | 1 | 248 |
| Tauntingly | i. | 1 | 114 |
| Tender-bodied | i. | 3 | 6 |
| Tent[9] (verb) | i. | 9 | 31 |
| | iii. | 1 | 236 |
| Tent[10] (verb) | iii. | 2 | 116 |
| Tetter (verb) | iii. | 1 | 79 |
| Thunder-like | i. | 4 | 59 |
| Tiger-footed | iii. | 1 | 312 |
| Timed | ii. | 2 | 114 |
| Tinder-like | ii. | 1 | 55 |
| Titleless | v. | 1 | 13 |
| Toge | ii. | 3 | 122 |
| Tongues[11] | ii. | 3 | 216 |
| | iii. | 1 | 35 |
| Traducement | i. | 9 | 22 |
| Trier | iv. | 1 | 4 |
| Twine[12] (vb. tr.) | iv. | 5 | 112 |
| Twist (sub.) | v. | 6 | 96 |
| Tyrannical | iii. | 3 | 2, 65 |
| Unaching | ii. | 2 | 152 |
| Unactive | i. | 1 | 102 |
| Unbarbed | iii. | 2 | 99 |
| Unbuild | iii. | 1 | 198 |
| Unburnt | v. | 1 | 27 |
| Unchilded | v. | 6 | 153 |
| Unclog | iv. | 2 | 47 |
| Undercrest | i. | 9 | 72 |
| Unelected | ii. | 3 | 207 |
| Ungravely | ii. | 3 | 233 |
| Unhearts | v. | 1 | 49 |
| Unmeriting | ii. | 1 | 47 |
| Unmusical | iv. | 5 | 64 |
| Unproperly | v. | 3 | 54 |
| Unreasonably | i. | 3 | 84 |
| Unroofed | i. | 1 | 222 |
| Unsaluted | v. | 3 | 50 |
| Unscanned | iii. | 1 | 313 |
| Unseparable | iv. | 4 | 16 |
| Unsevered | iii. | 2 | 42 |
| Unshout | v. | 5 | 4 |
| Unstable | iii. | 1 | 148 |
| Unswayable | v. | 6 | 26 |
| Valiantness | iii. | 2 | 129 |
| Virgined | v. | 3 | 48 |
| Voice[13] (verb) | ii. | 3 | 242 |
| Voluptuously | i. | 3 | 28 |
| Waged[14] (verb) | v. | 6 | 40 |
| Wealsmen | ii. | 1 | 59 |
| Widens | i. | 4 | 44 |
| Wind-shaken | v. | 2 | 118 |
| Wow (exclam.) | ii. | 1 | 157 |
| Youngly[15] | ii. | 3 | 244 |

1 = order, rank; used elsewhere in other senses.

2 = to pitch, throw; used frequently in other senses.

3 *Plebeians* is repeatedly used.

4 = course of law; used frequently in other senses.

5 Venus and Adonis, 752; Sonn. lxii. 12.

6 Sonn. xxxv. 14; xli. 8.

7 = a magazine.

8 Sonn. cxxii. 6.

9 = to cure.

10 = to lodge.

11 = votes.

12 Used intransitively in Venus and Adonis, 256, 873.

13 = to vote.

14 = remunerated.

15 Sonn. xi. 3.

# CYMBELINE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore
ARVIRAGUS, } and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, } Italians.
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Apparitions.

---

SCENE—Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

---

HISTORIC PERIOD: Latter part of the first century B.C.

---

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Twelve days, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 3.—Interval; Posthumus's journey to Rome.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 4.—Interval; Iachimo's journey to Britain.
Day 3: Act I. Scenes 5 and 6; Act II. Scene 1 and part of Scene 2.
Day 4: Act II. Scene 2, in part, and Scene 3; Act III. Scene 1.—Interval; Iachimo's return journey to Rome.
Day 5: Act II. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval; time for Posthumus's letters from Rome to arrive in Britain.
Between Days 5 and 6: Act III. Scene 7.
Day 6: Act III. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval, including one clear day; Imogen and Pisanio journey to Wales.
Day 7: Act III. Scene 4.—Interval, including one clear day; Pisanio returns to court.
Day 8: Act III. Scenes 5 and 6.—Interval, including one clear day; Cloten journeys to Wales.
Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval, a few days perhaps.
Day 10: Act IV. Scene 3.
Day 11: Act IV. Scene 4.
Day 12: Act V. Scenes 1-5.

# CYMBELINE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Cymbeline was first printed in the Folio, but our earliest mention of the play occurs in the MS. of Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, already quoted by Mr. Symons in his Introduction to Macbeth. Forman witnessed a performance of Macbeth on April 20th, 1610, and one of The Winter's Tale (the only other Shakespearian drama mentioned by him) on May 15th, 1611, both at the Globe Theatre, but he gives no date for the performance of Cymbeline; it cannot, however, be later than September, 1611, the date of his death. The following is his account:—"*Of Cimbalin King of England.*—Remember also the storri of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius tyme; howe Lucius cam from Octavus Cesar for tribut, and being denied, after sent Lucius with a greate armi of souldiars, who landed at Milford Haven, and affter wer vanquished by Cimbalin, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlawes, of the which two of them were the sonns of Cimbalin, stolen from him when they were but two yers old by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own sonns twenty yers with him in a cave; and howe of [? one] of them slewe Clotan, that was the quens sonn, goinge to Milford Haven to sek the love of Innogen, the kinges daughter, whom [*sic*] he had banished also for lovinge his daughter; and howe the Italian that cam from her love conveied himself into a cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from her love and others to be presented to the kinge; and in the deepest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste, and came forth of yt, and vewed her in her bed, and the markes of her body, and toke awai her braslet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c., and in thend howe he came with the Romains into England, and was taken prisoner, and after reveled to Innogen, who had turned herself into mans apparrell, and fled to mete her love at Milford Haven, and chanchsed to fall on the cave in the wodes wher her two brothers were; and howe, by eating a sleping dram, they thought she had bin deed, and laid her in the wodes, and the body of Cloten by her in her loves apparrell that he left behind him; and howe she was found by Lucius, etc."

If Cymbeline was a new play when Forman made these notes, it must be assigned to the years 1610 or 1611, and this date would be in accordance with the conclusions drawn from internal evidence—considerations, that is, of style and metre—which would bring it near to The Winter's Tale and The Tempest. It is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to be more precise, but there is a certain looseness of construction about the play which undoubtedly gives some colour to the theory of a double date advocated by Fleay and Ingleby. According to this theory some scenes were written as early as 1606 or 1607, and the rest in 1609 or 1610, but the two critics differ as to which scenes belong to the earlier and which to the later date. According to Fleay the part derived from Holinshed belongs to the earlier date, while Ingleby thinks that the earlier-written scenes are the bedchamber scene, ii. 2; Cymbeline's defiance of the Romans, iii. 1; and the whole of act v. except the first scene. Knight also, after Coleridge and Tieck, believed the play to be a "youthful sketch" afterwards elaborated. But after all has been said, these theories, like so many other conjectures of the kind with which the Shakespearian student is familiar, fail to rise above the rank of unproven, though extremely interesting, hypotheses. In the present case Fleay's strongest point—indeed almost his

only point—is an inconsistency which he notes in the character of Cloten: "In the later version he is a mere fool (see i. 3; ii. 1); but in the earlier parts he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his 'counsel' is regretted by the King in iv. 3" (Life and Work of Shakespeare, p. 246); while Ingleby relies partly on certain resemblances to Macbeth,—which, however, need not prove more than that for some reason or other, such as a reperusal, or a stage revival, which we know from Forman did actually take place in 1610, this play was fresh in the author's mind at the time when he was composing Cymbeline (see note 95 on ii. 2);—and partly on the fact that Iachimo's narrative of the wager in v. 5. 153, &c., resembles Boccaccio's story rather than the account in i. 4 (see note 326 on this passage).

As to the source of the plot, Shakespeare has fitted a story of Boccaccio into an historical framework derived from Holinshed. An account of the latter will be found in note 1 on the Dramatis Personæ: Boccaccio's story is the ninth of the second day of the Decameron. The following is an outline of it:[1]—

A company of Italian merchants meeting at an inn in Paris fell one evening after supper to discussing their wives whom they had left at home. Three of them had but little opinion of the constancy of their ladies, but one, Bernabo Lomellini of Genoa, stoutly maintained that his wife was proof against all assaults and would continue so, however long he might be absent from her. This excessive confidence on Bernabo's part was met with derision by a young merchant of Piacenza called Ambrogiuolo, who affirmed that had he the opportunity he would in brief space of time bring Bernabo's wife to that which he had already gotten of other women. Bernabo offered to stake his life upon his wife's honesty, but was persuaded by Ambrogiuolo, who had no lust for his blood, to lay five thousand gold florins, against a thousand of his, and then after a written agreement had been drawn up, Ambrogiuolo departed to Genoa. Here on inquiry he found that all, and more than all that Bernabo had told him of Ginevra (for such was the lady's name), was true, "wherefore him seemed he was come on a fool's errand." However, he managed to bribe a poor woman who was a dependent of Ginevra to bring him in a chest "into the gentlewoman's very bedchamber, where, according to the ordinance given her of him, the good woman commended it to her care for some days as if she had a mind to go somewhither." In the night accordingly, when he judged the lady to be asleep, he opened the chest and "came softly out into the chamber where there was a light burning, with whose aid he proceeded to observe the ordinance of the place, the paintings and every other notable thing that was therein and fixed them in his memory." He also noted a mole which Ginevra had "under the left pap and about which were sundry little hairs as red as gold." He then took "from one of her coffers a purse and a night-rail, together with sundry rings and girdles, and laying them all up in his chest, returned thither himself and shut himself up therein as before; and on this wise he did two nights without the lady being ware of ought. On the third day the good woman came back for the chest," and Ambrogiuolo rewarded her according to his promise, and returned with all speed to Paris. There he called together the merchants and declared that he had won the wager; "and to prove this to be true, he first described the fashion of the chamber and the paintings thereof and after showed the things he had brought with him thence, avouching that he had them of herself. Bernabo confessed the chamber to be as he had said and owned, moreover, that he recognised the things in question as being in truth his wife's; but said that he might have learned from one of the servants of the house the fashion of the chamber and have gotten the things in like manner;" then Ambrogiuolo described the mole he had observed on Ginevra's breast, and Bernabo, to whom this "was as if he had gotten a knife-thrust in the heart, such anguish did he feel," confessed that what he said was true, and paid the wager in full. After this Bernabo set out for Genoa, and halting at a country house of his about a score of miles from the city, he sent on a servant with a letter to his wife, bidding her come to him there, at the same time giving secret orders to the servant to put her to death on the road. Accordingly the man delivered the letter, and "was received with great rejoicing by the lady, who on the morrow took horse with him and set out for their country house." At a convenient place on the road the man halted and bade her prepare for instant death; he knew not, he said, wherein she had offended her husband, but that his master had commanded him on pain of hanging to put her to death. "Whereupon quoth the lady, weeping, 'Alack, for God's sake, consent not to become the murderer of one who hath never wronged thee, to serve another! God who knoweth all knoweth that I never did aught for which I should receive such a recompense from my husband. But let that be; thou mayest, an thou wilt, at once content God and thy master and me, on this wise; to wit, that thou take these my clothes and give me but thy doublet and a hood and with

[1] The quotations are from Mr. John Payne's translation, 1886.

the former return to my lord and thine and tell him that thou hast slain me; and I swear to thee by that life which thou wilt have bestowed on me, that I will remove hence and get me gone into a country whence never shall any news of me win either to him or to thee or into these parts.'" The servant did as she begged him, and returned with her clothes to his master, to whom he declared that he had fulfilled his commands and had left the lady's dead body among a pack of wolves. Ginevra, in her man's disguise, betook herself to the coast, where she engaged herself as a servant to a Catalan gentleman, who happened to have come ashore to refresh himself, under the name of Sicurano da Finale. With this gentleman she sailed to Alexandria, where she attracted the notice of the Sultan, and was given to him as a page by the Catalan. She soon rose in the Sultan's favour, and was appointed by him captain of the guard, which was sent to protect the interests of the merchants at the annual fair at Acre. Now it happened that Ambrogiuolo had also come to Acre to the fair, and was one day in the shop of certain Venetian merchants, where he exposed his merchandise for sale, when Ginevra entered and recognised among other trinkets the very purse and girdle which Ambrogiuolo had stolen from her. She asked where Ambrogiuolo had got them, and he replied that they were a love token from his paramour Madam Ginevra, wife of Bernabo Lomellini, at the same time recounting the story of the wager. Thereupon Ginevra "perceiving this fellow to have been the occasion of all her ills, determined not to let him go unpunished therefor," and to this end she "clapped up a strait acquaintance with him," and, when the fair was over, persuaded him to accompany her back to Alexandria. Here she lent him money to trade with, and meantime found means through the agency of certain Genoese merchants, who were then at Alexandria, to have Bernabo brought thither also. Then she caused both Ambrogiuolo and Bernabo to be brought before the Sultan, and by dint of threats, the whole truth was extorted from the former, who expected "no worse punishment therefor than the restitution of the five thousand gold florins and of the stolen trinkets." Bernabo was also interrogated, and confessed that he had caused a servant of his to put his wife to death. Ginevra's time was now come; she offered to produce the lady, if the Sultan would vouchsafe to punish the deceiver and pardon the dupe. The Sultan, "disposed in the matter altogether to comply with Sicurano's wishes," consented, and Ginevra then discovered herself. Ambrogiuolo was put to a painful death,[1] but Bernabo and Ginevra returned to Genoa "with great joyance and exceeding rich."

It is uncertain whether Shakespeare read the story in the original or in a translation. No complete translation of the Decameron into English existed before 1620, but there were earlier partial versions. Steevens had seen "a deformed and interpolated" English imitation of this story, printed at Antwerp in 1518. Another adaptation occurs in a collection of tales called Westward for Smelts, from which Malone and Ingleby think Shakespeare drew some of his incidents; but it is extremely doubtful whether he ever saw it, for though Steevens and Malone speak of an edition of 1603, none is now known earlier than 1620.[2] The reader, however, who wishes to form his own opinion on this point will find the story printed *in extenso* in Boswell's Malone, vol. xiii., and in Hazlitt's Collier's Shakespeare's Library, part I. vol. ii. Cymbeline is the last play in the Folio, where, though in fact a comedy, it is entitled The Tragedie of Cymbeline. As against the suggestion that it was included in the volume as an afterthought, the fact that the signatures, as well as the paging, are continuous with those of the play preceding (Antony and Cleopatra) may go for what it is worth.

## STAGE HISTORY.

Concerning Cymbeline early records are all but silent. Mr. Fleay in his "Chronicle History" assumes that it was written in part in 1606, just after Lear and Macbeth, "for which the same chronicler had been used" (p. 246), and was produced in 1609 after the Roman plays and before The Winter's Tale. These dates may be taken as approximately correct. In the curious autograph pamphlet of Dr. Simon Forman, the famous astrologer in the Ashmole collection of manuscripts, is a reference to a performance, undated, of Cymbeline, and as Forman died in September, 1611, it must have been earlier than that date. The punning title, for such it is to be feared

[1] It may be noticed, as another link between Cymbeline and The Winter's Tale, that Boccaccio's description of this punishment furnished Autolycus with the mock sentence which he passes on the young clown: Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 812 and note.

[2] The entry of this 1620 edition in the Stationers' Registers is dated 15th Jan. 1619–20, and is entered, with all the form of a new publication, as written by "Kinde Kit of Kingstone."

it must be judged, of Forman's tract is "The Bocke of Plaies and Notes therof per Formans for common policie," and the account, curious as an early analysis of a plot, is transcribed by Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare, ii. 86, ed. 1886, and given in our Literary History (see p. 105).

From this period a leap of near a century and a half is taken before anything further is heard concerning Cymbeline. On the 8th November, 1744, at the Haymarket, then under the management of Theophilus Cibber, Cymbeline was revived. No cast is preserved. In her autobiography Mrs. Charke says, "I went to the Hay-market, where my brother revived the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, and would have succeeded by other pieces he got up, in particular by the run of Cymbeline, but was obliged to desist by virtue of an order from the L——d C——n (Lord Chamberlain): I imagine partly occasioned by a jealousy of his having a likelihood of a great run of the last-mentioned play; and which would of course been detrimental, in some measure, to the other houses" (p. 168, ed. 1755). In these sentences Genest finds pretty clear proof that the play in question was Shakespeare's Cymbeline and not D'Urfey's. Cibber was Leonatus. Who was the Imogen is unknown. Most probably it was Miss Jenny Cibber, the daughter of Theophilus Cibber's first wife, Jenny Johnson. She at least played during the same season Juliet in Romeo and Juliet, 11th September, 1744, and Andromache in The Distressed Mother, 20th October, 1744.

This production of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, accepting the rather sanguine assumption of Genest that it is his, had long been anticipated by that of D'Urfey's Injured Princess or the Fatal Wager, 4to, 1682, supposed to have been given the same year at the Theatre Royal, subsequently Drury Lane. This is a mere version of Cymbeline, with alterations in dialogue, characters, and story. Posthumus becomes Ursaces, Shatillion (a Frenchman) replaces Iachimo, and Imogen is lost in Eugenia. Pisanio, the friend of Ursaces, is the father of Clarina, who becomes the confidante of the Princess. The part of Guiderius is given to Arviragus, and the second young prince is called Palladour. The cast with which this wretched adaptation was first given does not survive. In his epilogue D'Urfey says that the piece, which he calls a comedy, was written nine years previously. The scene lies in Ludstown, otherwise London. Its running title is The Unequal Match or the Fatal Wager. D'Urfey has assigned it as a prologue the same verses that had previously served as epilogue to his own The Fool Turned Critic, 4to, 1678. Those who care to follow D'Urfey in his mournful task of mutilation will find in Genest, Account of the English Stage, vol. iv. pp. 331, *et seq.* a full account of the strange web of cloth of gold and cloth of frieze. While lenient in his general judgment upon D'Urfey's work Genest is severe upon the introduction into an early English play of such allusions to his own time as:

> The full-fed city-dame would sin in fear
> The divine's daughter slight the amorous cringe
> Of her tall lover; the close salacious *Puritan*
> Forget th' appointment with her canting brother.

Even more remarkable than the transference of the Puritan to early Britain is the direction given by Ursaces in the third act:

> Fly, sirrah, with this to the packet-boat.

On 7th Jan. 1720, under the title of Cymbeline or the Fatal Wager, D'Urfey's piece was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields with the following cast:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Cymbeline | = Leigh. |
| Ursaces | = Ryan. |
| Shatillion | = Christopher Bullock. |
| Pisanio | = Boheme. |
| Cloten | = H. Bullock. |
| Bellarius | = Ogden. |
| Palladour | = Egleton. |
| Arviragus | = Smith. |
| Iachimo | = Spiller. |
| Lucius | = Diggs. |
| Queen | = Mrs. Giffard. |
| Eugenia | = Mrs. Bullock. |
| Clarina | = Mrs. Gulick. |

Leigh, Ryan, the Bullocks, and Boheme were all actors of mark, and Spiller was at that time the most popular of comedians. The cast must accordingly be regarded as strong, though the

interpreters of the female characters were not specially famous. Nothing, however, is recorded in stage history concerning the performance.

When, eighteen years later, at Covent Garden, D'Urfey's play was revived, 20th Mar. 1738, it was with alterations. It was, indeed, announced as by Shakespeare revised (by D'Urfey). Ryan was then promoted to Cymbeline, Delane was Ursaces, Walker Shatillion, Chapman Cloten, Aston Lucius, Mrs. Hallam the Queen, and Mrs. Templar Eugenia. Little interest seems to have been inspired by this revival, and D'Urfey's play then assumably disappeared from the stage. At Covent Garden, on 7th April, 1746, Woodward for his benefit revived Shakespeare's Cymbeline. Ryan was then Posthumus, Cashell Cymbeline, Hale Iachimo, Johnson Belarius, Bridgewater Pisanio, Woodward Guiderius. Arviragus (with the dirge new set) was played by Beard the eminent singer, who married Lady Henrietta Herbert, Cloten by Chapman, and Imogen by Mrs. Pritchard.

At Covent Garden, on 15th Feb. 1759, a version of Cymbeline altered by William Hawkins was produced. Four years previously an even more inept alteration by Charles Marsh had been published in 8vo. It does not appear, however, to have been played, and is accordingly outside the pale of our notice. In Hawkins' adaptation the effort was to render Shakespeare's play comformable, so far as possible, to those tragic unities with which, following in the wake of the French, English dramatists elected to burden themselves. To obtain this end Iachimo is omitted, Cloten is converted into a serious character, Pisanio, rechristened Philario, is promoted to be a friend instead of the servant of Leonatus, and so forth. Other characters are "improved" (!) in similar fashion, and Hawkins, like other manglers, is vain enough to interpolate his own language with that of Shakespeare. Hawkins' dialogue is, it is needless to say, flat, commonplace, and pitiful. Once more the reader, anxious to see in what manner Shakespeare may be travestied, is referred to the pages of Genest. When Shakespeare is altered by a man of genius such as Dryden, or an actor with a keen eye to the stage such as Garrick, some notice of the irreverence to which he is subjected may be taken. A good-natured dunce, however, like Hawkins, whilom professor of poetry at Oxford University, may be spared any long exhibition in the pillory. Revenge for the outrage was not long delayed. After one or two representations the version was withdrawn. In this ill-conceived and ill-starred adaptation Mrs. Vincent appeared as Imogen in place of George-Anne Bellamy, who declined it, Ryan was Cymbeline, Smith Palador (or Guiderius), Ross Leonatus, Ridout Philario, and Clarke Cloten. The play was acted (query first acted?) at York (see Gentleman, "Dramatic Censor," ii. 95).

Garrick produced Shakespeare's Cymbeline, with some alterations by himself, at Drury Lane, on the 28th Nov. 1761. The changes, confined, with the exception of a few added words, to omissions and transpositions, were fortunate enough to win the unqualified praise of Genest. The cast, weak, except in three or four parts, is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Posthumus | = Garrick. |
| Iachimo | = Holland. |
| Belarius | = Burton. |
| Pisanio | = Packer. |
| Guiderius | = Obrien (*sic*). |
| Arviragus | = Palmer. |
| Cymbeline | = Davies. |
| Cloten | = King. |
| Imogen | = Miss Bride. |

This performance was given sixteen times. It seems, however, to have attracted comparatively little attention. Francis Gentleman, who alternately sponged upon and attacked Garrick, says concerning his Posthumus: "No performer ever knew his own abilities better, or strove more earnestly to keep them in the proper channel, than Mr. Garrick; his revival of this play, were there no other motives but a fresh opportunity of displaying his unparalleled powers, merits a large portion of public praise; for, we are bold to affirm, that considering an actor must make the part, not the part an actor, his astonishing talents were never more happily exerted; this assertion becomes more evident by considering that the falling off from him to any

other person who has since done it, is greater than in any other character; the tenderness of his love, the pathos of his grief, the fire of his rage, and the distraction of his jealousy have never been surpassed, and, possibly, in Posthumus, never equalled" (Dram. Censor, ii. 97, 98). To the Iachimo of Holland, notwithstanding the affectation of the actor, Gentleman assigns a superiority, especially in the last act, over that of Smith, who is credited with possessing the "easy elegance and spirit which the character requires." Gentleman goes out of his way to praise, for its singular merit, the Palador of Frodsham, which, in Hawkins' version, he saw at York. This eccentric genius, as he calls Frodsham, "though he never reached a Theatre Royal, had," he declares, "extensive powers, good feelings, and the advantage of a liberal education," and was often "as great an oddity as ever presented itself to the public eye" (ib. ii. 99). This is the same Frodsham who patronized and perplexed Garrick in an interview held when Roscius was in the height of his power and fame. Cymbeline was revived at Covent Garden 28th Dec. 1767, with Powell as Posthumus, Smith as Iachimo, Clarke as Belarius, Yates as Cloten, and Mrs. Yates as Imogen. Powell's merits were confined to tenderness and he was wanting in rapidity of passion. His impersonation was agreeable, but scarcely more. Yates was praised as Cloten, and Mrs. Yates, though she presented the princely aspects of Imogen, was said to be wanting in "an esssential, elegant innocence" (Dramatic Censor, ii. 102). Among exponents of Posthumus were Reddish, who was weaker than Powell, and Bensley, whose performance is dismissed by Gentleman with a "ha! ha! ha!" Palmer won some reputation as Iachimo; Mrs. Bulkeley and Miss Younge were both welcomed in Imogen, though Mrs. Cibber's very affecting capabilities were "much better suited to the character than those of any other lady we (Gentleman) have ever seen" (ib. ii. 101). When revived at Drury Lane, 1st Dec. 1770, Mrs. Barry played Imogen for the first time. She should have been excellent in the part, but contemporary testimony is slack in testifying to her merits. Reddish was Posthumus, Palmer Iachimo, Dodd Cloten, J. Aikin Belarius, Packer Pisanio, Cautherley Guiderius, and Brereton Arviragus.

Henry Brooke's tragedy of Cymbeline, based upon Shakespeare, was published in 8vo in 1778, but was not acted.

A performance of Cymbeline was given at the Haymarket for the benefit of Bannister, Jun., on 9th Aug. 1782. Young Bannister was for the first time Posthumus, and Edwin, also for the first time, Cloten. Mrs. Bulkeley was Imogen, and Palmer Iachimo. Henderson made his first appearance as Posthumus at Covent Garden 18th Oct. 1784. Quick was for the first time Cloten, and Wroughton for the first time Iachimo. Miss Younge played Imogen, and Hull Pisanio.

John Kemble revived Cymbeline at Drury Lane 21st Nov. 1785, with a cast including—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Posthumus | = Kemble. | Belarius | = J. Aikin. |
| Iachimo | = Smith. | Pisanio | = Packer. |
| Cloten | = Dodd. | Queen | = Mrs. Hopkins. |
| | Imogen = Mrs. Jordan. | | |

This was announced as Mrs. Jordan's first appearance in the part. So far as regards London this was true. She had, however, more than once played it in the country. Tate Wilkinson refers to a performance in York on 15th March, 1785, which apparently was not the first (Wandering Patentee, ii. 183). The European Magazine says of the impersonation: "From her tragic abilities we think little more than mediocrity is to be expected;" but adds, concerning her Priscilla Tomboy in The Romp, played on the same occasion, that she excelled every performer that we know of at present on the English stage, and almost equalled the celebrated Mrs. Clive. No comment is passed upon Kemble, who had probably played Posthumus before in the country, if not in London. This, however, is his first recorded appearance.

Cymbeline was revived at Drury Lane 29th Jan. 1787, Mrs. Siddons, whose benefit it was, then for the first time appearing as Imogen. In other respects the cast was the same as at the previous representation. Boaden, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, analyses

and commends her Imogen, without, however, rendering his praise very articulate, or individualizing the character of her acting. He speaks of the "perfect tone" of her reply to Cymbeline's exclamation, "What, art thou mad!"—

> Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
> A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
> Our neighbour shepherd's son!
>
> —Act i. 2. 148–150.

dwells upon the delivery of the sarcasm as to Cloten, and speaks of "a delineation which continued equally true in every feature to the end" (Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 217). Such conventional and jejune praise conveys the idea of a favourable but remote impression on the mind of the writer. Subsequently Boaden writes in a guarded style: "When I assert that Mrs. Siddons was the only perfect Imogen that I have ever seen, I am fully aware that some representatives have more exactly answered to the fond and tender delineations of Fidele, which upon her recent loss are made by the two princes, her brothers" (ib. ii. 220). Campbell, who was only ten years old at the time of this performance, but may have seen her in the part at a later date, says: "Mrs. Siddons was peculiarly happy in Imogen. She gave greatness to the character without diminishing its gentleness" (Life of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 103, ed. 1834). He believes, what is quite probable, that a feeling of rivalship with Mrs. Jordan was not quite unconcerned. "In tragic acting she had palpably defeated the Yates and the Crawford; and though Miss Farren still shewed herself in the 'Winter's Tale' as *Hermione*, she had no tragic popularity that could in the least alarm Mrs. Siddons. But Mrs. Jordan had admirers absurd enough to predict her greatness in tragedy; and she had played Bellario and Imogen, with no small celebrity, in the preceding season. By acting Imogen only once, our great actress put a stop to Mrs. Jordan's competition with her on the graver stage. Imogen having to repulse Cloten, and to reprove Iachimo, requires not only sweetness, but dignity of demeanour. Of the latter princely quality the lovely and romping Mrs. Jordan had not a particle" (ib. ii. 103). A letter from Mrs. Siddons to "Mr. Hamilton," a painter, assumably William Hamilton, asks him for a sketch for a boy's dress, to conceal the person as much as possible, and adds: "The dress is for Imogen, but Mrs. Siddons does not wish to have it known." During the season of 1786–87 Cymbeline was frequently played. Before it was again revived another alteration was published in 8vo in 1793. This is by Ambrose Eccles, an Irishman, who aimed at nothing more than the transposition of scenes, and treated in similar fashion King Lear and the Merchant of Venice. His "transpositions" do not seem to have commended themselves to the managers, and his adaptations remained unacted.

On 13th May, 1800, at Covent Garden, Mrs. Pope played Imogen for her benefit, her husband being the Iachimo, Holman the Posthumus, Murray Belarius, and H. Johnston Guiderius. The Monthly Mirror says that Mrs. Pope played the Imogen "with much feeling and propriety" (ix. 366).

Kemble once more revived Cymbeline at Drury Lane, 12th Feb. 1801. Genest pays little heed to this revival, and does not even mention it in his index. It was, however, on a somewhat elaborate scale. Few Shakespearian revivals had received more liberal embellishment. The scene of Imogen's bedchamber, following minutely the picture given of it by Iachimo, was described at the time as one of the most magnificent ever painted for the stage; while of the last scene it is said: "If it were transferred to the canvas by a skilful painter . . . it would form as striking a composition, and as eloquent a specimen of pictorial art, as has ever been produced in this country" (the Monthly Mirror, xi. 197). Kemble's Posthumus is described by the same writer as "dignified, discriminative, and highly impassioned." Mrs. Siddons was not in all respects the Imogen of Shakespeare. Majesty and solemn grandeur were hers, but she failed to show the "softness, delicacy, affectionate tenderness, and interesting distress of Imogen," or to give "an idea of 'that divineness no elder than a boy,'" which interests the young mountaineers. Of the

boy's dress it is said, "a more ill-fancied, not to say disgusting suit of *man-womanish* attire was surely never seen" (ib. xi. 195). Barrymore's Iachimo was respectable, Wroughton was Belarius, Charles Kemble Guiderius, and R. Palmer Cloten.

On this occasion Kemble is believed to have first used an amended version for which he is responsible, in which he changed the name of Belarius to Morgan, Guiderius to Polydore, and Arviragus to Cadwal, and assigned the French gentleman the name of Lewis. On the revival at Covent Garden, 18th Jan. 1806, these names appear on the bill. Kemble had a mania for changing names. The cast of this performance deserves preservation. It is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Posthumus = Kemble. | Cloten = Farley. |
| Iachimo = Cooke. | Pisanio = Claremont. |
| Polydore = H. Johnston. | Cymbeline = Cresswell. |
| Cadwal = Brunton. | Lewis = Treby. |
| Morgan = Murray. | Imogen = Miss Smith. |

Queen = Mrs. Saint Leger.

The name of the actor who played Lewis was Tebay, but Kemble, in the exercise of his whim, insisted on calling him Treby. For Young's benefit at Covent Garden, 3rd June, 1812, that actor appeared as Iachimo to Kemble's Posthumus, C. Kemble's Polydore, and Mrs. H. Johnston's Imogen. Kemble and Young reappeared in these parts at the same house, 29th May, 1816, when Terry for the first time was Morgan, Liston for the first time Cloten, and Miss Stephens for the first time Imogen, Egerton and his wife being respectively Cymbeline and the Queen.

When, for Farley's benefit, 2nd June, 1825, Cymbeline was again given at Covent Garden, Charles Kemble was Posthumus, and Miss Foote Imogen. On 9th Feb. 1829, at Drury Lane, Young was Posthumus, Cooper Iachimo, and Miss Phillips for the first time Imogen.

Macready had essayed Posthumus in Newcastle in the season of 1811–12. His first appearance in it in London took place at Covent Garden, 30th June, 1818, for the benefit of "Sally" Booth, who played Imogen. His own comment on his performance is simply that as a Shakespearian character added to his list it was firm ground to him (Reminiscences, ed. Pollock, i. 168). He repeated the performance at Drury Lane, 10th May, 1826, to the Iachimo of Bennett and the Imogen of Miss Foote, and played it in Edinburgh in 1829, Miss Smithson, afterwards Madame Berlioz, being, assumably, the Imogen, and the houses being "empty" (Dibdin, Annals of the Edinburgh Stage, p. 328). On 16th October, 1833, at Covent Garden, he acted Posthumus "with freedom, energy, and truth, but there must have been observable an absence of all finish" (Diary in Reminiscences, ii. 388). Later, 18th May, 1837, upon a performance in which Miss Helen Faucit was the Imogen, he writes: "Acted Posthumus in a most discreditable manner, undigested, unstudied. Oh, it was most culpable so to hazard my reputation! I was ashamed of myself. I trust I shall never so commit myself again. The audience applauded, but they knew not what they did. They called for me with Miss Faucit, I refused to go on," &c. (ib. ii. 68).

Considerable interest was felt in a revival of Cymbeline at Drury Lane, 22nd January, 1823, which Genest inexplicably omits from his index. Kean and Young played together: the former as Posthumus, the latter as Iachimo. A Miss Williams made as Imogen her first appearance on the stage, was a failure, and was replaced on the 29th by Mrs. W. West, who was little better. A critic, probably Talfourd, in the New Monthly, says that Kean's Posthumus was "fitful, passionate and wayward;—with occasional touches of tender thought and pathetic remorse. His suppressed passion where Iachimo first questions Imogen's virtue was finely portrayed: though his best exertions were reserved for the scene where the scoffer returns apparently triumphant. Here the transitions from indifference to rage, from rage to listening anxiety: from suspense to the agony of conviction, with the relapses into hope and love, were 'hit fiery off indeed'" (vol. ix. p. 106). Young's Iachimo is declared admirable: "The cool dry sarcasms were given with most appropriate voice and gesture; and the descriptions of Imogen, with a poetic fervour which seemed to redeem a part morally despicable, and to cast an in-

tellectual glory around ineffable meanness of purpose and of action" (ib.).

With Cymbeline Phelps opened his fourth season at Sadler's Wells. Phelps was Leonatus; Geo. Bennet, Belarius; Henry Marston, Iachimo; H. Mellon, Cymbeline; Hoskins, Guiderius; Miss Laura Addison and Mrs. Marston, Queen. This was one of the most successful of the Shakespearian revivals, and won the high praise of Charles Dickens and John Forster. The former wrote from Broadstairs to thank Phelps for the delight he had received from the representation, and praised the "excellent sense, taste, and feeling manifested throughout" (Phelps and Forbes Robertson's Life of Phelps, 389).

Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) was a famous Imogen. She was indeed during many years an ideal exponent of the part, showing alike the dignity and worth of the character and its sweet feminine seduction and allurement. George Vandenhoff says of this fine actress, that "her expression of love is the most beautifully confiding, trustful, self-abandoning in its tone that I have ever witnessed in any actress; it is intensely fascinating" (Reminiscences, p 40), words that exactly characterize her Imogen. Cymbeline was played at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in March, 1872, with Mr. Rignold as Posthumus, Mr. Ryder as Iachimo, Mr. H. Marston as Belarius, Mr. Lewis Ball as Cloten, and Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere) as Imogen, a part in which she acted pleasingly and discreetly without making it her own.

There are few of our less-known tragedians, from Cobham downwards, who have not in Britain or in the United States been seen as Leonatus. With no representative, however, since Kemble is the part intimately associated, and Imogen is the solitary possession of Miss Faucit. Of actors whom we must resign to America the elder Booth was the best Posthumus. His performance of it at Covent Garden, 15th March, 1817, with Miss Costello from Cheltenham as Imogen, attracted much attention in consequence of this being a part in which Kean, whom Booth was said to emulate, had not at that time been seen. The Theatrical Inquisitor spoke of it as "fraught with every blemish, obnoxious to the most aggravated correction . . . beyond amendment" (x. 225). A portrait of Booth as Posthumus given by it next month, shows that the impersonation had caused some impression. More favourable verdicts were, however, delivered. "Many passages he gave with great and appropriate energy, some with much dignity, and several in a tone of sarcasm that told with great effect" (quoted in Mrs. Booth's life of Booth, the elder and the younger, p. 42). Boston, 1882. Cooke played Iachimo without adding to his reputation. Miss Foote was also at Covent Garden, 20th March, 1817, a representative of Imogen.

At Drury Lane, December 3, 1878, Cymbeline was presented with Howard Russell in the title-part, J. Ryder as Iachimo, Edward Compton as Posthumus, and Miss Wallis as Imogen. This actress repeated her impersonation at a Gaiety matinée in 1883, on which occasion the versatile E. S. Willard gave a good rendering of the traitor Iachimo, and an interesting cast included J. H. Barnes, Geo. Alexander, W. H. Stephens, C. Groves, Ben Greet, and Miss Fanny Robertson. The most famous of recent productions was, of course, that of Henry Irving at the Lyceum, September 22, 1896. F. H. Macklin filled the title-rôle, while Irving played Iachimo; Frank Cooper, Posthumus; Norman Forbes, Cloten; Ben Webster, Guiderius; Miss Geneviève Ward, the Queen; and Miss Ellen Terry, Imogen. The play, in spite of careful mounting and excellent acting, was not one of the Lyceum great popular successes.

## CRITICAL REMARKS.

Although strictly a Comedy, Cymbeline has not inaptly been termed a Tragedy with a happy ending. It has indeed all the elements of a tragedy except the catastrophe, and the pervading seriousness of tone is seldom exchanged for a lighter vein; but for all this the boundary line which marks it off from the great tragedies is unmistakable. It has nothing of the concentration of a Lear or of an Othello, nothing of the awful rapidity of a Macbeth: we seem to be moving in a different atmosphere, and instead of hurrying along

with our eyes intent upon the one all-engrossing object in front of us, we can breathe more freely and look about us, like those who have time to enjoy their journey. For Cymbeline has all the variety of interest and picturesqueness of incident that constitutes a romance; as we advance fresh beauties rise before us, fresh surprises are in store for us, till the last scene we are duly kept in suspense, and the conclusion is all that we can desire. When we come to analyse the play we note that there are three distinct threads of interest, skilfully intertwined it is true, but still distinct: there is the quarrel between Britain and Rome, the story of Imogen and Posthumus, and the story of Belarius and the stolen princes; while as subsidiary topics we have the conjugal thraldom of Cymbeline, and the blustering incompetence of Cloten. In a play thus constructed, it will be evident that we cannot expect the interest to be sustained with the same dramatic intensity as in one with greater unity of plot, and a certain diffusiveness, or perhaps we should rather say freedom, of workmanship will be inevitable. But it is just this freedom which compensates for the loss of intensity. Not wholly occupied with depicting the workings of some masterful human passion, or paralysing human weakness, the poet has time for the elaboration of such scenes as those which describe the life of the outlaws in their mountain home, and the supposed death of Fidele; while amid the fresh cool breezes of the Welsh uplands he allows us to forget for a while the treachery of the crafty Italian and the frenzied agony of his victim.

Yet the play is not merely a series of beautiful pictures, or interesting episodes, such as we are accustomed to find in the productions of dramatists of less renown. Here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, everything is subservient to the development of character. From this point of view every scene contributes its share to the dénouement, nor is there any falling off observable in the power of the artist; the master-hand is as discernible in these latest creations as in those of any earlier period. And he has put forth all his strength on the central figure of the drama, the matchless Imogen, to speak of whom is to sing one long pæan of praise, and whose very name is as full of music as her voice. In her is to be found everything that makes woman lovable, and there is no situation in which she is placed which does not reveal some fresh beauty in her character. Adversity, instead of crushing her, only serves to make her still more beautiful. Compare her demeanour in the hour of trial with that of Posthumus; *he* bursts forth into a paroxysm of rage against the whole race of woman, *her* first thought is pity for the man who has injured her, and her first fear is that the apostasy of the noble Posthumus will in future cause even the goodly and gallant to be suspected. Shakespeare showed in this how well he understood the difference between the impatience of a man's heart and the patience of a woman's. But impatient and precipitate as he is, Posthumus is a noble character: had he not been so we may be sure that the princess, who knew so well how to put aside the unwelcome overtures of the clownish Cloten, would never have stooped to him; and indeed in the very opening scene Shakespeare takes care that we shall be left in no uncertainty as to what manner of man he is: he would not have us even at the outset cast the slightest reflection on his heroine, and we are assured that though below her in rank, Posthumus was in every respect worthy of her choice. And so he remains to the end; never until he receives what he believes to be convincing proof of the contrary, does he entertain the slightest suspicion of his wife's fidelity, indeed so full of confidence is he that he even accepts a proposal that it should be put to the test, and permits Iachimo to start on his insidious errand. Of the result he clearly has no fear, and only waits for the baffled adventurer's return in order to punish him both in pocket and in person for the insult he had offered to his lady's reputation. But he is outwitted by the Italian, and, as we have seen, the shock brings with it a revulsion of feeling in which hatred and suspicion are as marked as love and confidence had been before, and there is no vengeance short of the death of the supposed offender which can satisfy him. But in time remorse does its work; in calmer moments the form of

"the noble Imogen" rises before him, and when we meet him again, in the fifth act, the one wish of his penitent heart is to expiate his crime by his death. In all this he presents a striking parallel to Othello, and indeed the resemblance between the two stories must strike the most casual reader. Like Posthumus, Othello is frank, noble, and unsuspicious; like him he is deceived, and like him he takes a terrible vengeance: in both, jealousy, when once aroused, works the same dire results, but here the resemblance ceases. Othello's is the stronger nature, and therefore the less easily unhinged; it requires all the art of so accomplished a villain as an Iago to sow the seeds of suspicion and to foster its growth. Of riper years than Posthumus, and of less impulsive temperament, he would never, we may be sure, have become a party to a wager in which his wife's honour was at stake; but on the other hand he would have had a sterner faith in the justice of his vengeance, and we may doubt whether he would have ever relented so long as he believed in the guilt of his victim. At the same time, he would never have had the same powerful incentives to repentance as Posthumus: though his love for Desdemona was as great as that of Posthumus for Imogen, he could never have regarded her with the same veneration. Beautiful as Desdemona is, she is not to be compared to Imogen in strength of character, and it is the recollection of the real worth of the Imogen he had known so well that gives its sting to her husband's remorse. Nor had Othello, like Posthumus, any ground for taking upon himself the blame of his wife's transgression. Posthumus, in the anguish of his soul, reflects that it was himself who had given the tempter his opportunity: had he never allowed Iachimo to start upon his fatal enterprise, Imogen would never have fallen, and even now, but for his own guilty rashness, she might have been alive to repent (v. i. 7–11):

> Gods! if you
> Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
> Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
> The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
> Me, wretch more worth your vengeance.

We could scarcely have had a more striking testimony to her supreme influence for good than this triumph of Imogen over a husband who yet believed her to have been false.

But this is not all; her presence is a spell, which even her would-be seducer is unable to resist, and he too becomes a prey to remorse for his sins against her. As Posthumus of Othello, so is Iachimo a reflection of Iago; but here too the contrast is as marked as the resemblance. Iago, the most complete and most unredeemable villain that Shakespeare ever drew, requires little or no provocation. With a delight in evil for its own sake, and a thorough disbelief in human virtue, he pursues his designs with a mastery of his craft that has something almost splendid in its thoroughness, and his end is as hardened and unrepentant as his life. Iachimo is a villain less accomplished, and his villany is less studied. A gay man of the world, of careless life, with a successful intriguer's estimate of feminine virtue, he at last finds, to his astonishment, a woman who is proof against his advances. Thus baffled, what is he to do? Too vain and too selfish to own himself beaten, he resolves to gain his point by treachery, and defame an honest lady's reputation rather than lose his wager. But, unlike Iago, he is not utterly callous, he is not yet wholly enslaved by vice; and even before he leaves the scene of his knavery the qualms of conscience are awakened (ii. 2. 49, 50):

> I lodge in fear;
> Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

So in the end he too is brought to repentance, and compelled to own the strength of that goodness which he had belied, and that the misgivings with which the very first glimpse of Imogen had inspired had been more than realized (i. 6. 15–18):

> All of her that is out of door most rich!
> If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
> She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
> Have lost the wager.

And again (v. 5. 147–149)—

> That paragon, thy daughter,—
> For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
> Quail to remember.

A fine study this, the victory of a noble-hearted

woman over two such opposite characters as Posthumus and Iachimo!

It is Imogen who forms the link between the scenes in Wales and the rest of the play. In all her wanderings and disguises she still draws all hearts to her. We note the affection with which she is regarded by the faithful Pisanio, the brotherly love with which she inspires the youthful princes, and the warm regard felt for her by her master Lucius. The fact that the two princes were really her brothers is of course intended by Shakespeare as a partial explanation of their love for her, and the same instinct of affinity, if the expression may be pardoned, is felt by Cymbeline when he looks upon his daughter in her page's dress near the close of the play,—but this is an unconscious influence, and it was above all her personal graces which secured her the welcome which she found in the cave. These scenes before the cave of Belarius are some of the most carefully finished in the play, and among the most beautiful in Shakespeare. In them the poet has borne testimony to his belief in the paramount influence of birth, and the inability of circumstances to eradicate hereditary instincts. The spirit of the two young mountaineers is constantly asserting itself in spite of their rude education and humble surroundings. At the first we see them fretting under the restraints imposed upon them by their foster-father, and eager for other adventures than those which a hunter's life could offer, until, when the noise of the Roman invasion reaches them, they succeed in compelling the old man to join their countrymen in arms, and by their valour turn the fortune of the fight.

In the Queen, Shakespeare has recurred to a type of character which he had already depicted at greater length in Lady Macbeth, and the resemblance is of the closest. Both dominate over the weaker nature of their husbands, both have sacrificed everything to a selfish ambition, nor do either of them shrink from any crime which may help them to gratify it. But in both their physical temperament is too weak to carry them through: powerful as is their determination that evil shall win, and that their hearts shall be steeled against remorse, they are unable to stifle the terrors of the imagination, and both break down under an accumulation of horrors. But while success was fatal to Lady Macbeth, it is the failure of her schemes, consequent upon the loss of her son, that deprives Cymbeline's Queen of the power of combating any longer the tortures of the mind inflicted by her crimes. Unrepentant, and regretting with her last breath that her evil purposes were not effected, she ended (v. 5. 31–33)—

> With horror, madly dying, like her life;
> Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
> Most cruel to herself.

We know not to what nation she belonged, but her wickedness is of a darker and more insidious type than that of the Scottish Queen: she deals in poisonous drugs like the crafty intriguers of the South, and gloats with a fiendish vindictiveness over their effects upon her victims. Unlike Lady Macbeth she has no love for her husband, and the only person for whom she manifests any regard is the son in whom her ambitious schemes are bound up. She and her son perish unpitied and unwept, and their tragic endings are the only shadow which is cast upon the happy picture of reconciliation and forgiveness in which the story culminates.

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!—(Act i. 1 125.)

# CYMBELINE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods[1]
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king's.
*Sec. Gent.* But what's the matter?
*First Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
*Sec. Gent.* None but the king?
*First Gent.* He that hath lost her too: so is the queen, 11
That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
*Sec. Gent.* And why so?
*First Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing 21
In him that should compare:—I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
*Sec. Gent.* You speak him far.
*First Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;[2]
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
*Sec. Gent.* What's his name and birth?
*First Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father

[1] *Bloods*, dispositions, temperaments.

[2] *Within himself*, without reaching the limit of his virtues.

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour[1]
Against the Romans with Cassibelan; 30
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,—
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus; 41
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time[2]
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd;
And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd in court—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them;[3] and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price[4]
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue; 52
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
*Sec. Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
*First Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eld'st of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge[5] 60
Which way they went.

[1] *His honour*, his honourable name. [2] *Time*, age.
[3] *Feated them*, made them feat or neat, fashioned them. [4] *Price*, value.
[5] *No guess in knowledge*, no guess leading to any certainty.

*Sec. Gent.* How long is this ago?
*First Gent.* Some twenty years. 62
*Sec. Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd![6]
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
*First Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that[7] the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
*Sec. Gent.* I do well believe you.
*First Gent.* We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queen,* POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

*Queen.* No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter, 70
After the slander of[8] most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience 78
Your wisdom may inform you.
*Post.* Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
*Queen.* You know the peril.—
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit.*
*Imo.* O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live, 90

[6] *Convey'd*, carried off, stolen.
[7] *Or that*, or howsoe'er, *i.e.* in whatever degree.
[8] *After the slander of*, according to the slanderous repute of.

But that there is this jewel in the world, 91
That I may see again.
*Post.* My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send, 100
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—[*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;[1]
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
*Post.* Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!
*Imo.* Nay, stay a little: 109
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
*Post.* How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up[2] my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here [*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles 120
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*
*Imo.* O the gods!
When shall we see[3] again?
*Post.* Alack, the king!

[1] *To be friends,* in order to be friends again.
[2] *Sear up,* close up.
[3] *See,* see each other.

*Enter* CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight! 125
If after this command thou fraught[4] the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
*Post.* The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I 'm gone. [*Exit.*
*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
*Cym.* O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair[5] my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me!
*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I'm senseless of[6] your wrath; a touch more rare[7]
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?
*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
*Cym.* That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[8] 140
*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
*Imo.* No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
*Cym.* O thou vile one!
*Imo.* Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me[9]
Almost the sum he pays.
*Cym.* What, art thou mad!
*Imo.* Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were 148
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—

[4] *Fraught,* load, burden.
[5] *Repair,* restore.
[6] *Senseless of,* insensible to.
[7] *A touch more rare,* a sorrow more refined.
[8] *Puttock,* a kite.
[9] *Overbuys me,* buys me too dearly.

*Re-enter Queen.*

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.[1]

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*

*Queen.* Fie! you must give way.

*Enter* PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news? 159

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I'm very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command: he would not suffer me 170
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.

*Imo.* About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Advice,* reflection.

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter* CLOTEN *and two Lords.*

*First Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.[2]—Have I hurt him?

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience. 9

*First Lord.* Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass,[3] if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

*First Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground. 20

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

*Clo.* I would they had not come between us.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. 30

*First Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign,[4] but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

[2] *Then to shift it,* then only it would be necessary to shift it.

[3] *A passable carcass,* a body that can be run through, and yet not hurt, a thoroughfare for steel.

[4] *She's a good sign,* she has a good outward appearance.

*Clo.* You'll go with us? 40
*First Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.
*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.
*Sec. Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
*Pis.* It was, "His queen, his queen!"
*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?
*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.
*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
*Pis.* No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.[1]
*Pis.* Madam, so I did.
*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but[2]
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space[3] had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then 21
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.[4]
*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest[5] and his honour; or have charg'd him, 30
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming[6] words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.
*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.— 39
I will attend the queen.
*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.*

*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note;[7] expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled[8] by his side, and I to peruse him by items.
*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10
*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.
*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.[9]

[1] *Ere left to after-eye him,* ere you ceased looking after him. [2] *But,* merely.
[3] *The diminution of space,* the diminution of his image caused by space. [4] *Vantage,* opportunity.
[5] *Mine interest,* my rights to his affection.
[6] *Charming,* working with a charm, magical.
[7] *A crescent note,* a rising reputation.
[8] *Tabled,* set down in a tablet or memorandum.
[9] *Words him a great deal from the matter,* describes him as something very different from what he really is.

*French.* And then his banishment,— 18

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,[1] are wonderfully to extend[2] him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.[3] But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing,[4] to a stranger of his quality. 30

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story[5] him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still. 40

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone[6] my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance[7] of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard[8] than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not to say it is mended,—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 51

*French.* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded[9] one the other, or have fallen both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference? 57

*French.* Safely, I think: 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses;[10] this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified,[11] and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy. 71

*Post.* Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing,[12] though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.[13]

*Iach.* As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison[14]—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. 82

*Post.* I prais'd her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.[15]

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she 's outpriz'd[16] by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods. 93

---

1 *Under her colours,* under her banner, on her party.

2 *Extend,* magnify.

3 *Without less quality,* without any quality.

4 *Knowing,* experience.

5 *Story,* give an account of him, praise him.

6 *Atone,* set at one, reconcile.

7 *Importance,* import, matter.

8 *Shunn'd to go even with what I heard,* avoided conforming to the opinions of others.

9 *Confounded,* destroyed.

10 *Fell in praise of our country mistresses,* fell to praising the mistresses of our own countries.

11 *Qualified,* having all good qualities.

12 *Abate her nothing,* deduct nothing from her merits.

13 *Friend,* lover.

14 *A kind of hand-in-hand comparison,* a comparison where the two things compared go hand in hand, or keep pace.

15 *Enjoys,* possesses.

16 *Outpriz'd,* exceeded in value.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you? 94

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable[1] estimations; the one is but frail, and the other casual;[2] a cunning thief, or a that way accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 102

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince[3] the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?
*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.—(Act i. 4. 136-138.)

have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave[4] here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first. 112

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back,[5] even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abus'd[6] in too bold a persuasion;[7] and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What 's that? 127

[1] *Unprizable*, invaluable. [2] *Casual*, liable to accident.
[3] *To convince*, as to vanquish.
[4] *Leave*, leave off, cease. [5] *Go back*, give way.
[6] *Abus'd*, deceived. [7] *Persuasion*, opinion.

*Post.* A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation[1] of what I have spoke! 135

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd.

*Post.* I will wage[2] against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

*Iach.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue;[3] you bear a graver purpose, I hope. 151

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo[4] what 's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.[5] 159

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment. 167

*Post.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduc'd, —you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel,[6] and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve:[7] I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded. 181

*Post.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phi.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and* CORNELIUS.

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

*First Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers[8] of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been 11
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in

[1] *Approbation,* making good. [2] *Wage,* wager.
[3] *A custom in your tongue,* a piece of your usual braggadocio.
[4] *Undergo,* undertake. [5] *Lay,* wager.
[6] *By lawful counsel, i.e.* by lawyers.
[7] *Starve,* perish with the cold.
[8] *Movers,* causers.

Other conclusions?[1] I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,— 20
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
But noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O, content thee.—
[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master, 28
And enemy to my son.—

*Enter* PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

*Cor.* [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.* [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

*Cor.* [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs, 38
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench,[2] and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, 49
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being[3]
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes comes to decay

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam.
—(Act i. 5. 5.)

A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be[4] depender on a thing that leans,[5]—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour: 61

[1] *Conclusions*, experiments. [2] *Quench*, cool down.

[3] *His being*, the place where he is.
[4] *To be*, in being.
[5] *Leans*, leans over, and so threatens to fall.

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king 70
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast[1] to her lord.—I 've given him that, 78
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers[2] for her sweet;[3] and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

*Re-enter* Pisanio *and Ladies.*

So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
*Pis.* And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

Scene VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* Imogen.

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;[4]—O, that husband!
My súpreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious:[5] bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.[6]—Who may this be? Fie! 9

*Enter* Pisanio *and* Iachimo.

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
*Iach.* Change you,[7] madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
[*Presents a letter.*
*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:
You 're kindly welcome.
*Iach.* [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly. 21
*Imo.* [*Reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him[8] accordingly, as you value your trust—
Leonatus."
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I 29
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd[9] stones
Upon the number'd[10] beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles[11] so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

---

[1] *Hand-fast,* contract, *i.e.* her marriage vow.
[2] *Leigers,* ambassadors.
[3] *Her sweet, i.e.* Posthumus.
[4] *Banish'd, i.e.* in banishment.
[5] *Glorious,* desirous of glory, ambitious.
[6] *Which seasons comfort,* which gives a zest to happiness.
[7] *Change you,* do you change colour?
[8] *Reflect upon him,* look upon him.
[9] *Twinn'd,* like as twins.
[10] *Number'd,* rich in numbers, *i.e.* covered with numerous stones.
[11] *Spectacles,* organs to see with, eyes.

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?[1]
*Iach.* It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and 40
Contemn with mows[2] the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour,[3] would
Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?
*Iach.* The cloyed will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening[4] first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
*Imo.* What, dear sir,
Thus raps[5] you? Are you well? 51
*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.[6]
*Pis.* I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
*Iach.* Well, madam.
*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
The Briton reveller.
*Imo.* When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
*Iach.* I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,[7] 70
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will 's free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"
*Imo.* Will my lord say so?
*Iach.* Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
*Imo.* Not he, I hope.
*Iach.* Not he: but yet heaven 's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I account his beyond all talents,— 80
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?
*Iach.* Two creatures heartily.
*Imo.* I am one, sir?
You look on me: what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
*Iach.* Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace[8]
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
*Imo.* I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
*Iach.* That others do— 90
I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
*Imo.* You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me 98
What both you spur and stop.
*Iach.* Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul

---

[1] *Admiration*, astonishment.
[2] *Mows*, wry faces.
[3] *Favour*, features.
[4] *Ravening*, ravenously devouring.
[5] *Raps*, transports.
[6] *Strange and peevish*, a stranger and foolish.
[7] *Proof*, experience.
[8] *Solace*, take delight.

To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which 102
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here;—should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips[1] as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping[2] in an eye
Base and illustrious[3] as the smoky light 109
That 's fed with stinking tallow;—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery[4] 120
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition[5]
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil[6] from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that[7] both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,[8]—if it be true, 131
How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest,[9] betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,[10]
In your despite, upon your purse?[11] Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close[12] as sure.

*Imo.* What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have 141
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, 150
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart[13]
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit[14] that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance[15]
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

---

1 *With lips*, by lips.
2 *By-peeping*, peeping between whiles.
3 *Illustrious*, lacking lustre.
4 *Empery*, sovereignty.
5 *That self exhibition*, that same allowance.
6 *Recoil*, degenerate.
7 *That*, object of *abuse*.
8 *Abuse*, deceive.
9 *Priest*, priestess.
10 *Variable ramps*, various leaps.
11 *Upon your purse*, at your expense.
12 *Close*, secret.
13 *Mart*, traffic.
14 *Credit*, good opinion.
15 *Affiance*, confidence, faith.

To try your taking of a false report; which hath 173
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan[1] you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
*Imo.* All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.
*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot 180

*Iach.* Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure.—(Act i. 6. 135, 136.)

T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.
*Imo.* Pray, what is 't?
*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious,[2] being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you 192
To take them in protection?
*Imo.* Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.
*Iach.* They are in a trunk,

[1] *Fan*, winnow, try. [2] *Curious*, careful, scrupulous.

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word 200
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

*Iach.* O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood[1] my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

---

# ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Court before Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* CLOTEN *and two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,[2] to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*First Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl. 8

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

*Clo.* When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?[3]

*Sec. Lord.* No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank! 17

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

*Clo.* I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?[4] 27

*Sec. Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion[5] that you give offence to. 30

*Clo* No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

*Sec. Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*First Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger, and I not know on't!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

*First Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends. 41

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*First Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

*Sec. Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues,[6] being foolish, do not derogate. 52

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*Sec. Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that

---

[1] *Outstood,* outstayed.
[2] *An up-cast,* a throw or cast at bowls.
[3] *Ha?* eh? [4] *Sayest thou?* what do you say?
[5] *Companion,* fellow. [6] *Issues,* actions.

Bears all down with her brain; and this her son 59
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand, 69
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a Lady attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman Helen?
*Lady.* Please you, madam.
*Imo.* What hour is it?
*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.
*Imo.* I have read three hours, then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! 10
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*
*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,[1]
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids, 20
To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows,[2] white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[3]—But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables 29
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en 41
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory?—she hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.[4]—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare[5] the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*

---

[1] *Cytherea,* Venus.

[2] *Windows, i.e.* the eyelids.
[3] *Tinct,* dye.
[4] *Gave up,* yielded.
[5] *Bare,* open.

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments in the same.*

*Enter* CLOTEN *and Lords.*

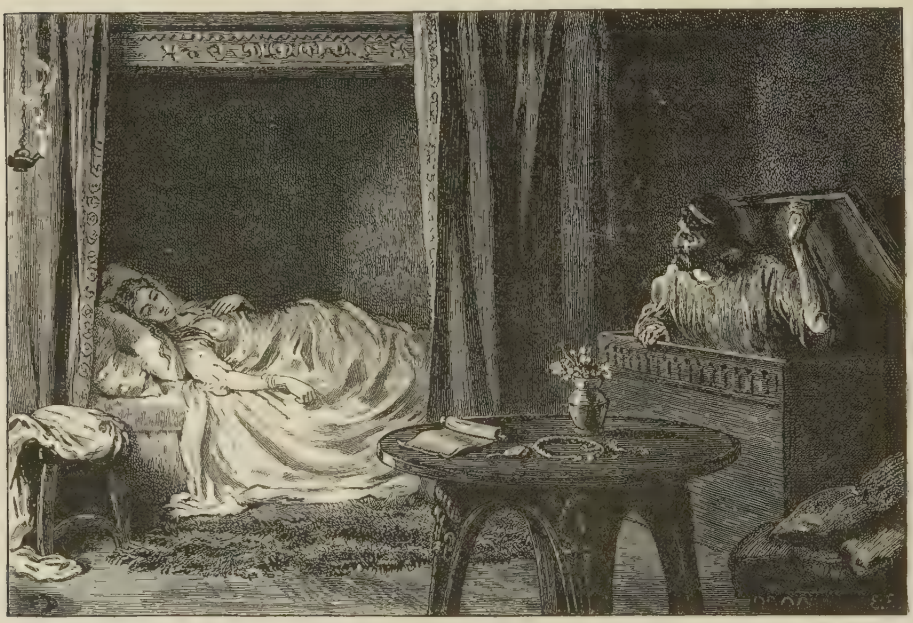
*First Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

*First Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not? 10

*First Lord.* Day, my lord.



*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded—(Act ii. 2. 11-14.)

*Clo.* I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider. 20

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd[1] flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds[2] begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise! 30

*Clo.* So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider[3] your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,[4] nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

[1] *Chalic'd,* cup-shaped.
[2] *Mary-buds,* marigolds.
[3] *Consider,* requite.
[4] *Horse-hairs and calves'-guts, i.e.* the fiddle-bow and fiddle-strings.

*Sec. Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

*Enter* CYMBELINE *and Queen.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother. 41

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assail'd her with musics,[1] but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may 50
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits,[2] and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless! not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; 61
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent[3] on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all except Cloten.*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what 71
If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
Which makes the true-man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.— 80
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there that knocks?

*Clo.* A gentleman.

*Lady.* No more?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.* That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

*Clo.* Your lady's person: is she ready?[4]

*Lady.* Ay,
To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of you 89
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Clo.* Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.* Still, I swear I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:[5]
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

---

[1] *Musics*, musicians. [2] *Solicits*, solicitations.
[3] *Forespent*, previously bestowed.

[4] *Ready*, dressed.
[5] *'T were as deep with me*, 't would make as much impression on me.

*Clo.* This is no answer.
*Imo.* But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 101
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing[1]
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:
I will not.
*Imo.* Fools cure not mad folks.
*Clo.* Do you call me fool?
*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners, 110
By being so verbal:[2] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.
*Clo.* You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none: 120
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency[3]
But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd[4] knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement[5] by
The consequence[6] o' the crown; and must not foil[7]
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery,[8] a squire's cloth, 128
A pantler,[9] not so eminent.
*Imo.* Prófane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for[10] your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd[11] so well.
*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!
*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than come 137
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

*Enter* PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!
*Clo.* "His garment!" Now, the devil—
*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently— 143
*Clo.* "His garment!"
*Imo.* I am sprited[12] with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually[13]
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am 150
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
*Pis.* 'T will not be lost.
*Imo.* I hope so: go and search.
[*Exit Pisanio.*
*Clo.* You have abus'd me:—
"His meanest garment!"
*Imo.* Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
*Clo.* I will inform your father.
*Imo.* Your mother too:
She 's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
*Clo.* I 'll be reveng'd:—
"His meanest garment!"—Well. [*Exit.*

---

[1] *Knowing*, experience. [2] *Verbal*, outspoken.
[3] *No more dependency*, nothing more dependent.
[4] *Self-figur'd*, tied by themselves.
[5] *Enlargement*, liberty.
[6] *Consequence*, succession. [7] *Foil*, defeat, mar.
[8] *A hilding for a livery*, a menial only fit for a livery.
[9] *Pantler*, pantry-man.
[10] *Comparative for*, *i.e.* a comparative estimate of.
[11] *Preferr'd*, promoted. [12] *Sprited*, haunted.
[13] *Casually*, accidentally.

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

*Post.* Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
*Phi.* What means do you make to him?
*Post.* Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd[1] hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
*Phi.* Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
*Post.* I do believe—
Statist[2] though I am none, nor like to be—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage 22
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
Now mingled with their courages will make known
To their approvers[3] they are people such
That mend upon the world.[4]
*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Enter* IACHIMO.

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
*Phi.* Welcome, sir.
*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer made 30
The speediness of your return.
*Iach.* Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I've look'd upon.
*Post.* And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
*Iach.* Here are letters for you.
*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.
*Iach.* 'T is very like.
*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
*Iach.* He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
*Post.* All is well yet.— 39
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
*Iach.* If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
*Post.* The stone 's too hard to come by.
*Iach.* Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
*Post.* Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
*Iach.* Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
*Post.* If you can make 't apparent[5]
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength 63

[1] *Fear'd,* mingled with fear.
[2] *Statist,* statesman, politician.
[3] *Approvers,* those who make trial of them, their foes.
[4] *Mend upon the world,* get the upper hand of their neighbours.
[5] *Apparent,* evident.

I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
*Post.* Proceed.
*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd 68
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
*Post.* This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.
*Iach.* More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
*Post.* So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
*Iach.* The chimney 80
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves:[1] the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
*Post.* This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending[2] on their brands.
*Post.* This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
*Iach.* Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 't is up[3] again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.
*Post.* Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that 99
Which I left with her?
*Iach.* Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell[4] her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
*Post.* May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
*Iach.* She writes so to you, doth she?
*Post.* O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love, 109
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage[5] be, to where they 're made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
*Phi.* Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
*Post.* Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.
*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears. 122
'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true: I'm sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance[6] of her incontinency

[1] *To report themselves*, to speak and give an account of themselves. [2] *Depending*, leaning.
[3] *Up*, put up, put away. [4] *Outsell*, exceed in value.
[5] *Bondage*, binding force, obligation.
[6] *Cognizance*, badge.

Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
*Phi.* Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd 131
Of one persuaded well of.[1]
*Post.* Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.
*Iach.* If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing — lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!—(Act ii. 4. 147.)

To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.
*Iach.* Will you hear more?
*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
*Iach.* I 'll be sworn—
*Post.* No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
*Iach.* I 'll deny nothing.
*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I 'll do something— [*Exit.*
*Phi.* Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert[2] the present wrath 151
He hath against himself.
*Iach.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Of one persuaded well of,* of one we have a good opinion of.

[2] *Pervert,* avert.

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards:
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!—
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, 9
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency[1] so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, "O!"[2] and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion[3] 20
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be 't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides,[4] disdain,
Nice[5] longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice 29
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,[6]
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.
[*Exit.*

---

# ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter in state* CYMBELINE, *Queen,* CLOTEN, *and Lords at one door; and at another* CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately 9
Is left untender'd.
*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
*Queen.* That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with

---

[1] *Pudency,* modesty.

[2] *O!* the grunt of a boar is intended.

[3] *Motion,* impulse.

[4] *Change of prides,* capriciously changing one extravagance for another.

[5] *Nice,* squeamish.

[6] *Write against them,* put down my name on the side opposed to them, and so protest against them.

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats, 21
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; [and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks:] for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglet[1] Fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's-town[2] with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage. 33

*Clo.* [Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end. 39

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—] Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
[Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch 50
The sides o' the world,—against all colour,[3] here]
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

*Clo. and Lords.* We do.

*Cym.* Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise[4]
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;—[Mulmutius made our laws, 59
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.]

*Luc.* I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

[*Cym.* Thou 'rt welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek[5] of me again, perforce, 72
Behoves me keep at utterance.[6] I am perfect[7]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms,—a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.]

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain[8] is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* PISANIO, *with a letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection

[1] *Giglet*, fickle, like a giglet or harlot.
[2] *Lud's-town*, London.
[3] *Against all colour*, contrary to all show of right.
[4] *Franchise*, free exercise.
[5] *To seek*, seeking.
[6] *Keep at utterance*, defend to the uttermost.
[7] *Perfect*, well informed.
[8] *Remain*, remainder.

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She 's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,[1]
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in[2] some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to[3] her is now as low as were 10
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact[4] comes to? [*Reading*] "Do' t: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:"—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble, 20
Art thou a fedary[5] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.—
I 'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!
*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord,—Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cinable;[6] that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel![7] Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfeiters[8] you cast in prison, yet 38
You clasp young Cupid's tables.[9]—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? 50
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate,[10]—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind;—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond,—say, and speak thick,[11]—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, 59
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, t' excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.
*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution, man, 72
Could never go so slow: I 've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—but this is foolery:—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently

---

[1] *Undergoes,* bears up against.
[2] *Take in,* subdue.
[3] *To,* compared to.
[4] *Fact,* evil deed.
[5] *Fedary,* accomplice.
[6] *Med'cinable,* medicinal.
[7] *Counsel,* secrecy.
[8] *Forfeiters,* those who forfeit their sealed bond.
[9] *Tables,* tablets, letters.
[10] *Bate,* qualify what I say.
[11] *Thick,* fast.

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit 78
A franklin's[1] housewife.
*Pis.* Madam, you 're best consider.
*Imo.* I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave,* BELARIUS; *then* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[2] through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
*Gui.* Hail, heaven!
*Arv.* Hail, heaven!
*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill, 10
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I 've told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
[This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;]
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[3] beetle in a safer hold[4] 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. [O, this life
Is nobler than attending[5] for a check,[6]
Richer than doing nothing for a babe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book[7] uncross'd: no life to ours.]
*Gui.* Out of your proof[8] you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from[9] home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.[10]
*Arv.* What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing; 39
We are beastly;[11] subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
*Bel.* How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain[12] that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search, 51
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve[13] by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name

[1] *A franklin,* a yeoman. [2] *Jet,* strut.
[3] *Sharded,* provided with shards, or wing-cases.
[4] *Hold,* stronghold.
[5] *Attending,* doing service. [6] *Check,* reproof.

[7] *His book, i.e.* his ledger.
[8] *Out of your proof,* from your experience.
[9] *From,* away from.
[10] *To stride a limit,* to overpass his bound.
[11] *Beastly,* beast-like.
[12] *A pain,* a labour or trouble.
[13] *Deserve,* get as its reward, earn.

Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings,[1] nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

*Gui.* Uncertain favour!
*Bel.* My fault being nothing,—as I 've told you oft,— 65
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,

*Bel.* But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast—(Act iii. 3. 73-75.)

Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world: 70
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end[2] of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they 're mine; and, though train'd up thus meanly 82
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—

[1] *Hangings, i.e.* fruit. [2] *Fore-end,* earlier part.

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who 87
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I 've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,—
Once Arviragus,—in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. — Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Near Milford-Haven.*

*Enter* PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender! If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity,[1] which to read
Would be even mortal to me.
*Pis.* Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

*Imo.* [*Reads*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet [in my bed]; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal." 33

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam? 41
*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?
*Pis.* Alas, good lady!
*Imo.* I false! Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; 49
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

[1] *Extremity, i.e.* of pain.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! [All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.
*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.
*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, 60
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took[1] pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post-húmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on[2] all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail.—] Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look! 68
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.
*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
*Imo.* Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: 'gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart:— 80
Something 's afore 't: — soft, soft! we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Post-húmus,
That didst set up[3] 90
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,[4] shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage,[5] but
A strain of rareness:[6] and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on,[7] how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where 's thy knife? 99
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
*Pis.* O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.
*Pis.* I 'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.
*Imo.* Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? [Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action,[8] and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?]
*Pis.* But[9] to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that.[10] But[9] speak.
*Pis.* Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
*Imo.* Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
*Pis.* Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then 121

[1] *Took*, took away.
[2] *Lay the leaven on*, vitiate, corrupt.
[3] *Set up*, instigate.
[4] *Fellows*, equals.
[5] *Common passage*, ordinary occurrence.
[6] *A strain of rareness*, a rare impulse or disposition.
[7] *That now thou tir'st on*, on whom thou art now so eagerly set.
[8] *Action*, exertion.
[9] *But*, only.
[10] *Nor tent to bottom that*, nor probe that to the bottom.

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd: 123
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.
*Pis.* No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
*Imo.* Why, good fellow,

*Imo.* look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.—(Act iii. 4. 68-70.)

What shall I do the while? where bide? how live? 131
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
*Pis.* If you 'll back to the court,—
*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, nothing noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
*Pis.* If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
*Imo.* Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume 140
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.
*Pis.* I 'm most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger,[1] you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthúmus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.[2]

*Pis.* Well, then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience [; fear and niceness[3]—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it[4] pretty self—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart! 164
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan;[5] and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims,[6] wherein
You made great Juno angry].

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit— 171
['T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them:] would you, in their serving,[7]
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season,[8] 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,[9]—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy.[10] Your means abroad, 180
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.[11]

---

1 *Self-danger,* danger to itself.
2 *Adventure,* run the risk.
3 *Niceness,* coyness. 4 *It,* its.
5 *Titan,* the sun. 6 *Trims,* dresses.
7 *In their serving,* with the help they give.
8 *Season,* period of ripeness, age.
9 *Happy,* gifted. 10 *Holy,* virtuous.
11 *Supplyment,* continuance of supply.

*Imo.* Thou 'rt all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. [Prithee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us:] this attempt
I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress, 190
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you 're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

*Imo.* Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, *Queen,* CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and Lords.*

[*Cym.* Thus far; and so, farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct overland to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

*Queen.* And you!

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
*Clo.* 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor 21
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely[1]
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
*Queen.* 'T is not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us[2] like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We 've noted it.—Call her before us; for
We 've been too slight in sufferance.[3]
[*Exit an Attendant.*
*Queen.* Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthúmus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
*Atten.* Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there 's no answer 43
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.
*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court 50
Made me to blame in memory.
*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.
*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
*Queen.* Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her; 60
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter* Cloten.

How now, my son!
*Clo.* 'T is certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
*Queen.* [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of[4] the coming day!
[*Exit.*
*Clo.* I love and hate her: for she 's fair and royal, 70
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore: but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what 's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

[1] *Ripely*, urgently (the time being ripe for it).
[2] *Us*, to us.
[3] *Too slight in sufferance*, too careless in permitting it.
[4] *Forestall him of*, prevent him living to see, deprive him of.

*Enter* PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing,[1] sirrah? 80
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou 'rt straightway with the fiends.
*Pis.* O, good my lord!—
*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close[2] villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
[From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.]
*Pis.* Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? 90
He is in Rome.
*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.
*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!—
*Clo.* All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word,—no more of "worthy lord;"
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is 97
Thy condemnation and thy death.
*Pis.* Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
*Clo.* Let 's see 't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
*Pis.* [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.
*Clo.* Hum!
*Pis.* [*Aside*] I 'll write to my lord she 's dead.
O Imogen,
Safe mayest thou wander, safe return agen!
*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?
*Pis.* Sir, as I think. 107
*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo[3] those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.
*Pis.* Well, my good lord. 117
*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? [—for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me?]
*Pis.* Sir, I will.
*Clo.* Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress. 129
*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.
*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment[4] ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,—to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge. 150

*Re-enter* PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?
*Pis.* Aye, my noble lord.
*Clo.* How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

[1] *Packing*, making off, running away.
[2] *Close*, secret.
[3] *Undergo*, undertake.
[4] *Insultment*, triumph over my foe.

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet. 155

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her!—This fool's speed 167
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter* IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations[1] fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me 8
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is[2]
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer[3] than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou 'rt one o' the false ones: now I think on thee
My hunger 's gone; but even before,[4] I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness[5] ever 21
Of hardiness[6] is mother.—Ho! who 's here?

*Imo.* Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
—(Act iii. 6. 24-26.)

If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*

[1] *Foundations,* fixed places.
[2] *'T is, i.e.* the afflictions are.
[3] *Sorer,* a heavier crime.
[4] *Even before,* just before.
[5] *Hardness,* hardship.
[6] *Hardiness,* hardihood, bravery.

*Enter* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,[1] and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I 29
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match:[2]
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty[3] sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st[4] thyself!
*Gui.* I 'm throughly weary.
*Arv.* I 'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave, we 'll browse on that, 38
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
*Bel.* Stay; come not in. [*Looking into the cave.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
*Gui.* What 's the matter, sir?
*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

*Re-enter* Imogen.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat: 50
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted[5]
With prayers for the provider.
*Gui.* Money, youth?
*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of[6] those
Who worship dirty gods.
*Imo.* I see you 're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
*Bel.* Whither bound?
*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.
*Bel.* What 's your name? 60
*Imo.* Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I 'm fall'n in[7] this offence.
*Bel.* Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
[*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom in honesty:
I bid for you as I do buy.]
*Arv.* [I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man;] I 'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him[8] 73
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize[9]
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.
*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.
*Gui.* Would I could free 't!
*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
*Bel.* Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
*Imo.* Great men, 82
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer[10] these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.
*Bel.* It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.[11]—Fair youth, come in: 90

[1] *Woodman*, hunter. [2] *Match*, agreement.
[3] *Resty*, disinclined to move, lazy.
[4] *Keep'st*, guardest. [5] *Parted*, departed. [6] *Of*, by.
[7] *In*, into. [8] *To him*, *i.e.* to my brother.
[9] *My prize*, *i.e.* the prize Posthumus had in me.
[10] *Out-peer*, surpass.
[11] *Our hunt*, *i.e.* the game killed in hunting.

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
*Gui.* Pray, draw near.
*Arv.* The night to th' owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome. 94
*Imo.* Thanks, sir.
*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

*First Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off[1] Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands 9
His absolute[2] commission. Long live Cæsar!
*First Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?
*Sec. Sen.* Ay.
*First Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?
*First Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant:[3] the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
*First Tri.* We will discharge our duty.
[*Exeunt.*]

---

# ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Britain. Wales: the forest near the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter* CLOTEN.

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 't is said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services,[4] and more remarkable in single oppositions:[5] yet this imperseverant[6] thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before her face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter, from the cave,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

*Bel.* [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
*Arv.* [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
*Imo.* So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I 'm very sick.
*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.

---

[1] *Fall'n-off*, revolted.
[2] *Absolute*, unconditional, with full powers.
[3] *Suppliant*, auxiliary.
[4] *Services, i.e.* military services.
[5] *Single oppositions*, single combats.
[6] *Imperseverant*, undiscerning.

*Imo.* So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton[1] as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal[2] course: the breach of custom 10
Is breach of all. I'm ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself [; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
*Bel.* What? how! how!
*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say, 23
"My father, not this youth."
*Bel.* [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself,[3] lov'd before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.]
*Arv.* Brother, farewell.
*Imo.* I wish ye sport.
*Arv.* You health.—So please you, sir.[4]
*Imo.* [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard! 32
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
[Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.]
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.
[*Gui.* I could not stir him:[5]
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40
*Arv.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.]
*Bel.* To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.
*Arv.* We'll not be long away.
*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
*Imo.* Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
*Bel.* And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen into the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!
*Gui.* But his neat cookery! he cut our roots in characters;[6] 49
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
[*Arv.* Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh,—as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
*Gui.* I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
*Arv.* Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with[7] the increasing vine!]
*Bel.* It is great morning.[8] Come, away!—
Who's there? 61

*Enter* CLOTEN.

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
*Bel.* "Those runagates!"
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We're held as outlaws: hence!

---

[1] *So citizen a wanton,* such a town-bred child of luxury.
[2] *Journal,* daily.
[3] *Doth miracle itself,* doth make itself a miracle, is incomprehensible.
[4] *So please you, sir* (spoken to Belarius).
[5] *Stir him,* move him to tell his story.
[6] *In characters,* in the shape of letters.
[7] *With,* from, so as to be no more twined with.
[8] *Great morning,* broad day.

*Gui.* He is but one: you and my brother search 68
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
*Clo.* Soft!—What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I've heard of such.—What slave art thou?
*Gui.* A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A "slave" without a knock.
*Clo.* Thou art a robber,

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.—(Act iv. 2. 74, 75.)

A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I 76
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
*Clo.* Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
*Gui.* Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
*Clo.* Thou injurious[1] thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
*Gui.* What's thy name?
*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.
*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider, 90
'T would move me sooner.
*Clo.* To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere[2] confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

[1] *Injurious*, insolent. [2] *Mere*, absolute.

*Gui.* I 'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
*Clo.* Art not afeard?
*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear, —the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
*Clo.* Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt fighting.*

*Re-enter* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* No company 's abroad. 101
*Arv.* None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
*Bel.* I cannot tell:—long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I 'm absolute[1]
'T was very Cloten.
*Arv.* In this place we left them:
[I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
*Bel.* Being scarce made up,[2]
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension[3] 110
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear.—] But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter* GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
*Bel.* What hast thou done?
*Gui.* I 'm perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head, 118
Son to the queen, after[4] his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,[5]
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

[1] *Absolute*, certain. [2] *Made up*, grown up.
[3] *Apprehension*, conception, comprehension.
[4] *After*, according to. [5] *Take us in*, subdue us.

*Bel.* We 're all undone.
*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law?[6] [What company
Discover you abroad?
*Bel.* No single soul 130
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing— 139
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in;[7] yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering:[8] then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail,
More perilous than the head.
*Arv.* Let ordinance[9]
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
*Bel.* I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.[10]
*Gui.*] With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I 've ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea, 152
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*
*Bel.* I fear 't will be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

[6] *For we do fear the law?* because we are afraid of the law.
[7] *Fetch us in*, make us prisoners.
[8] *Suffering*, permitting.
[9] *Ordinance*, that which is ordained.
[10] *Did make my way long forth*, did make my way forth from the cave seem long.

*Arv.* Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: [I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.]
*Bel.* Well, 't is done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour[1]
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,[2]
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
*Bel.* O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st[3]
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter* Guiderius.

*Gui.* Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*
*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
[*Gui.* Is he at home?
*Bel.* He went hence even now.]
*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. [The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.]
Is Cadwal mad?
[*Bel.* Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!]

*Re-enter* Arviragus, *with* Imogen *as dead, bearing her in his arms.*

*Arv.* The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!
[My brother wears thee not th' one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.]
*Bel.* [O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare[4]
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,[5]
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—]
How found you him?
*Arv.* Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at;[6] his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
*Gui.* Where?
*Arv.* O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept; [and put
My clouted brogues[7] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.]
*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
*Arv.* With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack

[1] *To gain his colour,* to restore the colour to his cheeks.
[2] *Let blood,* shed the blood of, slay.
[3] *Blazon'st,* proclaimest.
[4] *Crare,* a small trading vessel.
[5] *But I, i.e.* but I know.
[6] *Being laugh'd at,* and was being laughed at.
[7] *Clouted brogues,* heavy patched shoes.

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath[: the ruddock[1] would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse].

*Gui.* Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration[2] what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

*Arv.* Say, where shall 's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid[3] for that[: though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low]. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*

[*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

*Arv.* 'T is true.

*Gui.* Come on, then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So.—Begin.]

SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,

*Arv.* Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;

*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash;

*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign[4] to thee, and come to dust.

[*Gui.* No exorciser[5] harm thee!

*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee!

*Both.* Quiet consummation[6] have;
And renowned be thy grave!]

*Re-enter* BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

*Gui.* We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—[Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—]
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

---

[1] *Ruddock*, redbreast.
[2] *Admiration*, wonder mingled with veneration.
[3] *Paid*, paid out, requited.
[4] *Consign*, subscribe, submit.
[5] *Exorciser*, raiser of spirits.
[6] *Consummation*, summing up, end.

The ground that gave them first has them again: 289
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
*Imo.* [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I've gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses! [*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.[1]—I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,[2]
And cook to honest creatures: but 't is not so;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes 301
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
[I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310
The brawns[3] of Hercules: but his Jovial face—]
Murder in heaven?—How!—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous[4] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! [—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that? 321
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'T is he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here.] O, 't is pregnant,[5] pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those 331
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Throws herself on the body.*

*Enter* Lucius, *a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
*Luc.* But what from Rome?
*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners[6]
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Syenna's brother.
*Luc.* When expect you them?
*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.
*Luc.* This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. [Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast[7] and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends— 350

[1] *On't,* of it.
[2] *Cave-keeper,* dweller in a cave.
[3] *Brawns,* muscular arms.
[4] *Irregulous,* lawless, unprincipled.
[5] *Pregnant,* clear, evident.
[6] *Cónfiners,* those who live in confines, *i.e.* territories.
[7] *Fast,* fasted.

Unless my sins abuse[1] my divination— 351
Success to the Roman host.
*Luc.* Dream often so,
And never false.—] Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.
*Cap.* He 's alive, my lord.
*Luc.* He 'll, then, instruct us of this body.—
Young one, 360

*Imo.* This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—(Act iv. 2. 368–370.)

Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems 361
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,[2]
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
*Imo.* I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good, 369
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: [say his name, good friend.
*Imo.* Richard du Champ.—[*Aside*] If I do lie, and do 377
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?]

[1] *Abuse*, corrupt, pervert. [2] *Did*, did it, made it.

*Luc.* Thy name?
*Imo.* Fidele, sir.
*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. [The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer[1] thee:] go with me.
*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century[2] of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain[3] me.
*Luc.* Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.[4]—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, *Lords*, PISANIO, *and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
A madness, of which her life's in danger,—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.
*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
*First Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection[5] loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will,[6] no doubt, be found.
*Cym.* The time is troublesome.—
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you[7] for a season; but our jealousy[8]
Does yet depend.[9]
*First Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd[10] with matter.
*First Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront[11] no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
*Cym.* I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!
[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*
*Pis.* I heard no letter[12] from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

---

[1] *Prefer*, recommend. [2] *A century*, a hundred.
[3] *Entertain*, employ, take into service.
[4] *Arm him*, take him in your arms.

[5] *Subjection*, service. [6] *Will*, *i.e.* he will.
[7] *Slip you*, let you go. [8] *Jealousy*, suspicion.
[9] *Does yet depend*, is still in a state of suspense.
[10] *Amaz'd*, bewildered.
[11] *Affront*, bring to the encounter.
[12] *No letter*, not a syllable.

To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain 40
Perplex'd in all:—the heavens still must work.
Wherein I 'm false I 'm honest: not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king,[1] or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.
*Bel.* Let us from it.
[*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
*Gui.* Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts[2]
During their use,[3] and slay us after.
*Bel.* Sons,]
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd 10
Among the bands—may drive us to a render[4]
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
*Arv.* It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd[5] fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, 19
That they will waste their time upon our note,[6]
To know from whence we are.
*Bel.* O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years, 22
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
[Who[7] find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty[8] of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy[9] your cradle promis'd,
But to be still[10] hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.]
*Gui.* [Than be so,
Better to cease to be.] Pray, sir, to th' army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
*Arv.* By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: [what thing[11] is 't that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel!] I am asham'd 40
[To look upon the holy sun,] to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
*Gui.* By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!
*Arv.* So say I,—Amen.
*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys! 50
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
[Lead, lead.—[*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,[12]
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.]
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *To the note of the king,* so that the king shall take note of it.
[2] *Revolts,* revolters.
[3] *During their use,* as long as they have any use for us.
[4] *A render,* an account.
[5] *Quarter'd, i.e.* burning in their quarters.
[6] *Upon our note,* in taking note of us.
[7] *Who, i.e.* you who.
[8] *The certainty,* the certain consequence.
[9] *Courtesy,* kindly treatment, gentle nurture.
[10] *To be still,* doomed to be still.
[11] *What thing, i.e.* what a thing.
[12] *Thinks scorn,* disdains the thought of anything else.

# ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *with a bloody handkerchief.*

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wish'd[1]
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying[2] but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones —Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on[3] this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck 10
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest t' obey!—I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, 21
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion,—less without and more within.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A field between the Roman and British camps.*

*Enter, from one side,* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, *and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British Army;* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I've belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,[4]
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
[If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds 9
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.]
[*Exit.*

[*The battle continues; the Britons fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.
*Gui. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Re-enter* POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons: they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and all exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

[1] *I am wish'd,* I am possessed by the wish.
[2] *Wrying,* going astray.
[3] *To put on,* to instigate.
[4] *Carl,* churl, peasant.

*Iach.* 'T is their fresh supplies.
*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-enforce, or fly.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord.*

[*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
*Post.* I did:
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
*Lord.* I did.
*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue[1] with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling 10
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
*Lord.* Where was this lane?
*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
The country base[2] than to commit such slaughter; 20
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd or shame,[3]—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back[4] in frown: stand, stand!"—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all 30
The rest do nothing,—with this word, "Stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming[5]
With their own nobleness,—which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,
Part[6] shame, part[6] spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon 40
A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd[7] eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards—
Like fragments in hard voyages—became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne[8] i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one, 48
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs[9] o' the field.
*Lord.* This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."
*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.
*Post.* 'Lack, to what end?

[1] *Lolling the tongue, i.e.* panting, out of breath.
[2] *The country base,* the game, prisoner's base.
[3] *Shame,* modesty.
[4] *But to look back,* merely by looking back.
[5] *More charming,* having more (magic) power.
[6] *Part,* partly.
[7] *Stoop'd,* pounced.
[8] *O'er-borne,* overwhelmed.
[9] *Bugs,* bugbears, terrors.

Who dares not stand[1] his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do, 61
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You 've put me into rhyme.
*Lord.* Farewell; you 're angry.]
*Post.* [Still going? [*Exit Lord*] This is a lord! O noble misery![2]
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!]
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,[3]
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

*Post.* Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men."—(Act v. 3. 23, 24.)

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster, 70
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
Fortune being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I 've resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is 78
Here made by the Roman; great the answer[4] be
Britons must take: for me, my ransom's[5] death; 80
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.*

*First Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

[1] *Stand*, face.
[2] *O noble misery!* O miserable piece of nobility.
[3] *Charm'd*, protected as by a charm.
[4] *Answer*, retaliation.
[5] *Ransom*, expiation, atonement.

*Sec. Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly[1] habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
*First Cap.* So 't is reported:
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there?
*Post.* A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds 90
Had answer'd him.
*Sec. Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!—
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

[*Enter* Cymbeline, *attended;* Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *Soldiers, and Roman Captives. The Captains present* Posthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

Scene IV. *The same. A prison.*

*Enter* Posthumus *and two Gaolers.*

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
*Sec. Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*
*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me 9
The penitent instrument[2] to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is 't enough I 'm sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?[3]
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd. To satisfy?[4]
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render[5] of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;[6] 24
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit,[7] take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.—O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art, 40
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir. 51

[1] *Silly,* simple, rustic.
[2] *Penitent instrument,* instrument of penitence, *i.e.* a penitential death.
[3] *Repent,* do penance.
[4] *To satisfy? i.e.* Must I satisfy?
[5] *No stricter render,* no more restricted surrender.
[6] *Stamp,* coin.
[7] *Take this audit,* accept this statement of accounts.

*First Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful[1] object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem[2] his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become[3] the geck[4] and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

*Sec. Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain, 70
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

*First Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd[5]
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity. 90

*Both Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering bank of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest; 99
No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.[6] Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.—(Act v. 4. 1, 2.)

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:[7]
And so, away! no further with your din 111
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[*Ascends.*

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath

[1] *Fruitful*, rich in good qualities.
[2] *Deem*, estimate.
[3] *And to become, i.e.* and suffer Posthumus to become.
[4] *Geck*, dupe.
[5] *Adjourn'd*, deferred.
[6] *Delighted*, delightful.
[7] *Confine*, state precisely.

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle 115
Stoop'd, as to foot us:[1] his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys[2] his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter!

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

*Post.* [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot 123
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but—O scorn!—
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:[3]
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book?[4] O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled[5] world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise. [*Reads.*

"Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which 150
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter First Gaoler.*

*First Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

*First Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

*First Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn[6] of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor[7] but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows. 174

*Post.* I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

*First Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow. 183

*First Gaol.* Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump[8] the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one. 191

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

*First Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 200

[1] *To foot us*, to seize us in his talons.
[2] *Cloys*, strokes with his claw.
[3] *Swerve*, go astray, err.
[4] *A book*, the tablet of line 109.
[5] *Fangled*, fond of finery.
[6] *Drawn*, drawn off, emptied.
[7] *Debitor and creditor*, account-book.
[8] *Jump*, skip.

*Post.* Thou bringest good news,—I am call'd to be made free. 202

*First Gaol.* I'll be hang'd, then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

*First Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.[1] Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Cymbeline's tent.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

[*Bel.* I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?]

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and living, 11
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

*Bel.* Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we're honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates. 22

*Enter* CORNELIUS *and Ladies.*

[There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.]

*Cor.* Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* [Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—] How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. [What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prithee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only 37
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand[2] to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering, 51
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,

[1] *Prone,* eager for the gallows.

[2] *Bore in hand,* pretended.

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite[1]
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.
*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?
*First Lady.* We did, so please your highness.
*Cym.* Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; 63
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!]

*Enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.
*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods 78
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar[2] care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions,[3] true,
So feat,[4] so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness 89
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
*Cym.* I've surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, wherefore,
To say "Live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou demand a prisoner, 99
The noblest ta'en.
*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.
*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.
*Imo.* No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
*Luc.* [The boy disdains me,]
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
[Why stands he so perplex'd?]
*Cym.* What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak, 110
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?
*Imo.* I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

[1] *Despite,* defiance. [2] *Peculiar,* personal.

[3] *Tender over his occasions,* keenly awake to his wants.
[4] *Feat,* neat, trim.

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.
*Cym.* Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
*Arv.* One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad 121
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?
*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.
[*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I 'm sure
He would have spoke to us.
*Gui.* But we saw him dead.
*Bel.* Be silent; let 's see further.
*Pis.* [*Aside*] 'T is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.]
[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth; 130
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, [and the grace of it,
Which is our honour,] bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
*Post.* [*Aside*] What 's that to him?
*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
*Iach.* Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that 139
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
*Cym.* How! me?
*Iach.* I 'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which tórments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
*Cym.* All that belongs to this.
*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.
*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength: 150
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
*Iach.* Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'t was at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthúmus—
[What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy 161
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature,[1] laming
The shrine[2] of Venus, or straight-pight[3] Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,[4]
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye,—]
*Cym.* [I stand on fire:]
Come to the matter.
[*Iach.* All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus, 170
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.[5]
*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.]
*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins. 179

---

[1] *Feature*, shape. [2] *Shrine*, image.
[3] *Straight-pight*, well set up, erect.
[4] *Condition*, character.
[5] *Unspeaking sots*, fools incapable of speech.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple[1] of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
[And would so, had it been a carbuncle 189
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car.] Away to Britain
Post I in this design:—well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. [Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:]
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular[2] proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad, 201
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; [averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person,] that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

*Post.* [*Coming forward*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing 211
That 's due to[3] all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple 220
Of virtue was she; yea, and she[4] herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 't was!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her; she falls.*

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthúmus! 230
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How comes these staggers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

[*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady, 239
The gods throw stones of sulphur[5] on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still?

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."

*Cym.* What 's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only 251
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease

[1] *Scruple,* doubt. [2] *Simular,* probable.
[3] *Due to,* appropriate to, bad enough to describe.
[4] *She,* virtue.

[5] *Stones of sulphur, i.e.* thunderbolts.

The present power of life; but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.
*Bel.* My boys,
There was our error.
*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele.]
*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from you? 261
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
*Imo.* Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
[*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
[*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*]
*Cym.* My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
*Imo.* I 'm sorry for 't, my lord.
*Cym.* O, she was naught; and long of her it was 271
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
[*Pis.* My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth.[1] Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him 280
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour; what became of him
I further know not.]
*Gui.* Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

[1] *Troth*, truth.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend!
[I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
*Gui.* I 've spoke it, and I did it.

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!—(Act v. 5. 263, 264.)

*Cym.* He was a prince.] 291
*Gui.* A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
*Cym.* I 'm sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.
[*Imo.* That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
*Cym.*] Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
*Bel.* Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.[1]—[*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.
*Cym.* Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
[*Arv.* In that he spake too far.
*Cym.* And thou shalt die for 't.
*Bel.* We will die all three,
But I will prove[2] that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
*Arv.* Your danger 's ours.
*Gui.* And our good his.
*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
*Cym.* What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
*Bel.* He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
*Cym.* Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.
*Bel.* Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I 've receiv'd it.
*Cym.* Nursing of my sons!]
*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee:
[Ere I arise, I will prefer[3] my sons;
Then spare not the old father.] Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
*Cym.* How! my issue!
*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence,[4] my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them[; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them]. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
*Cym.* [Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st.] I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
[*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
*Cym.*] Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
*Bel.* This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:

[1] *Had ever scar for*, had ever shown any evidence of meriting.
[2] *But I will prove*, if I do not prove.
[3] *Prefer*, promote.
[4] *My mere offence*, all my offence.

*Post.* Kneel not to me
The power that I have on you is to spare you

Act V. Scene V. lines 417-418.

It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
*Cym.* [O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—] Bless'd pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
*Imo.* No, my lord;
I've got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
[*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?
*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.
*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.
*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.]
*Cym.* O rare instínct!
[When shall I hear all through? This fierce[1] abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction[2] should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange[3]
Is severally in all.—Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—]
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.
*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
[*Imo.* My good master,
I will yet do you service.
*Luc.* Happy be you!
*Cym.*] The fórlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
*Post.* I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
*Iach.* I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.
*Post.* Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.
*Cym.* Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness[4] of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
[*Arv.* You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.
*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can

[1] *Fierce*, passionate, impetuous.
[2] *Distinction*, a more detailed statement
[3] *Counterchange*, reciprocation.
[4] *Freeness*, liberality.

Make no collection of it:[1] let him show 432
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,—

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads*] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty." 442

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; [*To Posthumus*] who,[2] even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

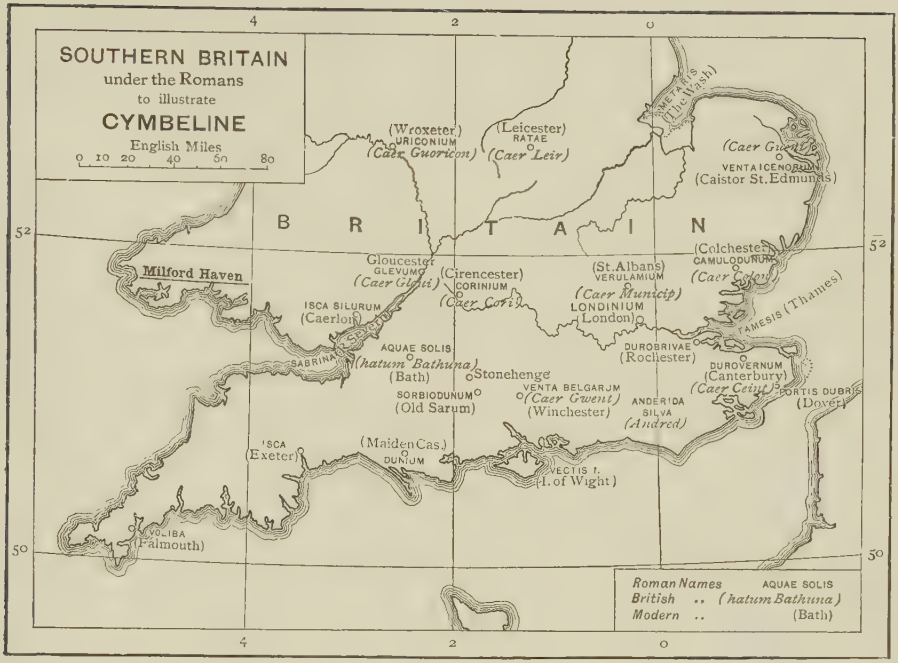
*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* Well,
My peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar, 460
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle, 473
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.]

*Cym.* Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify[; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there]!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *No collection of it,* no inference from it.
[2] *Who, i.e.* you who.




# NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. Our knowledge of the history of Britain during the hundred years which elapsed between the departure of Julius Cæsar in 54 B.C. and the invasion of Aulus Plautius in 43 A.D. is of the scantiest description, and is chiefly derived from coins. It appears that for some years previous to the latter date the most powerful prince in Britain was CUNOBELINOS, or CYMBELINE, whose capital was Camulodunum (Colchester), but little or nothing is known of him, except that he had a son called Adminius, who surrendered himself to Caligula in the year 40, and two others called Caratacos and Togodumnos, who were defeated by Plautius. Shakespeare drew his history, as usual, from Holinshed, but the invasion of the Romans under Caius Lucius, as well as the whole story of Belarius and the young princes, is an addition of his own. The following is Holinshed's account of Cymbeline: "After the death of Cassibelane [Cassivelaunos], Theomantius or Tenantius the yoongest sonne of Lud, was made King of Britaine. . . . Theomantius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibellane had granted, and finalie departed this life after he had reigned 22 yeares, and was buried at London. . . . Kymbeline or Cimbeline the sonne of Theomantius was of the Britains made king after the deceasse of his father. . . . This man (as some write) was brought vp at Rome and there made knight by Augustus Cesar, under whome he served in the warres, and was in such fauour with him, that he was at libertie to pay his tribute or not. . . . Touching the continuance of the yeares of Kymbelines reigne, some writers doo varie, but the best approoued affirme, that he reigned 35 yeares and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sonnes, Guiderius and Aruiragus. But here it is to be noted, that although our histories doo affirme, that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomantius, liued in quiet with the Romans, and continuallie to them paied the tributes which the Britains had couenanted with Iulius Cesar to pay, yet we find in the Romane writers, that after Iulius Cesars death, when Augustus had taken vpon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to paie that tribute: whereat as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to winke, howbeit, through earnest calling vpon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the vttermost of the British Kingdome; at length, to wit, in the tenth yeare after the death of Iulius Cesar, which was about the

thirteenth yeare of the said Theomantius, Augustus made prouision to passe with an armie ouer into Britaine, & was come forward upon his iournie into Gallia Celtica: or as we maie saie, into these hither parts of France. . . . [He was, however, called away by a rebellion of the Pannonians and Dalmatians (act iii. 1. 73–75).] But whether this controversie which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I haue not to auouch: for that by our writers it is reported, that Kymbeline being brought vp in Rome, & knighted in the court of Augustus, euer shewed himselfe a friend to the Romans, & chieflie was loth to breake with them, because the youth of the Britaine nation should not be depriued of the benefit to be trained and brought vp among the Romans, whereby they might leerne both to behaue themselues like ciuill men, and to atteine to the knowledge of feats of warre."

2. Cloten. Holinshed calls Mulmucius (act iii. 1. 55) "the sonne of Cloton."

3. Posthumus Leonatus. Malone suggests that Shakespeare got the name of Leonatus from Sidney's Arcadia. It is there the name of the son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, whose story Shakespeare had already drawn upon in writing King Lear. Steevens notes that the name Leonato had been used in Much Ado, where, it may be added, the old stage-direction prefixed to act i. scene 1 couples it with that of Imogen; see Mr. Marshall's note *ad loc.* vol. vii. p. 60.

4. Imogen. The name occurs in Holinshed's account of Brutus and Locrine. In the Tragedy of Locrine (1595), act i. scene 1, Brutus addresses his son Camber as,

> The glory of mine age,
> And darling of thy mother Imogen.

## ACT I. Scene 1.

5. Lines 1–3:

> *our bloods*
> *No more obey the heavens than our courtiers*
> *Still seem as does the king's.*

*Our bloods, i.e.* our dispositions, subject as they are to the weather ("to all the skyey influences," Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 9), are not more entirely ruled by it than our courtiers are ruled by the king's disposition, to which they are careful to accommodate their looks, and when he frowns they frown. That this is the meaning is clear from lines 13, 14:

> Although they wear their faces to the bent
> Of the king's looks.

The late Dr. Ingleby (Shakespeare's Cymbeline: The Text Revised and Annotated by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. London, 1886;—I wish at once to express my obligations to this scholarly edition, frequent references to which will be found in the course of these notes) quotes Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 32, 33:

> If you will jest with me, know my aspéct
> And fashion your demeanour to my looks.

And Steevens, Greene's Never Too Late (1590): "if the King smiled, every one in the court was in his jollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacock's feathers; so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions."

Boswell was the first editor who explained this passage rightly: previous editors were misled by the punctuation of the Folio:

> Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
> Then our Courtiers:
> Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

6. Lines 6, 7:

> *hath* REFERR'D *herself*
> *Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;*

*i.e.* has put herself under his protection; has, in fact, wedded him. The expression is quite in accordance with the "picked" enigmatical style of the speaker, and there is no need to change it into *preferr'd*, as Ingleby does.

7. Lines 25–27:

> *I do* EXTEND *him, sir, within himself;*
> *Crush him together, rather than unfold*
> *His measure duly.*

So far from exaggerating his merits, I rather understate them: the measure of his praises might be extended much further; or, as Johnson concisely puts it, "my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit." For *extend*, compare i. 4. 19–21: "the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce . . . are wonderfully to *extend* him."

8. Lines 30, 31: *Cassibelan . . . Tenantius.*—See note 1.

9. Line 31: *But had his titles by Tenantius.*—That is, though he had joined the party of the usurper [Cassibelan], he was forgiven and honoured by the rightful king (Rolfe).

10. Line 46: *And in's spring became a harvest.*—Ingleby compares Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 86–88 (with Theobald's emendation of *autumn* for *Anthony*):

> For his bounty,
> There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
> That grew the more by reaping.

11. Lines 48, 49:

> *A sample to the youngest; to the more mature*
> *A glass that* FEATED *them.*

He was a perfect model to the younger, while even older people could not fail to gain some graces and accomplishments from him. *Feat* (to make neat, fashion) is not elsewhere used as a verb in Shakespeare, but we have it as an adjective in v. 5. 85–88:

> never master had
> A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, . . .
> So *feat*, so nurse-like;

and Tempest, ii. 1. 272, 273:

> And look how well my garments sit upon me;
> Much *feater* than before.

For the thought Steevens compares II. Henry IV. ii. 3. 21, 22:

> he was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

12. Line 58: *Mark it.*—The Cowden Clarkes remark: "Shakespeare's dramatic art uses this expedient, naturally introduced into the dialogue, to draw special attention to a circumstance that it is essential should be borne in mind, and which otherwise might escape notice in the course of the narration."

13. Line 63: *That a king's children should be so* CONVEY'D!—So Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 35–37, the duke fearing that his daughter will be stolen from him, lodges her in a tower,

> The key whereof myself have ever kept;
> And thence she cannot be *convey'd* away.

The word was also used as a cant term for *steal:* Merry Wives, i. 3. 30–34:

> *Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.
> *Pist.* "*Convey,*" the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

14. Line 70: Enter the *Queen, Posthumus,* and *Imogen.*—The Folio begins *Scena Secunda* here, as do Capell, Malone, and others; Rowe was the first to continue scene 1 as in the text.

15. Lines 86–88:

> *I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—*
> *Always reserv'd my holy duty—what*
> *His rage can do on me.*

I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty (Johnson).

16. Lines 104, 105:

> *I never do him wrong,*
> *But he does buy my injuries, to be friends.*

He pays me for the wrongs I do him by some new kindness, in order to be friends with me again; although the injured party, he is the first to make advances towards a reconciliation. We have here our first hint of the weakness of Cymbeline's character.

17. Lines 116, 117:

> *And* SEAR UP *my embracements from a next*
> *With* BONDS OF DEATH!

The *bonds of death* are the cere-cloths, or cerements (Hamlet, i. 4. 48), in which the dead are swathed; but *cere-cloth* was also written *sear-cloth,* and *sear up* will therefore be the same as *cere up* (which Steevens suggested and Grant White printed), *i.e.* close up. It is probable, however, that, as the Cowden Clarkes suggest, the other sense of *sear*=burn up, wither up, was also present to the writer's mind. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 187, 188:

> *Ensear* thy fertile and conceptious womb,
> Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

18. Lines 117, 118:

> *Remain, remain* THOU *here*
> *While sense can keep* IT *on!*

Pope altered *it* to *thee,* but the change of person is not very uncommon; compare iii. 3. 103–105:

> Euriphile,
> Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
> And every day do honour to *her* grave;

and iv. 2. 216–218:

> If he be gone, he'll make *his grave* a bed;
> With female fairies will *his tomb* be haunted,
> And worms will not come to *thee.*

19. Line 124: *When shall we* SEE *again?*—Dyce remarks that the very same words are addressed by Cressida to Troilus, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 59. So Henry VIII. i. 1. 1, 2:

> Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
> Since last we *saw* in France?

20. Line 126: *If after this command thou* FRAUGHT *the court.*—Shakespeare generally uses *fraught* as a participle =laden, as we do exclusively at the present day; but we find *fraughted* in The Passionate Pilgrim, 269, 270:

> O cruel speeding,
> *Fraughted* with gall;

and *fraughting* in The Tempest, i. 2. 13:

> The *fraughting* souls within her.

21. Line 128: *And bless the good remainders of the court!*—There is a slight touch of irony here, which it may not be thought impertinent to point out. Posthumus prays for a blessing on the good people left at the court, when it was relieved of the burden of his unworthiness.

22. Lines 131–133:

> *O disloyal thing,*
> *That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest*
> *A year's age on me!*

Instead of making me young again, as a daughter would who was a comfort to her father, you make me feel a year older than I really am, in fact, you shorten my life.

23. Lines 145–147:

> *he is*
> *A man worth any woman; overbuys me*
> *Almost the sum he pays.*

The price he has paid for me is himself; and he is worth so much more than I am,—worth, in fact, *any woman,*—that the overplus, beyond what he ought to have paid, nearly amounts to the whole sum paid. A very small portion of his worth would have been enough. Ingleby says: "Imogen adopts her husband's metaphor in lines [119, 120:

> As I my poor self did exchange for you,
> To your so infinite loss],

but in turning it against herself, increases the extravagance of the self-depreciation. She says, in effect, that in marrying her, Posthumus gets almost nothing in return for what he gives, his worth being so much greater than hers."

24. Line 167: *I would they were in Afric both together.*—"That is," as Rolfe remarks, "where no one would be at hand to part them." He well compares Coriolanus, iv. 2. 23–25:

> I would my son
> Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
> His good sword in his hand.

25. Lines 177, 178:

> *I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least*
> *Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.*

This is Capell's arrangement of the broken lines in the Folio; *I* is his insertion.

## ACT I. Scene 2.

26. "This scene is introduced," says Ingleby, "to show up Cloten in a character which—to judge of his subsequent conduct—he hardly deserves, that of a conceited coward. The First Lord flatters him too grossly for human credulity, and the Second Lord, by 'asides,' lampoons him, for the benefit of the groundlings. The allusions are obscure and the quibbles poor. It would be a relief to know that Shakespeare was not responsible for either this scene, or the first in act ii."

27. Lines 1–5: *Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; . . . where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so* WHOLESOME *as that you vent.*—This seems to mean—the air that exhales from a man's person is again inhaled, and there is no air so wholesome as that which comes from you, therefore to keep up its purity change your shirt.

28. Lines 10–12: *his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.*—The best comment is Ariel's defiance, cited by Ingleby, Tempest, iii. 3. 61–65:

> the elements,
> Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
> Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
> Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
> One dowle that's in my plume.

Cloten, says the First Lord, had run Posthumus through and through so effectively that his body must be a thoroughfare for steel, if he be not hurt; it must be capable of being pierced, like water, without being wounded.

29. Lines 13, 14: *His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.*—Cloten paid off no scores with his steel, but kept out of harm's way, as a debtor might do to avoid arrest in a town (Ingleby).

30. Lines 32–34: *she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*—The metaphor is from the sign of a house, almost all of which, says Steevens, formerly had a motto or some attempt at a witticism underneath them. Malone quotes i. 6. 15–17, where Iachimo says of Imogen,

> All of her that is out of door most rich!
> If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
> She is alone th' Arabian bird.

## ACT I. Scene 3.

31. Lines 2–4:

> *if he should write,*
> *And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,*
> *As offer'd mercy is.*

Capell explains this by reference to the pardon of a condemned criminal; but this is surely unnecessary. Ingleby well says, "Why strain the passage to mean more than it says? Imogen is simply declaring that Posthumus' letter would be to her as an offer of mercy, alleviating her present anxiety on his account; and if the letter be lost, the offer of mercy is lost also."

32. Lines 8–10:

> *for so long*
> *As he could make me with* THIS *eye or ear*
> *Distinguish him from others.*

The Folio has "*his* eye, or eare;" which, in spite of Ingleby's attempt, it seems impossible to make decent sense of. Coleridge conjectured "with *the* eye," first printed by Keightley. *With this* is Warburton's conjecture, adopted by most editors; and *with this* may easily have passed into *with his* in the compositor's memory.

33. Lines 14–16:

> *Thou shouldst have made him*
> *As little as a* CROW, *or less, ere left*
> *To after-eye him.*

Compare Lear, iv. 6. 13, 14 (quoted by Steevens):

> The *crows* and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles.

34. Lines 34, 35:

> *that parting kiss which I had set*
> *Betwixt two* CHARMING *words.*

The word *charming* had not yet been weakened to its modern sense, in which it is merely a synonym for *lovely* or *delightful;* it meant working with, or affecting with, a charm, and although in such a passage as Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 19,

> Fortune forbid my outside have not *charm'd* her!

we see it on its way to its modern use, it always has, as Schmidt remarks, some trace of its primary signification. Ingleby says, "The two *charming words* are certainly *not* what Warburton fixed upon—'Adieu, Posthumus'—nor any mere words of farewell. Hudson rightly explains them 'to be words which as by the power of enchantment, should guard his heart against the assaults of temptation' (Harvard ed.); and there is, not improbably, an allusion to some custom of Shakespeare's own day."

35. Lines 36, 37:

> *And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,*
> *Shakes all our buds from growing.*

Not the fair bud of their adieus only, but *all* their buds, the whole promis'd crop of their loves is *shaken* and beat to the ground by this "tyrannous breathing" (Capell).

## ACT I. Scene 4.

36. Lines 4, 5: *but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration.*—Staunton and Ingleby have stumbled at these words, and the latter even calls them "very difficult." They are, however, perfectly simple to any one who reads the passage naturally: "without the help of admiration" is merely an ironical expression for "without admiration." Iachimo means that he did not in those days see anything in Posthumus which would have compelled him to call in the help of admiration in order to form a proper estimate of him.

37. Line 18: *And then his banishment.*—The Frenchman would have added, "has won him sympathy" (Ingleby).

38. Lines 19–21: *the* APPROBATION *of* THOSE *that weep this lamentable divorce . . .* ARE *wonderfully to extend him.*—An instance of what Abbott (Shaks. Gram. § 412) calls the "confusion of proximity," the verb *are* agreeing with *those* rather than its proper subject *approbation.* So Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 33:

> The *posture* of your *blows are* yet unknown.

39. Lines 21–24: *be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.*—This is one of those passages of which the meaning is clear enough, but which defy the rules of logical construction. Compare Coriolanus, i. 4. 13–15:

> *Mar.* Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
> *First Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
> That's lesser than a little.

There, as well as in the passage before us, we should have expected *more* instead of *less,* but several other instances will be found in Schmidt (Shaks. Lex. 1420) of "this colour-

able variation of the double negative" as Ingleby well terms it. Thus, Merchant of Venice, iv. i. 161-163, "let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation;" and Macbeth, iii. 6. 8-10:

> Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
> It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
> To kill their gracious father?

"Such irregularities," adds Schmidt, "may be easily accounted for. The idea of negation was so strong in the poet's mind that he expressed it in more than one place, unmindful of his canon that 'your four negatives make your two affirmatives' [Twelfth Night, v. 1. 24, 25]. Had he taken the pains of revising and preparing his plays for the press, he would perhaps have corrected all the quoted passages. But he did not write them to be read and dwelt on by the eye, but to be heard by a sympathetic audience. And much that would blemish the language of a logician, may well become a dramatic poet or an orator."

**40.** Lines 29: *gentlemen of your* KNOWING.—Gentlemen of your experience in society; so ii. 3. 102, 103:

> one of your great *knowing*
> Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

**41.** Lines 39, 40: *which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.*—Malone quotes All's Well, iii. 7. 16, 17:

> Which I will over-pay and pay again,
> When I have found it;

and Sonnet xxx. 12:

> Which I new pay as if not paid before.

**42.** Lines 47, 48: TO GO EVEN WITH *what I heard.*—For *to go even with, i.e.* accord, agree with, compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 246:

> Were you a woman, as the rest *goes even.*

Posthumus means, that so far from acquiescing in the opinions of others, he rather set himself to oppose them, and was therefore easily drawn into a quarrel,—one, however, which even yet, on maturer consideration, he does not consider so trivial as his friend appears to.

**43.** Line 50: *if I offend* NOT *to say it is mended.*—So Rowe. F. 1 omits *not.*

**44.** Lines 64, 65: *wise, chaste,* CONSTANT, QUALIFIED.—For *qualified* (=endowed with qualities) Ingleby quotes The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 66, 67, speaking of Bianca:

> Beside, so *qualified* as may beseem
> The spouse of any noble gentleman;

and Davenant, Unfortunate Lovers, i. 1:

> But why, Rampino, since this lady is
> So rarely *qualified.*

And what Iachimo afterwards calls Imogen (v. 5. 166, 167):

> A shop of all the *qualities* that man
> Loves woman for:

Capell removed the comma between *constant* and *qualified,* and in his notes (vol. i. p. 104) he hyphens the words *constant-qualified,* a reading which has been adopted by most modern editors, but to the detriment of the passage.

**45.** Lines 73, 74: *I would abate her nothing, though I* PROFESS *myself her adorer, not her* FRIEND.—Even supposing I profess myself merely her worshipper, and not her lover; "one who looks up to her," says Ingleby (who would read *profess'd*), "as to a superior being, with the worship of a votary, rather than with the jealous affection of a lover. He means, in fact, to assert for her a real objective excellence, apart from her private relation to him." The word *friend* was used in a special sense to mean lover, paramour, sweetheart.

**46.** Lines 75-77: *As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in* BRITAIN.—"As fair and as good," *i.e.* as any lady in Italy: the assertion is nominative to "had been something," &c.; "hand-in-hand comparison" = a comparison where the two things compared go hand in hand, or keep pace. Iachimo denies that any lady in Britain could be as fair and as good as any of his countrywomen (Ingleby). *Britain* is Johnson's correction for *Britanie* of the Folio.

**47.** Lines 77-82: *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld,* I COULD NOT BUT BELIEVE *she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.*—The Folio has *I could not believe;* Warburton omitted *not,* and read *I could believe;* Malone inserted the *but* before *believe,* and has been followed by Dyce and most modern editors; for it seems impossible to extract satisfactory sense without some change. Malone paraphrases his reading of the passage as follows: "If she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same proportion that your diamond out-lustres *many* diamonds that I have beheld, I could not but acknowledge that she excelled *many* women; but I have not seen the *most* valuable diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful woman; *and therefore I cannot admit she excels all.*"

**48.** Lines 90, 91: *if there were wealth enough for the purchase.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has "*or* if there were wealth enough for the *purchases.*"

**49.** Lines 104, 105: *to* CONVINCE *the honour of my mistress.*—For this use of *convince* (=overcome) compare Macbeth, i. 7. 63, 64:

> his two chamberlains
> Will I with wine and wassail so *convince.*

**50.** Line 122: *herein too.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *heerein to.*

**51.** Lines 134, 135: *the* APPROBATION *of what I have spoke.*—For this use of *approbation* (=proof) compare Henry V. i. 2. 18-20:

> For God doth know how many now in health
> Shall drop their blood in *approbation*
> Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

**52.** Line 146: *You are* AFRAID, *and therein the wiser.*—*Afraid* was first printed by Theobald on the suggestion of Warburton, and has been adopted by most editors. The Folio has *a Friend,* but the attempts which have been made to explain the passage without alteration are unsatisfactory. Ingleby conjectured *her friend* "=her lover, and therefore know her well, and how much you can wager on her honour." The conjecture *afraid,* which gives much the same sense, has the advantage of being the less violent change of the two.

**53.** Line 160: *If I bring you no sufficient testimony,* &c.—The Cowden Clarkes well observe, "This is in accordance

with Iachimo's designing manner. He affects to state the terms of the wager on both sides; but he, in fact, proposes them so that they shall suggest, either way, Posthumus's winning."

54. Lines 166, 167: *provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.*—Provided I am furnished with such an introduction from you as will ensure me a more hospitable reception than I should otherwise be entitled to expect.

55. Lines 179, 180: *lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.*—Lest it should fall through, if we did not strike while the iron is hot; we will therefore lose no time in acting upon it.

## ACT I. Scene 5.

56. Lines 17, 18:

*That I did amplify my judgment in*
*Other* CONCLUSIONS.

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 357–359:

her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd *conclusions* infinite
Of easy ways to die.

57. Lines 56, 57:

*And every day that comes comes to decay*
*A day's work in him.*

I suppose this to mean, every day that comes now to him only serves to destroy the work a past day had done for him in giving him health and prosperity; in other words, he is now daily going downhill as fast as he formerly went uphill.

58. Line 68: *Think what a* CHANCE *thou* CHANGEST *on.*—Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service (Steevens). Rowe printed, "what a *chance* thou *chancest* on;" and Theobald, "what a *change* thou *chancest* on."

59. Line 80: *Of* LEIGERS *for her sweet.*—Spelt in the Folio *Leidgers.* In the only other place in which the word is used by Shakespeare it is spelt *leiger;* Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 57–59:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger.*

*Leiger* is connected with the verb to *lie,* and a *leiger* ambassador was one who lay or remained some time at a foreign court. Compare the word *ledger,* a book that *lies* always ready. Ingleby rightly explains, "shall deprive her of Pisanio, the only resident at court who safeguards the interests of her absent husband."

## ACT I. Scene 6.

60. Lines 1–9: *A father cruel,* &c.—Ingleby thinks these lines are either rough notes for a speech, or the remains of a speech cut down for representation. "The abrupt transition," he remarks, "to the splendour of Iachimo's speeches is exceedingly striking," and he finds the same peculiarity in several other speeches in the play—a mark of unfinished work which he thinks may help to explain the play's position at the end of the Folio; the editors having admitted it as an afterthought. The reader must judge for himself; but in the present case at any rate the lines as they stand seem to me quite appropriate to the meditative mood of Imogen before she is interrupted by the arrival of a stranger.

## ACT I. Scene 6.

61. Lines 4, 5:

*My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated*
*Vexations of it!*

"My supreme crown of grief" = the greatest and crowning sorrow of that grief, whose lesser tributaries are the three just specified: cruelty, falsity, and folly = "*those* repeated vexations of it" (Ingleby).

62. Lines 6–9:

*but most miserable*
*Is the* DESIRE *that's* GLORIOUS: *bless'd be those,*
*How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,*
*Which seasons comfort.*

The heart which is capable of the most exalted desires is susceptible of the keenest grief at disappointment; far happier are those worthy souls, however mean their station, whose ambition is limited, and who in the realization of their wishes find that satisfaction which gives a happy life its zest,—"which *seasons comfort.*" F. 1 has *desires;* F. 2 *desire.* For *glorious* = desirous of glory, compare Pericles, Prologue, 9:

The purchase [gain] is to make men *glorious.*

63. Line 17: *She is alone th'* ARABIAN BIRD;—the Phœnix. So Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 12:

O Antony! O thou *Arabian bird!*

64. Lines 22–25: "*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.* REFLECT UPON *him accordingly, as you value your* TRUST—LEONATUS."—Imogen apparently reads only an extract from the letter—probably the very second sentence, says Malone—and the signature: for *trust* (that which she has accepted by her marriage-bond), Ingleby refers to lines 156–159 below:

O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy *trust;* and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.

Monck Mason, assuming it to be the conclusion of the letter which is read, proposed *your truest* Leonatus, which was adopted by Steevens, Dyce, and others. *Reflect upon,* properly meaning shine upon, is here nearly = look upon. The word is not used by Shakespeare in its modern sense of cogitate.

65. Line 28: *and* TAKES *it thankfully.*—So Pope. The Folios have *take.*

66. Lines 32–36:

*Hath nature given them eyes*
*To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop*
*Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt*
*The fiery orbs above, and the* TWINN'D STONES
*Upon the number'd beach?*

Some of the eighteenth-century commentators have boggled strangely over this passage; even Johnson could make nothing of *twinn'd stones,* afterwards correctly explained by Capell and Steevens. Ingleby's note is a good one: "Those 'spectacles so precious,' says the Italian, can do

two very different things: can see the whole hemisphere of the heavens above and the vast compass of the sea and land beneath; and also can distinguish between any two objects, either in the heavens (as stars), or on the shore (as stones) which are to the casual observer so much alike that they might be taken for twins." On the class of adjectives to which *number'd*, = rich in numbers, belongs, see Schmidt, p 1417. Theobald printed *unnumber'd*, which Dr. Brinsley Nicholson prefers as harmonizing with the references to the innumerable sands of the sea in Scripture, and particularly with Jeremiah xxxiii. 22, where Iachimo's similes occur exactly: "As the host of heaven cannot be numbered, neither the sand of the sea measured."

67. Line 37: SPECTACLES *so precious.*—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 110–113:

> And even with this I lost fair England's view,
> And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
> And call'd them blind and dusky *spectacles*,
> For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

68. Lines 44–46:

> *Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,*
> *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*
> *Not so allur'd to feed.*

Desire, however sharp set, would not be allured to feed on sluttery when presented as a rival to such neat excellence, it would rather be seized with a fit of nausea, and vomit without having fed. This is substantially Johnson's explanation; he adds characteristically in a subsequent note that *to vomit emptiness* is "to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude." Malone remarks that no one who has ever been sick at sea can be at a loss to understand the expression.

69. Line 47: *What is the matter,* TROW?—To *trow*, formed from *true*, is to believe, suppose. Schmidt says, *I trow*, or *trow* alone, "is added to questions, expressive of contemptuous or indignant surprise (nearly = I wonder)."

70. Lines 50, 51:

> *What, dear sir,*
> *Thus* RAPS *you?*

The verb to *rap* = to snatch, carry away,—a word of Scandinavian origin, and distinct from *rap* = to knock,—is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare, except in the participle, which was popularly connected with the Latin *raptus*, and always spelt *rapt;* so Macbeth, i. 3. 142: "Look, how our partner's *rapt.*"

71. Lines 53, 54:

> *he*
> *Is strange and* PEEVISH.

"He is a foreigner and easily fretted," says Johnson; but *peevish* in Shakespeare's time usually meant childish, silly, and it is in this sense that he generally uses it; Steevens quotes Lilly's Endymion (1591): "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress." It may, however, mean here "childishly wayward, capricious," as in Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 83–86:

> Why should a man . . . . .
> Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
> By being peevish?

72. Line 79: *In himself, 't is much.*—If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable (Malone). Capell has a note to the same effect.

73. Lines 98, 99:

> *discover to me*
> *What both you* SPUR *and* STOP.

Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 185–187:

> now, from the oracle
> They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
> Shall *stop* or *spur* me.

74. Line 104: FIXING *it only here.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Fiering.*

75. Line 105: SLAVER WITH *lips as common as the stairs.*—*Slaver*, to be smeared with spittle (*i.e.* to bear the traces of disgustful kisses); "*with* lips" = *by* lips (Schmidt).

76. Lines 106–108:

> *join gripes with hands*
> *Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as*
> *With labour.*

Hourly falsehood and inconstancy has made these hands incapable of the pressure of true affection, has in fact made them as hard as those of the honest labourer are made by his work: the metaphor is a very forcible one.

77. Lines 108–110:

> *then* BY-PEEPING *in an eye*
> *Base and* ILLUSTRIOUS *as the smoky light*
> *That's fed with stinking tallow.*

The Folio has *by peeping;* the hyphen was inserted by Knight. Ingleby explains the expression as "= peeping, apart from or between the more serious occupations of his debauch," and compares Webster, Cure for a Cuckold, iii. 2. (end):

> Some win by play, and others by *by-betting.*

So in I Henry IV. iii. 3. 84 we have *by-drinkings, i.e.* drinkings between meals. Rolfe less probably interprets, "giving sidelong glances." Rowe printed, "then glad my self *by, peeping*" without the shadow of authority. Johnson conjectured, *lye peeping.*

After much hesitation I have thought it better to retain the Folio reading *illustrious*, in the sense of "wanting lustre." Schmidt compares such forms as *facinerious* (All's Well, ii. 3. 35), *robustious* (Hamlet, iii. 2. 10), and *dexteriously* (Twelfth Night, i. 5. 66). Steevens quotes *lack-lustre eye* from As You Like It, ii. 7. 21. Rowe printed *unlustrous*, followed by most editors; Ingleby, *ill-lustrous.*

78. Lines 113–115:

> *Not I,*
> *Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce*
> *The beggary of his change.*

I do not bring this news, because I felt any pleasure in being the bearer of it.

79. Line 122: *that self* EXHIBITION.—Only used by Shakespeare in this sense, "allowance, pension;" so Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 68, 69:

> What maintenance he from his friends receives
> Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me.

**80.** Lines 123–125: *diseas'd ventures . . . boil'd stuff.*—Those who have gone through the ordeal of "The tub-fast and the diet," Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 85–87 (Ingleby).

**81.** Lines 127, 128:

*and you*
RECOIL *from your great stock.*

Compare Macbeth, iv. 3. 19, 20:

A good and virtuous nature may *recoil*
In an imperial charge;

(*i.e.* degenerate).

**82.** Line 133: *like Diana's* PRIEST, BETWIXT, &c.; *i.e.* Diana's priestess; so Pericles, v. 1. 243:

There, when my maiden *priests* are met together.

Hanmer printed *priestess 'twixt.*

**83.** Line 134: *Whiles he is vaulting variable* RAMPS.—Shakespeare does not use the word *ramp* as a subst. elsewhere. The verb he uses in the participial form *ramping*=rampant, leaping up; hence it is most natural to give the word the sense of *leaps* here—a sense in which it is used by Milton (referred to by Nares), Samson Agonistes, 138, 139:

The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion *ramp.*

Some commentators, however, explain it as meaning a harlot, a use of which Nares quotes three instances.

**84.** Line 147: SOLICIT'ST *here.*—The Folio has *Solicites.* Abbott (Sh. Gr. § 340) says: "In verbs ending with *-t, -test* final in the second person sing. often becomes *-ts* for euphony." So in iii. 3. 103 below the Folio has *refts* for *reft'st.*

**85.** Line 167: *That he enchants societies into him.*—He enchants not only persons, but societies, so that they come within his magic circle (Ingleby).

**86.** Line 169: *He sits 'mongst men like a* DESCENDED *god.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *defended.* Malone compares Hamlet, iii. 4. 58, 59:

A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

**87.** Lines 182–184:

*for it concerns*
*Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,*
*Are partners in the business.*

So Rowe; F. 1 has a colon at *concerns;* Dyce has a comma at *lord,* and explains, "for it concerns your lord, myself, and other noble friends, *who* are partners in the business."

## ACT II. Scene 1.

**88.** Lines 2, 3: *when I* KISS'D THE JACK *upon an up-cast, to be hit away!*—The *jack,* formerly also called the *mistress,* is the small bowl at which the players aim; when a player's bowl lies so close to the jack as to touch it, it is said to "kiss the jack." Cloten had managed to do this, but had been hit away by the bowl of another player. An up-cast is a technical term of the game for the delivery of the bowl. Steevens quotes Rowley, A Woman never Vexed, 1632 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xii. 165): "This city bowler has *kissed the mistress* at first cast."

**89.** Lines 14, 15: *nor* CROP *the ears of them.*—Punning on Cloten's use of *curtail.*

**90.** Line 16: *I* GIVE.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *I gaue.*

**91.** Line 18: *To have* SMELT *like a fool.*—Another pun, on Cloten's *my rank;* Steevens quotes another instance of the same from As You Like It, i. 2. 113, 114:

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my *rank,*—
*Ros.* Thou losest thy old *smell.*

**92.** Lines 25, 26: *You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.*—More wit. Capell suggests a play on *capon,* i.e. *cap on,* meaning with your coxcomb (fool's cap), as the words *with your comb on* certainly imply. It would not do, I suppose, to suggest yet another little joke,—your comb on and your "come on!" Ingleby says Cloten is called a capon merely for his fatness.

**93.** Line 36: *court to-night?*—"Court to night," F. 2; F. 1 "court night."

## ACT II. Scene 2.

**94.**—The Folio has here the curious stage-direction: "*Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*" The bed was pushed on to the stage from behind the curtains at the back.

**95.**—The commentators have been struck with the frequency with which in this scene we are reminded of certain passages in the second act of Macbeth. Ingleby gives the following list of them:—

Line 2: Macbeth, ii. 1. 1–3:

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?
*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

Lines 7–10: Macbeth, ii. 1. 6–9:

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
. . . . . Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Lines 11, 12: Macbeth, ii. 2. 38: "sore labour's bath."

Lines 12–14: Macbeth, ii. 1. 55, 56:

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

Lines 22, 23: Macbeth, ii. 3. 118:

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.

Line 31: Macbeth, ii. 3. 81:

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit.

The resemblances are striking, but they do not warrant any further inference than that for some reason or other, such as a recent perusal or performance of the play, the second act of Macbeth was fresh in the author's mind at the time the present scene was written.

**96.** Lines 12, 13:

*Our Tarquin thus*
*Did softly press the* RUSHES.

Shakespeare has transferred to Rome the custom of strewing floors with rushes, which prevailed in his own day. Steevens quotes the same anachronism from The Rape of Lucrece, 318:

He takes it [a glove] from the *rushes* where it lies.

97. Line 18: *How dearly they* DO'T!—*Do't* is a common expression of the day, and may mean anything; *i.e.* do what they are doing, which in this case is *kiss each other,* as closed lips always do (Ingleby).

98. Lines 22, 23:

*Under these* WINDOWS, *white and azure, lac'd*
*With blue of heaven's own tinct.*

Shakespeare several times applies the term *windows* to eyelids; thus, Venus and Adonis, 482:

Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth.

For the colour Steevens aptly quotes Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 120, 121:

violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

Imogen's pale blue eyelids are laced with veins of darker blue.

99. Lines 48, 49:

*Swift, swift, you* DRAGONS OF THE NIGHT, *that dawning*
*May* BARE THE RAVEN'S EYE!

F. 1 has *beare; bare* was first conjectured by Theobald, as an improvement on Pope's *ope.* Theobald, however, retained *bear* in his text, and defends it as follows: "For the Dawn to *bear the Raven's Eye*, is, as Mr. *Warburton* ingeniously observ'd to me, a very grand and poetical Expression. It is a Metaphor borrow'd from *Heraldry;* as, again, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing.*

*So that if he have Wit enough to keep himself warm, let him* bear *it for a difference between himself and his Horse.*

That the Dawn should *bear the Raven's Eye*, means, that It should rise and shew That Colour. Now the Raven's Eye is remarkably *grey:* and *grey-ey'd,* 't is known, is the Epithet universally join'd to the Morning" (ed. 1733, vol. vi. p. 371). Hanmer printed *bare its raven-eye;* Steevens, *bare the raven's eye,* as in the text. But why the *raven's eye?* Heath replies that the raven is a very early bird; this I believe is correct, but the raven is now a *rara avis* in England, and its habits are not so familiar as they must have been in Shakespeare's time. For *dragons of the night* see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 205.

100. Line 51: *One, two three,—Time, time!*—Malone complains of the inconsistency of the notes of time in this scene: "Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her it was *almost midnight.* Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes." But as Mr. P. A. Daniel observes: "Stage time is not measured by the glass, and to an expectant audience the awful pause between the falling asleep of Imogen and the stealthy opening of trunk from which Iachimo issues would be note and mark of time enough" (New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1877-79, p. 242, note). *Time, time!* as Ingleby remarks, means that "four" has struck, the hour at which Helen was to call her mistress.

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

101. Lines 13, 14: *they say it will* PENETRATE.—It may be noticed that this word, and its congeners *penetrable* and *penetrative,* are always used figuratively in Shakespeare, *i.e.* with reference to the feelings.

102. Line 21: *Hark, hark! the* LARK *at* HEAVEN'S GATE *sings.*—Steevens quotes Sonnet xxix. 11, 12:

Like to the *lark* at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at *heaven's gate;*

and Reed, Lilly, Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes (printed 1584):

who is 't now we hear;
None but the *lark* so shrill and clear;
Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark.

103. Lines 23, 24:

*His steeds to water at those springs*
*On chalic'd flowers that* LIES.

It is hardly necessary to explain that this refers to the sun's drinking up the early dew on the flowers. *Lies* for *lie* may be an instance of the singular verb following a relative, although the antecedent is in the plural; see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 247; but compare § 333, where the theory of a third person plural in *-s* is advocated, "which may well have arisen from the northern E. E. third person plural in *-s.*" Whatever the truth may be, there is no doubt that this apparent solecism is very common in the Folio; thus in iii. 3. 27-29 we find:

we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor *knowes* not
What Ayre's from home;

and in iv. 2. 35:

Th' emperious Seas *breeds* Monsters.

Steevens quotes Venus and Adonis, 1127, 1128:

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness *lies;*

here, as in the text, *lies* is required by the rhyme.

104. Lines 25, 26:

*And winking* MARY-BUDS *begin*
*To ope their golden eyes*

Mr. Ellacombe (Plant-Lore and Garden-craft of Shakespeare, p. 120) identifies the *Mary-bud* with the garden marigold (*Calendula officinalis*): "The two properties of the Marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers."

105. Line 27: *With every thing that pretty* IS.—Hanmer unnecessarily altered *is* to *bin* for the sake of a rhyme.

106. Lines 32, 33: *if it do not, it is a* VICE *in her ears.*—So Rowe; the Folio has *voyce.* Ingleby notes that the same misprint occurs in Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 81, where F. 1 has:

There is no *voice* so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts.

107. Line 34: *calves'-guts.*—Altered by many editors to *cat's-guts* or *cat-guts;* but see A. Smythe Palmer, Folk-Etymology, p. 54: "CATGUT, the technical name for the material of which the strings of the guitar, harp, &c. are made. It is really manufactured from *sheep*-gut (*vide* Chappell's History of Music, vol. i. p. 26)."

108. Line 35: *amend.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *amed.*

109. Line 44: *I have assail'd her with* MUSICS.—Altered

by most editors to *music;* but compare All 's Well, iii. 7. 39, 40:

> Every night he comes
> With *musics* of all sorts.

110. Line 52: *To orderly* SOLICITS.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *solicity.* Sidney Walker quotes Shirley, Arcadia, v. ii. (Gifford and Dyce, vol. vi. p. 245):

> tir'd with his *solicits*
> I had no time to perfect my desires
> With his fair daughter.

111. Line 64: *his goodness forespent on us; i.e.* his kindness having been previously bestowed on us.

112. Lines 73–75:

> *yea, and makes*
> *Diana's rangers* FALSE *themselves, yield up*
> *Their deer to the* STAND O' THE STEALER.

Editors have followed Steevens' suggestion that *false* is a verb here; see Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 95, and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 182, with Mr. Marshall's notes; but it may very well be an adjective as usual: Diana's nymphs are false, if they are untrue to their mistress and her principles. The *stand o' the stealer* is the position the poacher takes up to shoot the deer as they pass.

113. Lines 102, 103:

> *one of your great knowing*
> *Should learn, being taught, forbearance.*

A man of your experience should have the sense to learn forbearance when he is taught it.

114. Line 106:

> Imo. *Fools* CURE *not mad folks.*
> Clo. *Do you call me fool?*

The Folio has "Fooles *are* not mad Folkes." Theobald, to whom the correction is due, remarks, "But does she really call him Fool? The soundest Logician would be puzzled to find it out, as the [Folio] Text stands. The reasoning is perplex'd in a slight Corruption; and we must restore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewise saw, *Fools* cure *not mad folks.*"

115. Lines 110, 111:

> *You put me to forget a lady's manners,*
> *By being so verbal.*

You make me so far forget a lady's manners as to speak out in plain words what is generally left to be understood by implication.

116. Lines 114, 115:

> *And me so near the lack of charity,—*
> *To accuse myself,—I hate you.*

Imogen is accusing herself in telling Cloten that she is so uncharitable as to hate him (Ingleby).

117. Line 126: *and must not* FOIL.—The Folio has *'foyle* with the point inverted: Ingleby thinks that this may be an error for 'fyle or 'file = defile. But *foil* in the sense of *defeat* is common, and this may be a figurative use: compare Pass. Pilgrim, 99:

> She framed the love, and yet she *foil'd* the framing;

and in Othello, i. 3. 270, where the Folio has *seel* the Quartos have *foyles.* Hanmer, followed by most, if not all, subsequent editors, printed *soil.* So in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 24 the *foyles* (=blemishes) of the Folio has been changed into *soils.*

118. Lines 130, 131:

> *Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more*
> *But what thou art besides;*

*i.e.* and at the same time no better man than you are at present.

119. Lines 133–135:

> *if 't were made*
> *Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd*
> *The under-hangman of his kingdom.*

If the post of under-hangman was considered an adequate recognition of your virtues in comparison with his.

120. Lines 138–141:

> *His meanest garment,*
> *That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer*
> *In my respect than all the hairs above thee,*
> *Were they all made such men.*

That seems to mean, that she respects her husband's meanest garment more than the lives of a thousand Clotens (Ingleby).

121. Line 142: "*His* GARMENT!"—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Garments.*

122. Line 146: *too casually.*—"By an accident," says Schmidt, "to which it ought not to have been exposed, and which is a reproach to me."

123. Line 149: *Of any* KING'S.—So Rowe, ed. 2; F. 1 has *Kings.*

124. Lines 158, 159:

> *She 's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,*
> *But the worst of me.*

That is, as Ingleby explains, how deeply I detest the thought of my union with you.

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

125. Line 6: *in these* FEAR'D HOPES.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *hope.* For the use of the adjective compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 97, 98:

> Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
> To a most dangerous sea;

*i.e.* full of guile; and Schmidt, Shaks. Lex. p. 1417. Dyce, following a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's in his copy of the second Folio now in the British Museum, printed "these *sear'd* hopes;" and so the Globe. Knight made the same alteration.

126. Line 18: *The* LEGIONS *now in Gallia.*—Theobald's correction of the *Legion* of the Folio.

127. Lines 23, 24:

> *their discipline*
> *Now* MINGLED *with their courages.*

So F. 2; F. 1 has "*wing-led* with."

128. Line 37: PHI.—So Capell. The Folio gives this speech to *Posthumus.*

129. Lines 41, 42:

> *If I* HAVE *lost it,*
> *I should have lost the worth of it in gold.*

To make the sentence regular Dyce printed "If I *had* lost it," but see Abbott, §371: "The consequent does not always answer to the antecedent in mood or tense." Iachimo means *If I* HAVE *lost it* (as you seem to be so certain I have).

130. Lines 58–61:

*if not, the foul opinion*
*You had of her pure honour gains or loses*
*Your sword or mine, or masterless* LEAVES *both*
*To who shall find them.*

This is another of those passages which defy logical analysis, although the general sense is clear enough. Posthumus of course means that in the duel *à l'outrance*, by which Iachimo's foul opinion of his lady must be expiated, one of them will be killed or both: one of them in fact will gain the sword of the other, or leave both swords on the field, for the first comer to pick up. *Leaves* is Rowe's correction for *leaue* of F. 1.

131. Lines 82, 83:

*never saw I figures*
*So likely to report themselves;*

*i.e.* to speak, and tell us who they were. Compare Timon of Athens, i. 1. 30–34, where a portrait is thus commended:

Admirable: how this grace
*Speaks his own standing!* . . . to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

132. Lines 83–85:

*the cutter*
*Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,*
*Motion and breath left out.*

The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb;* he gave everything that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech* (Johnson).

133. Lines 107, 108:

*It is a basilisk unto mine eye,*
*Kills me to look on't.*

See II. Henry VI. note 185. For the *basilisk* or cockatrice the reader may perhaps be gratified by the following quotation from Chambers's Encyclopædia (ed. 1888, vol. i. p. 775), where an engraving of the creature may be seen. "The fabulous BASILISK . . . was by ancient and medieval authors believed to be hatched by a serpent from an egg laid by a cock. It inhabited the deserts of Africa, and, indeed, could inhabit only a desert, for its breath burned up all vegetation; the flesh fell from the bones of any animal with which it came in contact, and its very look was fatal to life; but brave men could venture into cautious contest with it by the use of a mirror, which reflected back its deadly glance upon itself. Trevisa calls it the 'king of serpents that with smile and sight slayeth beasts.' It is described as about a foot long, with a black and yellow skin, and fiery red eyes; and its blood was supposed to be of great value to magicians. The weasel alone could contend with it, curing and reinvigorating itself during the combat by eating rue."

134. Line 116: *Who knows if one* OF *her women.*—So F. 2; F. 1 omits *of*.

135. Line 135: *Worthy the pressing.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has "*her* pressing," which Capell defends as "a very delicate compliment."

## ACT II. SCENE 5.

136. Line 13: *As chaste as unsunn'd snow.*—New-fallen snow has a purity of whiteness which it soon loses after exposure to the sun's rays (Ingleby).

137. Line 16: *Like a full-acorn'd boar, a* GERMAN *one.*—*German* in F. 1 and F. 2 is spelt *I armen;* in F. 3 and F. 4 *Jarmen*. The forests of Germany were, and in some parts still are, famous for their wild boars.

138. Line 25: *change of* PRIDES.—For *pride*, in the sense of extravagance, compare Lucrece, 862–864:

So then he hath it [gold] when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their *pride* do presently abuse it.

Sumptuous dresses, to which Ingleby thinks the *prides* refer, would of course be included in their extravagances.

139. Line 27: *All faults that may be nam'd.*—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has "All Faults that name." Dyce conjectured (but did not print in his text) "All faults that have a name;" and Sidney Walker, "All faults that *man can* (or *may*) name."

140. Line 32: *I 'll* WRITE *against them.*—I will take up my testimony against them, protest against them (*not*, write a treatise against them!); in this sense *write*=subscribe, as in Merry Wives, i. 1. 9: "who *writes* himself armigero." Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 57:

Out on thy seeming! I will *write* against it.

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

141. Line 5: *Cassibelan, thine* UNCLE.—Cassibelan was the youngest brother of Lud, the grandfather of Cymbeline, and was therefore Cymbeline's *great-uncle:* see note on Dramatis Personæ.

142. Lines 6, 7:

*Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less*
*Than in his feats deserving it.*

Not at all less famous in the praises Cæsar bestowed on him than his exploits deserved.

143. Line 14: *For wearing our own noses.*—Ingleby thinks the allusion is to contrast between the British and Roman noses, the snub and the crook,—a subject to which Cloten returns (line 37): "other of them may have *crook'd* noses."

144. Line 18: *The natural* BRAVERY *of your isle.*—According to Schmidt *bravery* here means "state of defiance," as in Othello, i. 1. 100, 101:

Upon malicious *bravery*, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

If this is not the meaning, it must be equivalent to "splendour," "strength," as in Sonnet xxxiv. the sun is spoken of as hiding his *bravery* in smoke.

145. Line 20: *With* ROCKS *unscalable.*—So Hanmer; F. 1 has *Oakes*.

146. Line 27: *Poor ignorant baubles!*—*Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas (Johnson).

**147.** Lines 30, 31:

*The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—*
*. . . to master Cæsar's sword.*

Malone points out that Shakespeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an incident which Holinshed relates of his brother Nenius (Historie of England, book iii. chap. xiii.): "The same [British] historie also maketh mention of one Belinus that was generall of Cassibellanes armie, and likewise of Nenius brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cesar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cesar stroke at him."

**148.** Line 32: *Made Lud's-town with rejoicing fires bright.*—Holinshed (iii. xvi.) says that "after his [Cæsar's] comming a land, he was vanquished in battell, and constrained to flee into Gallia with those ships that remained. For ioy of this second victorie (saith Galfrid) Cassibellane made a great feast at London, and there did sacrifice to the gods."

**149.** Lines 53, 54:

*a warlike people, whom we reckon*
*Ourselves to be*
Clo. AND LORDS. *We do.*
Cym. *Say then to Cæsar.*

Thus the Globe editors. Dyce omits *and Lords*, following Collier's MS. The Folio assigns the whole to Cymbeline, and has:

Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Cæsar.*

Ingleby prints, "be. We do! say."

**150.** Lines 60, 61:

*Who was the first of Britain which did put*
*His brows within a golden crown.*

The title of the 1st chapter of book iii. of Holinshed's England is: "Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crowne, his lawes, his foundations, with other his acts and deeds." Holinshed in this chapter says of Mulmucius: "He also made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called Mulmucius lawes. . . . After he had established his land, and set his Britains in good and convenient order, he ordeined him by the advise of his lords a crowne of golde, and caused himselfe with greate solemnitie to be crowned, according to the custom of the pagan lawes then in use: and bicause he was the first that bare a crowne heere in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

**151.** Lines 72, 73:

*Which he to seek of me again, perforce,*
*Behoves me keep* AT UTTERANCE.

Which honour, he seeking to get from me again, it perforce becomes me to keep *à outrance*, at the extremest point of defiance, *i.e.* ready to defend to the uttermost. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 71, 72:

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' *utterance!*

This is certainly the most natural explanation. Ingleby, however, who says the phrase admits of no doubt, explains *at utterance* as = ready to be put out, or staked, like money at interest, and, therefore, ready to be championed and fought for; *utterance* being a word used to express the putting out of money to interest.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

**152.** Line 2: *What monster's her* ACCUSER?—This is Capell's correction, although, as usual, the later eighteenth-century editors did not give him the credit of it. The Folios have, "What Monsters her *accuse.*"

**153.** Line 5: *As poisonous-tongu'd as handed.*—Whose speech is as ready to slander as his hands to administer poison (Ingleby). Hunter (New Illustrations, ii. 293) remarks that a great opinion prevailed in England in Elizabeth's time of the skill possessed by the Italians in the art of poisoning.

**154.** Lines 7–9:

*and* UNDERGOES,
*More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults*
*As would* TAKE IN *some virtue.*

Ingleby illustrates *undergo* in this sense from John Davies of Hereford, Witte's Pilgrimage, No. 17 (Grosart, ii. p. 24):

And then though Atlas on him Heav'n impose,
He that huge Burden, staidly *undergoes.*

To *take in*, it may be necessary to remind the modern reader, had not yet arrived at our familiar colloquial sense, but means to conquer, subdue, as towns or kingdoms; for instance, Coriolanus, i. 2. 24: "To *take in* many towns;" we have it again in iv. 2. 120, 121, below:

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he'd *take us in.*

**155.** Lines 10, 11:

*Thy mind to her is now as low as were*
*Thy fortunes.*

As compared to her, thy mind is now as low as thy fortunes were in comparison with her rank.

**156.** Line 17: [Reading] "*Do't: the letter*, &c.—We have here in verse the substance of what is given afterwards in prose (iii. 4. 21–33), when the letter is read at length. Malone remarks that this is one of the proofs that Shakespeare did not contemplate the publication of his plays, for an inaccuracy which might easily escape the spectator could hardly fail to be noticed by an attentive reader.

**157.** Lines 20, 21:

*Senseless bauble,*
*Art thou a* FEDARY *for this act.*

A *fedary* is a confederate, accomplice, from the Latin *fœdus;* it occurs again in a difficult passage of Measure for Measure, see that play, note 105; and in The Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 89, 90, we have the variant *federary:*

More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A *federary* with her.

**158.** Line 23: *I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.*—I must appear as if these instructions had not been sent to me (Hunter).

**159.** Lines 35–39:

*bless'd be*
*You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,*
*And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:*

*Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet*
*You clasp young Cupid's tables.*

The bees are not blessed by the man who, forfeiting a bond, is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters (Steevens). The bees are said to cast forfeiters into prison, because the wax seal was an essential part of the bond forfeited or broken.

160. Lines 40–43: *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me,* AS *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*—I take this to mean,—your father could not do me so much harm by his cruelty, as you would do me good by a sight of you. Capell inserted *not* after *would* "to make the sentence grammatical;" Malone, who agreed with Capell, interpreted, "but that you, O dearest of creatures, would be able to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you;" Knight changed "*as* you" to "*an* you;" the Folio has a colon at *you;* and Ingleby explains, "Justice and your father's wrath, &c., are not capable of as much cruelty to me as yourself, for you can refuse to meet me," and suggests that the relative *who* should be understood immediately before *would.*

161. Lines 64–66:

*and for the gap*
*That we shall make in time,* FROM *our hence-going*
AND *our return;*

*i.e.* from our hence-going *to* our return; the one preposition *from* has to serve for both objects, though in sense it belongs only to the first. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 240, 241:

He cannot temperately transport his honours
*From* where he should begin and end;

*i.e.* from where he should begin to where he should end.

162. Line 69: *How many* SCORE *of miles may we well* RIDE.—So F. 2; F. 1 has "How many *store* of Miles may we well *rid.*"

163. Lines 80, 81:

*I see before me, man: nor here,* NOR *here,*
*Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them.*

I see the course that lies before me: no other whether here or there, nor what may follow, but is doubtful or obscure (Rolfe). For "nor here, *nor* here," F. 1 has "nor heere, *not* heere;" corrected in F. 2.

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

164. Line 2: STOOP, *boys.*—Hanmer's certain conjecture. F. 1 has "*Sleepe* Boyes."

165. Lines 5, 6:

*that giants may* JET *through*
*And keep their impious turbans on.*

The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen (Johnson). For *jet,* see Twelfth Night, note 136.

166. Lines 16, 17:

*This service is not service, so being done,*
*But being so allow'd.*

The doer of any particular service does not gain credit because he acted from good motives, but because he has happened to win the approval of the great.

167. Line 20: *The sharded beetle.*—The elytra or wing-cases of the beetle were termed *shards;* thus, Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 20:

They are his *shards,* and he their *beetle.*

168. Line 22: *attending for a check.*—Doing service only to get a rebuke for it (Rolfe).

169. Line 23: *Richer than doing nothing for a* BABE.—All the emendations proposed being more or less unsatisfactory, I have retained the reading of the Folio, although it cannot be said that the sense is satisfactory: "doing nothing for a *babe*" perhaps means, dangling about in attendance on a youthful prince, and Belarius says that he is more truly rich than if such were his occupation. Steevens suggested that the words referred to the custom of wardship; since court favourites were often intrusted with the guardianship of wealthy infants, and while they administered the estates of the orphans they often did nothing for their education; but this is a very forced interpretation. Capell says *babe*=bauble, *i.e.* a title "the too frequent reward of worthless services;" and Malone, a puppet or plaything, to gain which the courtier wastes his time. As to the extension of the meaning of *babe,* it should be remembered that in legal phraseology an *infant* is any person under the age of twenty-one. Rowe altered *babe* to *bauble,* and he is followed by the Cambridge editors; Hanmer, followed by Knight, Dyce, and others, printed *bribe,* which is explained to mean "such a life of activity is richer than that of the bribed courtier, even though he pocket his bribe without rendering any return." This again is rather elaborate.

170. Lines 25, 26:

*Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,*
*Yet keeps his book uncross'd.*

Such fellows are saluted by their tailor, although they have not paid him, and he has therefore not crossed their debt out of his ledger. "Makes *'em*" is Capell's reading; the Folio has "makes *him.*"

171. Line 28: *nor* KNOW *not.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *knowes.*

172. Line 34: *A prison* FOR *a debtor.*—So Pope. F. 1 has "A Prison, *or* a Debtor."

173. Lines 42, 43:

*our cage*
*We make a* QUIRE.

Here of course the *quire* is the place; elsewhere in Shakespeare it means the company of singers or players.

174. Line 51: *I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search.*—As Ingleby remarks, it is the fame and honour which dies in the search, though the grammatical antecedent is *the name.* Most editors put a semicolon at *honour,* as if *which* referred to "the toil o' the war," line 49.

175. Line 83: *I' the cave* WHEREIN THEY BOW.—Warburton's emendation; the Folio has *whereon the Bowe.*

176. Line 86: *This* POLYDORE.—Misspelt *Paladour* here in the Folio, which elsewhere spells *Polidore.*

177. Line 103: *reft'st.*—See note 84 on i. 6. 147.

178. Line 105: *to her grave.*—See note 18 on i. 1. 117, 118.

## ACT III. Scene 4.

179. Lines 12, 13:

*If't be summer news,*
*Smile to't before.*

Steevens compares Sonnet xcviii. 5–7:

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any *summer's story* tell.

180. Line 39: *kings, queens, and* STATES.—According to Johnson *states* here signifies persons of the highest rank, a meaning it often bears.

181. Lines 51, 52:

*Some* JAY *of Italy,*
WHOSE MOTHER WAS HER PAINTING, *hath betray'd him.*

She owed all she had to boast of to painting, this was to her as a mother is to a virtuous woman; or, as Johnson explains it, she was "the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may not improperly be termed her *mother*," or as Ingleby says, "The courtesan had no mother-qualities but such as administered to her vicious calling." The expression is well illustrated by iv. 2. 81–83 below:

*Clo.* Know'st me not by my clothes?
*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

In Henry V. iv. 6. 31, 32, on the other hand, the mother-qualities are tenderness and sympathy:

And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

Compare also Lear, ii. 4. 57, 58. The Cambridge editors, in note v. to this play, explain "whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade of seduction," an interpretation resting upon a passage in Middleton, A Mad World, my Masters, i. 1:

See here she comes,
The close courtezan, whose *mother is her bawd;*

but, as Ingleby remarks, by no ingenuity is it possible to make "whose mother was her painting" mean "whose mother was her bawd." Hanmer changed *mother* to *feathers*, and the Collier MS. gave the ingenious emendation "who smothers her with painting," against which Mr. Halliwell-Phillips put forth a pamphlet (A Few Remarks on the Emendation, "Who smothers her with painting," in the play of Cymbeline, &c., 1852). For *jay*= harlot, compare Merry Wives iii. 3. 44: "we'll teach him to know turtles from *jays*."

182. Lines 54, 55:

*And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,*
*I must be ripp'd.*

Because I am a garment too valuable to be hung up on the wall and neglected, I must be ripped up (slain). Steevens has an interesting note to the effect that in old times clothes which had gone out of use were not given away, but hung up in a room devoted to the purpose, and while articles of inferior quality were left to go to pieces, the richer ones were ripped up for domestic uses: "when a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half. . . . When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts."

183. Lines 60–62:

*True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,*
*Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping*
*Did scandal many a holy tear.*

The faithlessness of Æneas made people so suspicious in his day that every honest man was thought to be as false as he was. The epithet of course alludes to his desertion of Dido. For Sinon and his weeping, see the Æneid, book ii., especially lines 195–198:

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis
Credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

184. Lines 63, 64:

*so thou, Posthúmus,*
*Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men.*

Wilt infect and corrupt their good name (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass), and wilt render them suspected (Upton). Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 29, 30:

some habit, that too much *o'er-leavens*
The form of plausive manners.

185. Line 81: *Something's* AFORE'T.—So Rowe; F. 1 has *a-foot.*

186. Line 82: *Obedient as the scabbard.*—That is, if you stab me, my bosom shall offer no more resistance to the sword than would the scabbard (Ingleby).

187. Lines 89–91:

*Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthúmus,*
*That didst set up*
*My disobedience 'gainst the king my father.*

The Folio arranges these lines unmetrically, as follows:

Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus,*
That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, &c.

I have followed Ingleby's arrangement, who thinks that something has fallen out after *set up*, since Imogen accuses Posthumus of having occasioned her disobedience, without first stating that he had won her affections, and so wrought upon her as to set her in rebellion to her father. Capell, followed by most editors, inserted a second *thou*, and printed:

Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou Posthumus, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience, &c.

188. Line 92: *And* MAKE *me put.*—So Malone: F. 1 has *makes.*

189. Line 95: *A* STRAIN *of rareness.*—Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 213, 214:

praise his most vicious *strain*,
And call it excellent.

190. Lines 96, 97:

*when thou shalt be disedg'd by her*
*That now thou* TIR'ST *on.*

To *tire* was a word used of birds of prey, meaning to seize and feed ravenously; see III. Henry VI. note 76. For the figurative use compare Timon of Athens, iii. 6. 4, 5: "Upon that were my thoughts *tiring* when we encounter'd."

191. Line 104: *I'll* WAKE *mine eyeballs* BLIND *first.*—The word *blind* is not in the Folio, and was inserted by Hanmer. Compare The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. x. p. 102), quoted by Steevens:

A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*
An old man's eyes blood-shot.

Johnson conjectured, "I'll wake mine eyeballs *out* first," in support of which Steevens quotes The Bugbears (MS. Lands, 807):

I doubte
Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche* my eyes oute;

Middleton, Roaring Girl, 1611, "I'll ride to Oxford and *watch* out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak."

192. Line 111: *To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy* STAND.—*Stand* is used in the same sense as in ii. 3. 75 above; see note 112.

193. Lines 112, 113:

*But to win time*
*To lose so bad employment.*

It might be asked, why did Pisanio allow Imogen to leave the court at all on what he knew was a fool's errand? The answer of course is that as he had to send his master proof of Imogen's death, it was necessary to devise some means for getting her safely out of the way.

194. Line 118: *Nor* TENT *to bottom that.*—For *tent* compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 625–627:

I'll observe his looks;
I'll *tent* him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course;

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 15–17:

but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the *tent* that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

195. Line 135: *With that harsh, nothing noble, simple nothing.*—This is Ingleby's admirable conjecture. The Folio has defectively:

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing;

but unless in irony, which would be strained after the word *harsh*, Imogen would certainly not call Cloten noble. Theobald printed:

With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing, *Cloten;*

and so Capell and Dyce. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson conjectures:

With that harsh, ignoble noble, simple nothing.

196. Lines 140–142:

*I' the world's volume*
*Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;*
*In a great pool a swan's nest.*

Britain seems to belong to the world's volume, but hardly to be *in* it; it is divided from it by its position in the ocean, like a swan's nest in a great pool is divided from the land. Ingleby says, "Mr. P. A. Daniel speciously proposes to transpose 'of it' and 'in 't;' as if the following line repeated the same thought in a metaphor. But the 'great pool' stands for the ocean, and not for the world. Britain is 'in the world's volume,' but *seems* not to be so, being *divisa toto orbe* by the sea, as a swan's nest in a great pool is divided from the land."

197. Lines 146, 147:

*now, if you could wear a* MIND
DARK *as your fortune is.*

To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind* is *secrecy;* applied to the *fortune* is *obscurity* (Johnson).

198. Lines 149, 150:

*you should tread a course*
*Pretty and* FULL OF VIEW.

Does *full of view* mean commanding a good prospect, having a good look-out, as we say ("affording fair prospect of turning out happily"—Capell), or enabling you to see and observe ("with opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes"—Johnson)? The Globe marks line 150 as corrupt.

199. Line 160: *Woman* IT *pretty self.*—*It* here is the older form of *its;* which latter crept into English near the end of the sixteenth century. The possessive *it* is usual in the early Quartos, and is found sixteen times in F. 1, viz. in eleven plays, in five of which it occurs twice . . . The possessive *its* . . . occurs ten times in Shakespeare; but not once in King James's Bible (1611), where *his*, as in F. 1, commonly does duty for the possessive of *it* (Ingleby).

200. Line 162: *As quarrelous as the weasel.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 81, 82:

A *weasel* hath not such a deal of *spleen*
As you are toss'd with.

201. Line 164: *but, O, the harder heart!*—Johnson and Capell refer the heart to Posthumus, but more probably it is Pisanio's own heart that he apostrophizes, as too hard applying such language to Imogen.

202. Lines 177, 178:

*which* YOU'LL *make him know,*
*If that his head have ear in music.*

So Hanmer. F. 1 has "which *will* make him know," &c., a reading which Ingleby retains, explaining, "which will make him know whether he has an ear for music."

203. Lines 184–187:

*but we'll even*
*All that good time will give us: this attempt*
I'M SOLDIER TO, *and will* ABIDE *it with*
*A prince's courage.*

We will keep pace with the time, and profit by all the advantage it gives us; I have enlisted myself like a soldier in this enterprise, and will undergo it with the courage befitting my birth. This is Warburton's explanation of *I'm soldier to*, and is much preferable to Malone's and

Steevens' "I am equal to this attempt, I am up to it." For *abide*=undergo, compare i. 1. 89, 90:

> And I shall here *abide* the hourly shot
> Of angry eyes.

## ACT III. Scene 5.

204. Line 7: *So, sir: I desire of you.*—This is the pointing of the Folio. Dyce follows Capell in pointing, "So sir, I desire of you."

205. Line 9:

> *Madam, all joy befall your grace!*
> Queen. *And you!*

This is the arrangement of the Globe. The Folio has:

> Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.

Dyce, "with some hesitation," adopts Capell's emendation, "your grace, and *yours!*" Ingleby suggests that *sir* has fallen out at the end of the line, in which case *you* will of course refer to Cymbeline.

206. Line 32: *she* LOOKS US *like.*—So Johnson. F. 1 has "she *looke* vs like;" F. 2, "she lookes *as* like."

207. Line 35: *We've been too* SLIGHT *in sufferance.*—Cymbeline means he has taken his daughter's conduct too lightly (F. 2 has *light* for *slight*), has been too negligent; compare Timon of Athens, ii. 1. 16, 17:

> be not ceas'd
> With *slight* denial.

208. Line 40: *words are* STROKES.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *stroke*; , — .

209. Line 44: *That will be given to the* LOUDEST *noise we make.*—So the Globe. F. 1 has "to' th' *lowd of* noise;" Rowe, "to th' *loudest* noise;" Capell, "to the *loud'st of* noise."

210. Lines 50, 51:

> *but our great court*
> *Made me to blame in memory.*

Our important court business (with the Roman ambassador) made me forget it (Rolfe).

211. Line 72: *Than lady, ladies, woman.*—An elliptical climax, =(as Johnson explains) than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind. Tollet compares All 's Well, ii. 3. 202: "To any count,—to all counts,—to what is man."

212. Lines 73, 74:

> *and she, of all compounded,*
> OUTSELLS *them all.*

Compare ii. 4. 102 above:

> Her pretty action did *outsell* her gift.

213. Line 80: *What, are you packing, sirrah?*—In the foot-note I have explained *packing* in its commonest sense, *i.e.* running away; perhaps, however, it means *plotting*, as in Taming of the Shrew, v. 1. 121: "Here's *packing* . . . to deceive us all!"

214. Line 101: *Or this, or perish.*—I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury (Malone).

215. Lines 144, 145: *my speech of* INSULTMENT *ended on his dead body.*—The word *insultment* (spelt *insulment* in F. 1, *insultment* in F. 2) does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, and *insult* as a substantive does not occur at all; *insult* as a verb is common enough, but always with the idea of exulting or triumphing as a victor over an enemy.

## ACT III. Scene 6.

216. Lines 7, 8:

> FOUNDATIONS *fly the wretched; such, I mean,*
> *Where they should be reliev'd.*

Places though as fixed as a haven, such as Milford, seem to fly away from the wretched who look for rest and relief in them. Schmidt is perhaps right in seeing a pun on *foundation* in the sense of a charitable establishment.

217. Lines 12, 13:

> *to* LAPSE *in fulness*
> *Is sorer than to lie for need.*

The verb *lapse* seems to have been specially used of the sin of lying; thus Coriolanus, v. 2. 17–19:

> For I have ever verified my friends—
> Of whom he 's chief—with all the size that verity
> Would without *lapsing* suffer.

218. Lines 21, 22:

> HARDNESS *ever*
> *Of hardiness is mother*

For *hardness*, in the sense of hardship, compare Othello, i. 3. 232–234:

> I do agnize
> A natural and prompt alacrity
> I find in *hardness.*

In v. 5. 431 below, the word has its usual sense of *difficulty.*

219. Lines 23, 24:

> *If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,*
> TAKE OR LEND.

The difficult words *take or lend* seem to mean, as Johnson explained them, take what I have to give for what I want, or *lend* it to me for future payment. Malone supports this interpretation by what Imogen says below, lines 47, 48:

> Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
> T' have begg'd or *bought what I have took.*

Ingleby suggests that *lend* has its common meaning of afford, grant, as in "*lend* me your ear," "*lend* me an arm;" but in this sense the verb is not used absolutely. It should be added that Johnson wished to make *take or lend* and *speak* change places. Schmidt proposes, "take or leave, *i.e.* destroy me or let me live;" but this will hardly commend itself to the student.

220. Line 27: *Such a foe, good heavens!*—Pope, and even Theobald, read, "Grant such a foe," which may be the meaning; perhaps, however, Imogen means, "Such a (harmless) foe as I am!" Capell has:

> Such a foe, *ye* good heavens!

The Folio begins *Scena Septima* here (after line 27), and our scene 7 is *Scena Octaua.*

221. Line 28: *You, Polydore, have prov'd best* WOODMAN.—Steevens points out that the common meaning of *woodman* was a hunter. Compare Lucrece, 580, 581:

> He is no *woodman* that doth bend his bow
> To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

222. Lines 34, 35:

*when* RESTY *sloth*
*Finds the down-pillow hard.*

The word *resty* has been misunderstood by Schmidt, who explains it "stiff with too much rest," as if it came from *rest*=repose. In point of fact it is a variant of *restive*, a form which does not occur in Shakespeare, and is derived from the French *rester*, to remain (Eng. *rest*=to remain, be left over, a distinct word from *rest*=repose), the meaning being, as Johnson gives it in his dictionary, "obstinate in standing still," that is, stubborn, refusing to move (Cotgrave has *restif*, restie, stubborn, drawing backward); and this meaning suits the other two passages in which Shakespeare uses the word, viz. Sonnet c. 9:

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey;

and Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 261–263, Quarto 1609:

A Prince calld *Hector* . . .
Who in his dull and long continued truce,
Is *restie* growne: (The Folio has *rusty*.)

as well as the passage referred to by Schmidt in Edward III. iii. 3. 159–162:

Such as, but scant them of their chines of beefe
And take awaie their downie featherbeds,
And presently they are as *resty*-stiffe,
As twere a many overridden iades:

and the following, quoted by Ingleby, "I hope he is better than a *resty* Iade that will not stir out of the stable."—Nicholas Breton, The Court and the Country, 1618 (Grosart, I, *u.* 9). So here "*resty* sloth" must=stubborn or lazy sloth, sloth which will not take the exercise necessary to enable it to "snore upon a flint." Nowadays we have confused *restive with restless*, but this seems to be quite a modern mistake, otherwise it would serve to explain our passage admirably.

223. Line 36: *Poor* HOUSE, *that* KEEP'ST THYSELF!—The best commentary on this line is As You Like It, iv. 3. 82, 83:

But at this hour *the house doth keep itself;*
There 's none within.

224. Lines 69–71:

*Were you a woman, youth,*
*I should woo hard* BUT *be your groom in honesty:*
*I bid for you as I do buy.*

If you were a woman, I should woo hard to be (at any rate) your servant in an honourable way: I bid for your friendship on the same terms as I offer mine,—I hope to get as much as I give. The force of *but* is more easily appreciated than explained; perhaps the best suggestion is that of Dr. Abbott (Sh. Gr. § 126), that there is a confusion with the phrase, "It would go hard with me but . . ." Most modern editors remove the colon after "in honesty" and connect the words with the following line in the sense "in truth."

225. Lines 76–79:

*Would it had been so, that they*
*Had been my father's sons! then had my* PRIZE
*Been less; and so more equal ballasting*
*To thee, Posthúmus.*

If they had been really my brothers I should not have been the heir, and Posthumus would not have captured so valuable a prize in me, for my freight would have been less, and more of a counterbalance to his. Schmidt, comparing Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 183, 184:

Cæsar 's no merchant, to make *prize* with you
Of things that merchants sold—

explains *prize* as=estimation.

226. Lines 85, 86:

*laying by*
*That nothing-gift of differing multitudes.*

Putting aside as of no account the barren honour or empty praise awarded by the mass, who lack the perception of true worth, and do not agree about it (Ingleby). Steevens compares II. Henry IV. Induction 19:

The still-*discordant* wavering *multitude.*

227. Line 89: *Since Leonatus' false.*—So Dyce (after Walker) to mark the elision of *is*. F. 1 has *Since Leonatus false;* Rowe and The Globe, Leonatus 's.

## ACT III. Scene 7.

228. Line 6: *The* FALL'N-OFF *Britons.*—Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 93, 94:

Revolted Mortimer!
He never did *fall off*, my sovereign liege.

229. Lines 8–10:

*to you the tribunes,*
*For this immediate levy, he* COMMANDS
*His absolute commission.*

Theobald, at the suggestion of Warburton, changed *commands* to *commends*, and so Dyce and the Globe; but compare iii. 5. 157 above: "that is the second thing I have *commanded* thee."

## ACT IV. Scene 1.

230. Lines 12, 13: *alike conversant in* GENERAL SERVICES, *and more remarkable in* SINGLE OPPOSITIONS.—The meaning of *single oppositions* will depend upon the meaning we assign to *general services*. If "conversant in general services" might be explained as=a man generally serviceable, able to make himself generally useful, as the advertisements say, we might adopt Schmidt's interpretation of "single oppositions" as=when compared as to particular accomplishments; but if the former expression=versed in military affairs in general, "single oppositions" will be, as usually explained,=single combats. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 99–101:

In *single opposition*, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.

231. Lines 15, 16: *yet this* IMPERSEVERANT *thing loves him in my despite.—Imperseverant* is the contrary of *perseverant*, a word which means discerning, while the corresponding substantive *perseverance* means discernment. Compare Greene, The Pinner of Wakefield, p. 261 (ed. Dyce, 1 vol. ed.):

Why, this is wondrous, being blind of sight,
His deep *perseverance* should be such to know us;

and Middleton, The Widow, iii. 2:

Methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perseverance*
Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,
And can nor write nor read, poor fool!

Other instances of these words will be found quoted by W. R. Arrowsmith in Notes and Queries, April 23, 1853. Dyce unnecessarily changes the spelling to *imperceiverant*, a form which, as Rolfe remarks, is hardly an admissible derivative from *perceive*. Schmidt explains *imperseverant* as=giddy, flighty, thoughtless (as if it were the opposite of *persevering*), but this does not suit the context.

232. Line 19: *thy garments cut to pieces before* HER *face.*—So Hanmer. F. 1 has "before *thy* face," which Warburton, Capell, and Malone defend; but, as Dyce remarks, "Cloten could have no possible object in cutting to pieces the garments of Posthumus before his face, even if Posthumus had been alive to witness the dissection. Cloten wishes to cut them to pieces before the face of Imogen, as a sort of revenge for her having said to him [ii. 3. 138–141 above]—

> His meanest *garment*,
> That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
> In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
> Were they all made such men."

## ACT IV. Scene 2.

233. Line 8: *so* CITIZEN *a* WANTON.—*Citizen*=cockney-bred, effeminate. For *wanton* in the sense of a luxurious, effeminate person, compare King John, v. 1. 69, 70:

> shall a beardless boy,
> A cocker'd silken *wanton*, brave our fields?

234. Lines 17, 18:

> HOW MUCH *the quantity, the weight as much,*
> *As I do love my father.*

Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 450) proposes to punctuate,

> How much the quantity, the weight, as much
> As I do love my father;

and this is adopted by Ingleby. According to Schmidt *How much*=however much.

235. Line 35: *Th' imperious seas breeds monsters.*—So F. 1: changed in the later Folios to *breed*, but, it need hardly be observed, such false concords are very common both in Shakespeare and in contemporary writers.

236. Line 38: *I'll now taste of thy drug.*—Almost all modern editions make Imogen "drink" or "swallow" here. But evidently she does nothing of the kind. She retires into the cave to drink Pisanio's drugs (Ingleby). Rowe inserted the stage-direction, *Drinks out of the Viol.*

237. Lines 47, 48:

> *This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had*
> *Good ancestors.*

A confusion of two constructions, "He hath had, it appears, good ancestors," and "He appears to have had good ancestors" (Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 411).

238. Line 49: Gui. *But his neat cookery! he* CUT OUR ROOTS IN CHARACTERS.—So Capell. F. 1 has,

> *Gui.* But his neate Cookerie?
> *Arui.* He cut, &c.

For "he cut our roots in characters," Steevens compares Fletcher, The Elder Brother, act iv. sc. 1 (p. 117, ed. 1679), "a Bookish Boy that never knew a Blade above a Penknife, and how to *cut his meat in Characters.*"

239. Lines 57, 58:

> *That grief and patience, rooted in* HIM *both,*
> *Mingle their* SPURS *together.*

So Pope. F. 1 has "rooted in *them* both." The *spurs*, says Malone, are "the longest and largest leading roots of trees;" compare The Tempest, v. 1. 47, 48:

> and by the *spurs* pluck'd up
> The pine and cedar.

240. Line 58: *Grow,* PATIENCE!—So Theobald (Rowe, "Grow Patience"). F. 1 has "Grow *patient,*".

241. Lines 59, 60:

> *And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine*
> *His perishing root with the increasing vine!*

The increasing vine is patience, from which grief is to untwine its root, and so perish. Instances of this proleptic use of the adjective ("perishing root," "increasing vine") are collected by Schmidt, p. 1420.

242. Line 61: *It is great morning.*—The same expression occurs in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 1. Steevens compares the French "grand jour."

243. Line 81: *Know'st me not by my clothes?*—Ingleby has an interesting note here: "It is doubtful whether Cloten, unmindful of his disguise, expects Guiderius to recognize him as the Queen's son; or whether he supposes a stranger would take him for Posthumus, because he wears Posthumus' clothes. Perhaps Shakespeare committed here the oversight he did in W[inter's] T[ale], iv. 4 [776], where the shepherd is made to say to his son, 'His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely;' the fact being that Autolycus was attired, not in Florizel's court suit, but in 'a swain's wearing.' Such oversights were easily committed, and not easily detected by an uncritical audience, who enjoyed the fun of the situation, without being curious as to the consistency of the plot."

244. Line 86: *Thou* INJURIOUS *thief.*—Compare Coriolanus, iii. 3. 69:

> Call me their traitor!—Thou *injurious* tribune!

245. Line 90: *I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad,* OR ADDER, SPIDER.—Capell omitted the words *or Adder, Spider,* for the sake of the metre.

246. Line 101: *No* COMPANY'S *abroad.*—So F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 has *Companie's,* of which the Globe and other modern editors make *companies.*

247. Lines 105, 106:

> *the snatches in his voice,*
> *And burst of speaking, were as his.*

An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding (Johnson).

248. Lines 110–112:

> *he had not apprehension*
> *Of roaring terrors; for* TH' EFFECT *of judgement*
> *Is oft the* CAUSE *of fear.*

This is Theobald's reading, which is in harmony with the prevailing taste for antitheses, bringing out as it does the contrast between *cause* and *effect.* The inference of course is, that as Cloten had no judgment he had no fear.

The Folio has:

For *defect* of iudgement
Is oft the *cause* of Feare—

which Ingleby retains; but I cannot but think his explanation, which is to the following effect, rather forced: "It is the *defect* of judgment, *i.e.* its defective exercise, not its total absence, which is the cause of fear; Cloten had no judgment at all, and the words 'defect of judgment' do not apply to him." But surely, according to any natural reading of the passage, nothing is clearer than that they do. Malone and Dyce adopted Hanmer's conjecture,

for *defect* of judgement
Is oft the *cure* of fear.

**249.** Line 122: THANK *the gods!*—So Steevens. F. 1 has "*thanks* the Gods."

**250.** Lines 128, 129:

*Play judge and executioner all himself,*
*For we do fear* THE *law?*

*i.e.* because, forsooth, we are afraid of the law? F. 1 punctuates:

all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law.

F. 2 has a plausible correction, "For we do feare *no* Law."

**251.** Line 132: *Though his* HUMOUR.—So Theobald. F. 1 has *Honor.*

**252.** Line 141: *He'd* FETCH US IN.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 1. 12–14:

within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to *fetch him in.*

**253.** Line 170: *how thyself thou blazon'st.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *thou thy selfe thou.*

**254.** Line 186: *My* INGENIOUS *instrument!*—Spelt *ingenuous* in the Folio, but the words are used indiscriminately in the old editions. Joseph Hunter suggested that the Æolian harp is the instrument intended.

**255.** Lines 205, 206:

*to show what coast thy sluggish* CRARE
*Might* EASILIEST *harbour in?*

F. 1 has

thy sluggish *care*
Might'st easilest harbour in.

F. 2 has "Might *easilest.*" *Crare* was suggested by Sympson in a note on Fletcher's Captain (ed. 1750, vol. vi. p. 441), act i. sc. 2 (p. 48, ed. 1647):

Let him venture
In som decaid *Crare* of his owne,

and was first introduced into the text by Steevens. According to Heath (Revisal, p. 485) "a *crare* is a small trading vessel . . . I myself have met with the word in ancient records above a thousand times. It is called in the Latin of those middle ages, *crayera.*" Steevens quotes Heywood, Golden Age, 1611 (ed. 1874, vol. iii. p. 12):

Behold a forme to make your *Craers* and Barkes,
To passe huge streames in safety.

and Malone, Florio, Italian Dictionary, "*Vurchio.* A hulke, a crayer, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen." Warburton suggested *carrack,* which is printed by Theobald and Hanmer.

**256.** Lines 207, 208:

*Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but* I,
*Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!*

Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, with great probability, conjectures, "but *ay!*" *i.e.* ah! the *I* of the Folio being the usual printing of *aye,* which word took the place of the original *ay* in the mind of the transcriber or compositor.

**257.** Lines 210, 211:

*Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,*
*Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at.*

Smiling as if he had been tickled in his sleep by some fly and was laughing at it, not looking as if he had been smitten with death's dart.

**258.** Line 214: *My* CLOUTED BROGUES.—*Brogues,* properly speaking, are rough shoes made of untanned leather; but all that is intended here is a heavy shoe patched with leather, such as the Gibeonites wore in Joshua ix. 5: "old shoes and *clouted* upon their feet." Rolfe quotes Latimer, Sermons: "he should not have *clouting* leather to piece his shoes with."

**259.** Line 217: *With* FEMALE *fairies will his tomb be haunted.*—Why *female?* Douce (Illustrations, ed. 1839, p. 380) says, "harmless and protecting spirits, not fairies of a mischievous nature."

**260.** Line 218: *And worms will not come to* THEE.—For the change of person see note 18 on i. 1. 118.

**261.** Line 222: *The* AZUR'D HAREBELL, *like thy veins.*—Compare ii. 2. 22, 23, of the eyelid:

Under these windows, white and *azure,* lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

By *harebell* Shakespeare meant the wild hyacinth or bluebell (*Scilla nutans*) with its delicately veined flowers, called by Gerard "Blew English *Hare-Bells.*" The name is now given to the "Round-leafed Bell-flower" of Gerard, called in Scotland the *Bluebell* (*Campanula rotundifolia*).

**262.** Line 224: *the ruddock.*—Spelt *Raddocke* in F. 1. The word is used by Spenser, *e.g.* Epithalamion (p. 588 of Works, Globe ed.), quoted by Rolfe, "The *Ruddock* warbles soft."

**263.** Line 229: *To* WINTER-GROUND *thy corse.*—"To *winter-ground* a plant," says Steevens, "is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season, by straw, dung, &c., laid over it. This precaution [known to gardeners as *mulching*] is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be." Warburton, followed by Capell, substituted *winter-gown.* Ingleby conjectured *twine around,* or *wind around;* the last was also suggested by Elze. The notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, best known from the ballad of the "Babes in the Wood," seems to be an old one; Reed quotes Thomas Johnson, Cornucopia, 1596: "The robin redbreast if he find a man or a woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also;" and Steevens, Drayton, The Owl:

Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little red-breast teacheth charitie.

264. Line 237: *As once our mother.*—So Pope. F. 1 has "*to* our Mother."

265. Lines 247, 248:

REVERENCE—
*That angel of the world.*

*Reverence,* or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world (Johnson).

266. Line 255: *we must lay his head to th' east.*—Rolfe refers the reader to Brand's Popular Antiquities, Bohn's ed. vol. ii. p. 295, ff.

267. Line 267: *To thee the reed is as the oak; i.e.,* as Ingleby explains, weakness and strength are matters of indifference to you, and therefore "Care no more to clothe and eat."

268. Line 275: *Consign to thee.*—For the thought Steevens aptly compares Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 113–115:

and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

269. Line 276: *No exorciser harm thee!*—See All's Well, note 201. It is hardly necessary to refer the reader to Collins's well-known Dirge, "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb," &c.

270. Line 280: *Quiet* CONSUMMATION *have.*—Steevens quotes Edward III. iv. 9. 41–43:

My soule should yeeld this Castle of my flesh,
The mangled tribute, with all willingness,
To darkenes, *consummation,* dust and Wormes.

271. Line 285: *Upon their faces.*—Cloten's clotpoll having been sent down the stream (line 184 above), Capell and Malone call attention to the fact that there was but one face on which the flowers could be strewed. Ingleby's gallant attempt to vindicate the poet's consistency by removing the period at *faces,* and explaining, "Upon the faces of the herbs you were as flowers now withered. Just so, these herblets, which we strew upon you, shall serve for flowers"—will commend itself to few. Even its author admits that "*shall* is an extraordinary ellipsis."

272. Line 290: *so* IS *their pain.*—So Pope. F. 1 has "so *are* their paine."

273. Line 311: *The* BRAWNS *of Hercules.*—For *brawn, i.e.* brawny arm, compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 125, 126:

and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy *brawn.*

274. Line 316: HAST *here cut off my lord.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *Hath.*

275. Line 329: *This is Pisanio's deed and* CLOTEN'S.—So Pope. F. 1 has "and *Cloten.*"

276. Line 336: *They are in readiness.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has "They are *heere* in readinesse,"—the *heere* of the previous line having been accidentally repeated.

277. Line 337: *The senate hath stirr'd up the* CÓNFINERS.—As *confines* in Shakespeare means a district or territory, Schmidt is perhaps right in explaining *confiners* to be the inhabitants of such a district. The word is usually explained to mean *borderers, i.e.* those who live on the confines or borders, but Shakespeare does not use *confines* in this sense.

278. Line 347: *I* FAST *and pray'd.*—For the omission of the *-ed,* not uncommon in verbs which end in *t,* compare Exod. xii. 8, "*roast* with fire;" Ps. xxiv. 7, "be ye *lift* up, ye everlasting doors."

279. Lines 399, 400:

*And make him with our pikes and partisans*
*A grave.*

Ingleby, following Steevens, remarks: "Lucius intends to bury Cloten; but the event shows that, after all, the corse is only superficially protected 'from the flies.' Is there an oversight here?"

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

280. Lines 22, 23:

*We'll* SLIP *you for a season; but our jealousy*
*Does yet* DEPEND.

For *slip,* a hunting term, compare The Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 52:

O, sir, Lucentio *slipp'd* me like his greyhound.

*Depend* perhaps contains the notions both of *impending* and *being in suspense:* for *depend* = impend, compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 21: "that, methinks, is the curse *dependant* on those that war for a placket."

281. Lines 29, 30:

*Your preparation can* AFFRONT NO LESS
*Than what you hear of.*

What does *affront* mean here? Johnson's note—"Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us"—fails to explain the words *no less.* Murray (New Eng. Dict.) interprets, "to face anticipatively; to prepare to meet; look out for;" and if this is correct, we must explain, "your preparations have been made on such a scale that they can be on the look-out for no smaller force than that which we hear is coming against us;" but Ingleby's interpretation gives the best sense—"*affront*=bring to the encounter;" *i.e.* you can bring no less a force into the field than the one we hear of. I regret that I can find no parallel use of the word.

282. Line 36: I HEARD *no letter from my master.*—I have not heard a syllable from him. Hanmer changed *I heard* into *I've had:* Mason conjectured *I had,* which Collier adopted. The original reading is supported by line 38: "Nor *hear I* from my mistress."

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

283. Line 2: *find we.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *we finde.*

284. Line 6: *For barbarous and unnatural* REVOLTS.—*Revolts,* in the sense of revolters or deserters, occurs twice in King John, v. 2. 151: "you ingrate *revolts;*" and v. 4. 7:

Lead me to the *revolts* of England here.

285. Line 17: *the Roman horses.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *their.*

286. Lines 21–30:

*O, I am known*
*Of many in the army, &c.*

This speech is a striking example of the compression of style so characteristic of Shakespeare's latest plays; compare Belarius' speeches in iv. 2. 130–145, 203–209, and 283–290.

**287.** Lines 26, 27:

*Who find in my exile the want of breeding,*
*The* CERTAINTY *of this* HARD *life.*

Malone explains *certainty* as = the certain consequence of· can it mean the hard fact, stern necessity, of this kind of life? *Hard* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *heard.*

**288.** Line 33: *and thereto so o'ergrown.*—And in addition to that so overgrown with hair. Dyce compares v. 3. 16, 17, speaking of Belarius:

who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to.

Compare also As You Like It, iv. 3. 107:

A wretched ragged man, *o'ergrown* with hair.

Schmidt, comparing Measure for Measure, i. 3. 22:

Even like an *o'ergrown* lion in a cave,

thinks it may possibly mean *grown old.*

## ACT V. Scene 1.

**289.** Lines 1, 2:

*Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I* AM *wish'd*
*Thou shouldst be colour'd thus.*

So F. 1. Pope, followed by most editors, unnecessarily read *I wish'd.* The cloth is the "bloody sign" which Pisanio said he would send to Posthumus in iii. 4. 128.

**290.** Lines 13–15:

*you some permit*
*To second ills with ills, each elder worse,*
*And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.*

This is a very vexed passage, and the Globe editors mark line 15 as corrupt. Yet if the words are taken in their plain meaning they give satisfactory sense enough. "Each elder worse" must mean, each ill or crime worse than the one which had preceded it, the crime being termed *elder* because committed at a more advanced age. To make "each elder" refer to the ill-doer (the older every man gets the worse he gets) and not to the ill deed, is intolerably harsh. Rowe, without the shadow of an authority, substituted "each worse than other." We may then paraphrase the whole passage, with Monck Mason: "Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ill, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers." Theobald substituted *dreaded* for *dread it,* and took quite another view of the line, "which Enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their Advantage. Dignity, Respect, and Profit, accrue to them from Crimes committed with Impunity." Capell, who adopts Theobald's reading, explains, and "make the ills enormous and dreadful, to the great profit of those who do them."

**291.** Lines 32, 33:

*To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin*
*The fashion,—less without and more within.*

Whereas the guise or fashion of the world is, more without and less within.

## ACT V. Scene 3.

**292.** Lines 4, 5:

*the king himself*
*Of his wings destitute, &c.*

The commentators point out that this incident of the Roman army being stopped in a lane by Belarius and his foster-sons is borrowed from Holinshed's Scotland (p. 155), where it is related of a father and two sons, called Haie, as having happened during the reign of Kenneth, A.D. 976: "The Danes, perceiving that there was no hope of life, but in victorie rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constreined to retire and flee backe, the middle warde stoutly yet keeping their ground: but the same stood in such danger, being now left naked on the sides, that the victorie must needes have remained with the Danes, had not a renewer of the battell come in time, by the appointment (as it is to be thought) of almightie God.

"For as it chanced, there was in the next field at the same time an husbandman, with two of his sons busie about his worke, named Haie, a man strong and stiffe in making and shape of bodie, but indued with a valiant courage. This Haie beholding the king, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now destitute of the wings, and in great danger to be oppressed with the great violence of his enimies, caught a plow-beame in his hand, and with the same exhorting his sonnes to doo the like hasted towards the battell. . . . There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enimies in heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes, supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo: but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith diverse hardie personages cried unto their fellows to returne backe unto the battell."

**293.** Lines 16, 17:

*who deserv'd*
*So long a breeding as his white beard came to.*

That is, who showed by his valour that he had profited by such long experience (in arms) as his long white beard cited (Ingleby).

**294.** Line 20: *The country base.*—According to the New English Dict. either a specific use of *base,* the starting-place of a race, or a corruption of *bars.* This game is not unfrequently mentioned in the writers of Shakespeare's time.

**295.** Line 24: "*Our Britain's* HARTS *die flying, not our men.*"—So Pope in his 2nd ed. (1728), following a suggestion made by Theobald in his Shakespear Restored (1726). The Folio has *hearts,* which Ingleby defends, but unsuccessfully, for where is the antithesis between *hearts* and *men?*

**296.** Line 42: *Chickens, the way which they* STOOP'D *eagles.*—F. 1 has *stopt;* Rowe, *stoopt.*

**297.** Lines 42, 43:

*slaves*
*The strides* THEY *victors made.*

That is, retracing as slaves the onward strides they had made as victors (Rolfe). F. 1 has "*the* victors;" changed by Theobald to *they.*

298. Line 44: *fragments in hard voyages.*—Ingleby aptly illustrates by As You Like It, ii. 7. 39, 40:

> dry as the remainder biscuit
> After a *voyage.*

299. Lines 46–48:

> *heavens, how they wound!*
> SOME *slain before;* SOME *dying;* SOME *their friends*
> *O'er-borne i' the former wave.*

It is difficult to decide whether the three *somes* are nominatives or accusatives: the words "some their friends" would certainly seem to mean "some wound their friends" rather than "they wound some who were their friends," and therefore it is better perhaps to decide in favour of the nominative. The lines will then mean: heavens, how they wound! Some wound those slain before; some wound the dying; some wound their friends who had been overwhelmed in the former charge.

300. Line 64: *Still going? i.e.* you run away from me as you did from the enemy (Sidney Walker).

301. Lines 73–76:

> *Well, I will find him:*
> FORTUNE *being now a favourer to the Briton,*
> *No more a Briton, I've resum'd again*
> *The part I came in.*

The Folio has

> *For* being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,

the only sense that can be extracted from which reading seems to be: "I am determined to find death, for though I am now on the side of the Britons, I have resumed the part I came in (death being more likely to be found on the side of the Romans, who are now the vanquished party) and am a Briton no longer." Capell's attempt to make *favourer* refer to death will not do; as Ingleby remarks, "Death could not, with any propriety of speech, be said to *favour* the side he was *sparing.*" *Fortune* is the conjecture of the late Mr. A. E. Brae, first printed by Ingleby (1886). In the words "No more a Briton," &c., Posthumus perhaps refers to his having resumed his "Italian weeds," which we must suppose him to wear when he is taken prisoner. In scene 2 he had been disguised as a "poor soldier" of the British army.

302. Line 78: *Once* TOUCH MY SHOULDER.—A token of arrest. Compare As You Like It, iv. 1. 47, 48: "it may be said of him that Cupid hath *clapp'd him o' the shoulder;*" *i.e.* taken him prisoner.

## ACT V. SCENE 4.

303. Lines 1, 2:

> *You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;*
> *So graze as you find pasture.*

The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned to pasture (Johnson).

304. Lines 11–17:

> *Is't enough I'm sorry?*
> *So children temporal fathers do appease;*
> *Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?*
> *I cannot do it better than in gyves,*
> *Desir'd more than constrain'd. To satisfy?*
> *If of my freedom 't is the main part, take*
> *No stricter render of me than my all.*

This very difficult passage does not seem to have been understood by any of the commentators before Ingleby, who found the key to it in the fact that Posthumus, who is here enlarging upon the means of repentance (the *penitent instrument*) which are to set him free, "is made to employ the language of the early divines, in distinguishing the three parts (primary, secondary, and 'main') of Repentance, as the condition of the Remission of Sins. 1. Attrition, or sorrow for sin: 'Is't enough, I am sorry?' 2. Penance; which was held to convert attrition into contrition, or godly sorrow: 'Must I repent?' 3. Satisfaction: 'Must I satisfy?' And he contends that as he has fulfilled the former requirements, he is willing to fulfil the last—to pay his debt, for having taken Imogen's life, by giving up his own." *To satisfy?* following *Must I repent?* = Must I satisfy? according to the usage familiar to all Shakespeare students, by which the *to* is omitted in the former of two clauses, and inserted in the latter (Abbott, § 350); so, to take one example out of many, Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 33, 34:

> Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or *to* live
> But in a dream of friendship?

Here *would* is replaced by *to* in the second clause, just as *must* is replaced by *to* in the text. The *it* in "If of my freedom 't is the main part" refers to *satisfaction* implied in "To satisfy?" and the line means, if this satisfaction is the principal condition of my spiritual freedom, of my pardon and absolution. Then in the next line *stricter* does not mean "more severe," but "more restricted, less exacting." Posthumus does not want the gods to remit any part of his debt; he wishes them to take his all, *i.e.* his life; he does not ask for any abatement, such as vile men give their broken debtors. This interpretation was suggested to Ingleby by Mr. A. E. Brae in 1854, and independently by Mr. Jos. Crosby in 1876. The Cowden-Clarkes also (in their 3 vol. ed. of Shakespeare) believe this meaning to be "included" in *stricter*, and adduce the following illustration from Hooker, "As they took the compass of their commission *stricter* or larger, so their dealings were more or less moderate."

305. Lines 30–122: *No more, thou thunder-master, show,* &c.—Pope remarks, "Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophesy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and immeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare." The critics (Schlegel and Prof. A. W. Ward are exceptions) are almost unanimously of Pope's opinion. But before deciding to condemn these lines it will be well to see what the condemnation involves. When Posthumus wakes he finds on his breast a tablet, which he produces and has explained by the Soothsayer at the end of the play; now his possession of this tablet has to be explained somehow or other, and therefore, on the supposition that the masque is an interpolation, either all the lines referring to the vision and the tablet are an interpolation also, or the whole masque, the apparition of the ghosts and the descent of Jupiter, were intended by Shakespeare to be acted in dumb-show; for it would be absurd to suppose that in v. 5. 426, &c.,

Posthumus is describing any other slumber than that which now takes place before the eyes of the audience. On the other hand, such masques were suited to the taste of the time, and we need not go further than The Tempest to find another instance. It must also be noticed that this is not the first time that we hear of the parents and brothers of Posthumus; throughout the play their history has been known to the audience; in fact it is given, at sufficient length to make the masque intelligible, in i. 1. 28–40, where the birth and antecedents of Posthumus are detailed.

George Fletcher, a critic less known than he deserves, has an eloquent defence of these lines; he says (Studies of Shakespeare, 1847, p. 66): "The suppression [of the masque] deprives us of the solemnly pathetic effect of that simple chorus, which is plainly introduced in order, by recalling the whole tenor of the story, to remind the auditor that the hero is much more unfortunate than criminal, and to relieve our feelings by announcing an approaching deliverance from adversity,—at the same time that curiosity is kept alive by the mysterious terms in which the prediction is made. The attendant music adds to the soothing solemnity of the scene. How beautiful, too, is the plaintive simplicity of the ballad verses reciting his fortune, chanted by the apparitions of his deceased relatives, not one of whom he has seen in life. . . . In fact both the sufferings and the deserts of the hero have now reached their climax: nor could they be more affectingly recalled to us than by thus evoking the spirits of his kindred, whose deaths had left him, at his very birth, a brotherless orphan."

306. Line 67: *geck.*—Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 351:

> And made the most notorious *geck* and gull.

From the Ang. Sax. *geac;* we still use colloquially the forms *gowk* and *gawk.*

307. Line 81: *look out.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *looke, looke out.*

308. Line 118: *and* CLOYS *his beak.*—"Those who have kept hawks must often have observed the habit which they have of raising one foot, and whetting the beak against it" (Harting, Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 31). The word *cloy* is said to be a variant of *cley* or *claw,* but no other instance is known. For *cleys* Steevens quotes Ben Jonson, Underwoods (p. 259, ed. 1640):

> to save her from the seize
> Of Vuture death, and those relentless *cleies.*

309. Line 134: *our* FANGLED *world.*—Malone says, "Perhaps this is the only instance in which the word occurs without *new* being prefixed to it,"—or understood, for Halliwell quotes from Guilpin, Skialetheia (1598):

> It is Cornelius, that brave gallant youth,
> Who is new printed to this *fangled* age.

The history of the word will be found in Skeat.

310. Lines 168–170: *of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord!*—So Dyce and the Globe editors. The Folio has "*Oh,* of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity," &c.; the first *oh* having been evidently inserted by mistake, in consequence of the transcriber's or compositor's eye resting on the second one (Dyce).

311. Lines 171, 172: *you have no true* DEBITOR AND CREDITOR *but it.*—Compare Othello, i. 1. 28–32:

> And I . . . must be be-lee'd and calm'd
> By *debitor-and-creditor,* this counter-caster;
> He, in good time, must his lieutenant be.

Rolfe says the words "Debitor and Creditor" formed the title of certain old treatises on book-keeping.

312. Line 173: *your neck, sir, is.*—F. 2 has "necke sir is;" F. 1 "necke (Sis) is."

313. Line 187: *or* TO *take.*—See note on "To satisfy?" in line 15 above.

314. Line 215: *my wish hath a preferment in't.*—In a better state of society I should be better off.

## ACT V. Scene 5.

315. Line 14: *the* LIVER, HEART, *and brain of Britain.*—The *liver* is the supposed seat of courage, as in Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 22: "to put fire in your *heart* and brimstone in your *liver;*" in i. 1. 37 of the same play it is the seat of the passions.

316. Line 31: *With horror, madly dying, like her life.*—The horror, the torture of the mind, that haunted her in her life, and which she had been powerless to dispel, haunted her in her death; therefore her death was like her life,—corresponded to it.

317. Line 50: *For you a* MORTAL MINERAL.—Rolfe quotes the late R. Grant White: "There can be little doubt that the slow poisons of the 16th and 17th centuries were all preparations of white arsenic, the *mortal mineral* still most effective for the poisoner's purposes."

318. Line 54: *O'ercome you with her show; and in time.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has "*yes* and in time." Keightley conjectured, "in due time."

319. Line 64: *that* HEARD *her flattery.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *heare.*

320. Line 95: *I know not why, wherefore.*—So the Folio. Rowe, followed by most editors, read "why, *nor* wherefore."

321. Lines 103, 104:

> *I see a thing*
> *Bitter to me as death.*

The *thing,* as some of the commentators note, is the ring of Posthumus on Iachimo's finger.

322. Lines 120–122:

> *One sand another*
> *Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad*
> *Who died, and was Fidele.*

We have had so many instances of condensation in this play, the thought outrunning the expression as it were, that, in spite of Ingleby, who calls it "impossible," and "in the last degree impossible," I do not hesitate to retain the reading of the Folio. The meaning is self-evident: one grain of sand does not resemble another more than he resembles Fidele. Ingleby, who is, however, not without a suspicion of some imperfection in the text, puts a colon at *resembles,* and understands "is this he?" after *Fidele.*

323. Line 126: *But we* SAW *him dead.*—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. The Folios have *see.*

324. Line 134: ON, *speak to him.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 spell "*One* speake to him."

325. Lines 139, 140:

*Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that*
*Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.*

Instead of torturing me to speak, thou wouldst (if thou wert wise, or aware) torture me to prevent my speaking that, &c. (Dyce).

326. Lines 153 and ff.: *Upon a time,* &c.—Ingleby notes that Iachimo's narrative rather follows the story of Boccaccio than the circumstances represented in i. 4 above. His inference is that this scene was written some years earlier than the account in i. 4; but, while the inconsistency is undeniable, this is surely making it prove too much.

327. Lines 163–165:

*for feature, laming*
*The* SHRINE *of Venus, or straight-*PIGHT *Minerva,*
*Postures beyond brief nature.*

For *shrine* compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 39, 40, speaking of Portia:

From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this *shrine,* this mortal breathing saint.

*Pight* is an old form of *pitched*=fixed, set up. The ladies of Italy, says Iachimo, put to shame even the statues of Venus and Minerva, figures of superhuman beauty though these are, and such as Nature, as a rule, cannot attempt to rival with her short-lived handiwork. Warburton appositely quotes Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 205, 206, of Cleopatra:

O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.

328. Line 205: *O cunning, how I got* IT!—So F. 2; F. 1 omits *it.*

329. Line 238: *The tune of Imogen!*—Ingleby compares iv. 2. 48, where Arviragus says of Imogen's voice: "How angel-like he sings!" and Lear, v. 3. 272, 273, of Cordelia:

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.

330. Lines 261–263:

*Why did you throw your wedded lady* FROM *you?*
*Think that you are upon a* ROCK; *and now*
*Throw me again.*

All the previous commentators take *rock* in this passage to mean cliff or precipice, from which Posthumus may throw Imogen if he has the heart to. But it is far more natural to take the word, as Ingleby does, to mean a rocky eminence such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck. "That Shakespeare meant this is proved by his recurrence to the nautical metaphor in line 393 *infra:* 'Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen.' It is there he has found anchorage for his tempest-toss'd ship; and with this in mind she very touchingly adds to the above—'Now throw me from you'—*i.e.* cast yourself once more adrift." "*From* you" is Rowe's correction; the Folios have "*fro* you."

331. Line 297: I'M SORRY *for thee.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has "*I am sorrow* for thee"—a reading which I do not discard without reluctance. Compare Tempest, v. 1. 139: "I am *woe* for't, sir."

332. Lines 310, 311:

*We will die all three,*
BUT *I will prove that* TWO ON'S, &c.

This is the punctuation of the Folio, the meaning being, "we will all three die, if I do not prove." For *but* in this sense compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 86: "It shall go hard *but* I'll prove it." *Two on's* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *two one's.*

333. Lines 334, 335:

*Your pleasure was my* MERE *offence, my punishment*
*Itself, and all my treason.*

*Mere* is Tyrwhitt's conjecture; F. 1 has *neere.* Malone paraphrases: "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in and were founded on, your caprice only." "Your pleasure was my mere offence," seems to be a transposition of "your mere pleasure was my offence." In iii. 3. 65–68 Belarius tells the two princes that the real cause of Cymbeline's anger was the false testimony of two villains accusing him of confederacy with the Romans.

334. Line 351: LIKE *dew!*—So F. 2; misspelt *liks* in F. 1.

335. Lines 352–354:

*Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*
*The service that you three have done is more*
*Unlike than this thou tell'st.*

Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate (Johnson).

336. Lines 363–365:

*Guiderius had*
*Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;*
*It was a mark of wonder.*

This "mark of wonder" resembles that on Imogen (ii. 2. 38, 39):

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

We have here an unobtrusive note of Shakespeare's subtlety. The two marks are, as the Clarkes so well express it, "twined in beauty with a poet's imagination and a naturalist's truth" (Ingleby)

337. Line 378: *When* YE *were so indeed.*—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. F. 1 has *we.*

338. Line 386: *How parted with your* BROTHERS?—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. F. 1 has *Brother.*

339. Line 405: *that* SO *nobly fought.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *no.*

340. Line 407:

*The thankings of a king.*
Post. *I am, sir.*

To mend the metre Pope printed, "'*T is* I am sir;" Keightley conjectured "*great* sir;" Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, "*dread* sir" or "sir *king.*" But perhaps this is one of those cases where a defective syllable is supplied by a gesture.

**341.** Lines 431, 432:

*that I can*
*Make no* COLLECTION *of it.*

Shakespeare always uses *collection* in this sense of "inference," the only two other instances being Hamlet, iv. 5. 7–9:

her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to *collection;* they aim at it;

and v. 2. 199–201: "a kind of yesty *collection,* which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions."

**342.** Lines 447, 448:

*and* mollis aer
*We term it* mulier.

Mr. Aldis Wright furnished Dr. Ingleby with an instance of the same fanciful etymology of *mulier* from A World of Wonders, by Henry Stephen, translated by R. C. 1607, p. 292: "If any shall reply and say, that it is not to be wondered that the ancient Latinists neuer me'tioned these Etymologies, considering the names were not then in vse; I answer that they had no good dexteritie in giuing Etymologies of Ancient latin words; witness the notation of *Mulier, quasi mollis aer.*"

**343.** Line 449: *Is* THIS *most constant wife; who, even now.*—In order to supply an antecedent to *who* Capell changed *this* to *thy;* but the Soothsayer here turns to Posthumus, so that *who*=you who.

**344.** Line 469: *Of* THIS YET *scarce-cold battle.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have "Of *yet this,*" &c., which Rolfe defends; he says: "the transposition of *yet* is so common in Shakespeare (cf. Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 76) that we are not justified in altering the original text."

---

# WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN CYMBELINE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Accessible .... | iii. | 2 | 84 |
| Adorer..... | i. | 4 | 74 |
| Adornment.... | ii. | 2 | 26 |
| | iii. | 5 | 139 |
| Affirmation.... | i. | 4 | 63 |
| Affront (sub.).. | v. | 3 | 87 |
| After-eye (verb) | i. | 3 | 16 |
| After-inquiry.. | v. | 4 | 189 |
| All-dreaded.... | iv. | 2 | 271 |
| All-worthy .... | iii. | 5 | 94 |
| Andirons..... | ii. | 4 | 88 |
| Approvers..... | ii. | 4 | 25 |
| Arm[1] (verb)... | iv. | 2 | 400 |
| Arrearages .... | ii. | 4 | 13 |
| Ascension..... | v. | 4 | 116 |
| Attemptible... | i. | 4 | 65 |
| Averring ..... | v. | 5 | 203 |
| Azure[2] (adj.).. | ii. | 2 | 22 |
| Backside ..... | i. | 2 | 14 |
| Backwards .... | v. | 3 | 25 |
| Beseeming (sub.) | v. | 5 | 409 |
| Bondage[3]..... | ii. | 4 | 111 |
| Brain[4] (verb).. | v. | 4 | 147 |
| Brogues ..... | iv. | 2 | 214 |
| By-dependencies | v. | 5 | 390 |
| *By-peeping... | i. | 6 | 108 |
| Carl ..... | v. | 2 | 4 |
| Casually..... | ii. | 3 | 146 |
| Cave (verb).... | iv. | 2 | 138 |
| Cave-keeper... | iv. | 2 | 298 |

1 = to take into the arms.
2 Lucrece, 419.
3 = obligation.
4 = to understand.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Century[5]..... | iv. | 2 | 391 |
| Chaffless ..... | i. | 6 | 178 |
| Chaliced ..... | ii. | 3 | 25 |
| Chamber-hanging | v. | 5 | 204 |
| Chaser ..... | v. | 3 | 40 |
| Chimney-piece | ii. | 4 | 81 |
| Cinque-spotted | ii. | 2 | 38 |
| Citizen[6] (adj.).. | iv. | 2 | 8 |
| Clement (adj.). | v. | 4 | 18 |
| Cloys[7] ..... | v. | 4 | 118 |
| Coiner ..... | ii. | 5 | 5 |
| Comb[8] ..... | ii. | 1 | 26 |
| Commix[9]..... | iv. | 2 | 55 |
| Common-kissing | iii. | 4 | 166 |
| Company (verb) | v. | 5 | 408 |
| Confection .... | i. | 5 | 15 |
| | v. | 5 | 246 |
| Confiners..... | iv. | 2 | 337 |
| Consequence[10] | ii. | 3 | 126 |
| Containing (sub.) | v. | 5 | 430 |
| Cooked..... | iii. | 6 | 39 |
| | v. | 4 | 155 |
| Corresponding. | iii. | 3 | 31 |
| Counterchange | v. | 5 | 396 |
| Covetings..... | ii. | 5 | 25 |
| Crack[11]..... | iv. | 2 | 236 |
| Crare..... | iv. | 2 | 205 |
| Cravens (verb). | iii. | 4 | 80 |

5 = a hundred. 6 = effeminate.
7 = strokes with a claw.
8 Of a cock.
9 Lover's Complaint, 28.
10 = succession; frequently used in other senses.
11 = change of voice; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Creek[12]..... | iv. | 2 | 151 |
| Crystalline .... | v. | 4 | 113 |
| Cutter ... .... | ii. | 4 | 83 |
| Daisied..... | iv. | 2 | 398 |
| Dalmatians.... | iii. | 1 | 74 |
| | iii. | 7 | 3 |
| Definite..... | i. | 6 | 43 |
| Depender..... | i. | 5 | 58 |
| Depending[13] .. | ii. | 4 | 91 |
| Derogate..... | ii. | 1 | 48, 52 |
| Derogation.... | ii. | 1 | 47 |
| Destitute[14].... | v. | 3 | 5 |
| Dieter..... | iv. | 2 | 51 |
| Discourtesy ... | ii. | 3 | 101 |
| Disedged..... | iii. | 4 | 96 |
| Ditched..... | v. | 3 | 14 |
| Divineness .... | iii. | 6 | 44 |
| Doomed[15]..... | v. | 5 | 420 |
| Drug-damned.. | iii. | 4 | 15 |
| Earth-vexing .. | v. | 4 | 42 |
| Evil-eyed..... | i. | 1 | 72 |
| Exercise[16] (vb. tr.) | v. | 4 | 82 |
| Exorciser..... | iv. | 2 | 276 |
| Eye-strings.... | i. | 3 | 17 |
| Fallen-off ..... | iii. | 7 | 6 |
| Fan[17] (verb)... | i. | 6 | 177 |

12 = a small river; = a narrow passage, Com. of Errors, iv. 2. 38.
13 = leaning.
14 = deprived of; = forsaken, Lucrece, 441.
15 = decided; elsewhere used in its ordinary senses.
16 = to perform. 17 = to try.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fangled..... | v. | 4 | 134 |
| Fatherly (adv.) | ii. | 3 | 39 |
| Feated (verb).. | i. | 1 | 49 |
| Feeler..... | i. | 6 | 101 |
| Fitment[18]..... | v. | 5 | 409 |
| Fore-end..... | iii. | 3 | 73 |
| Foresay ..... | iv. | 2 | 146 |
| Forfeiters ..... | iii. | 2 | 38 |
| Freeness ..... | v. | 5 | 421 |
| *Full-acorned.. | ii. | 5 | 16 |
| Full-hearted... | v. | 3 | 7 |
| Full-winged... | iii. | 3 | 21 |
| Furnaces (verb) | i. | 6 | 66 |
| *Goer-back.... | i. | 1 | 169 |
| *Good-conceited | ii. | 3 | 17 |
| Half-workers.. | ii. | 5 | 2 |
| Handed[19]..... | iii. | 2 | 5 |
| Handfast[20].... | i. | 5 | 78 |
| *Hand-in-hand | i. | 4 | 75 |
| Hangings[21].... | iii. | 3 | 63 |
| Harebell ..... | iv. | 2 | 222 |
| Hence-going... | iii. | 2 | 65 |
| Herblets ..... | iv. | 2 | 287 |
| Horse-hairs.... | ii. | 3 | 33 |
| Hugeness..... | i. | 4 | 157 |
| Hunt[22]..... | iii. | 6 | 90 |
| Illustrious[23] .. | i. | 6 | 109 |

18 = equipment; = duty, Pericles, iv. 6. 6.
19 = *i.e.* poisonous-handed.
20 = marriage-engagement.
21 = fruit.
22 = the game killed.
23 = without lustre; elsewhere used = excellent, glorious.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO CYMBELINE.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Imperseverant. | iv. | 1 | 15 |
| Importantly... | iv. | 4 | 19 |
| Incivil ..... | v. | 5 | 292 |
| Insultment .... | iii. | 5 | 144 |
| Irregulous .... | iv. | 2 | 315 |
| Jack[1] ..... | ii. | 1 | 2 |
| Jack-slave..... | ii. | 1 | 22 |
| Lack..... | iv. | 2 | 374 |
| | v. | 3 | 59 |
| Law-breaker... | iv. | 2 | 75 |
| *Leaping-time. | iv. | 2 | 200 |
| Limb-meal .... | ii. | 4 | 147 |
| Low-laid ..... | v. | 4 | 103 |
| Loyally..... | iv. | 3 | 19 |
| *Main-top..... | iv. | 2 | 320 |
| Mapped (verb). | iv. | 1 | 2 |
| Martial[2] ..... | iv. | 2 | 310 |
| Mary-buds .... | ii. | 3 | 26 |
| *Meeting-place | iv. | 1 | 28 |
| Mercurial ..... | iv. | 2 | 310 |
| Miracle (verb). | iv. | 2 | 29 |
| Misery[3] ..... | v. | 3 | 64 |
| Mountaineer[4].. | iv. | 2 | 71, 100, 120, 370 |
| Niceness ..... | iii. | 4 | 158 |
| Not-fearing.... | ii. | 4 | 19 |
| Nothing-gift... | iii. | 3 | 86 |
| Numbered[5] (adj.). | i. | 6 | 36 |
| Nurse-like..... | v. | 5 | 88 |
| Nursery..... | i. | 1 | 59 |
| O'erjoyed..... | v. | 5 | 401 |
| O'erlaboured .. | ii. | 2 | 11 |
| O'er-rate ..... | i. | 4 | 41 |
| O'ervalues..... | i. | 4 | 120 |
| *Oft-times..... | i. | 6 | 62 |
| Openness..... | i. | 6 | 88 |
| Out-craftied... | iii. | 4 | 15 |
| Outlustres..... | i. | 4 | 79 |

1 In game of bowling; occurs elsewhere in other senses.
2 = resembling Mars; used repeatedly in its ordinary senses.
3 = contemptibleness.
4 Tempest, iii. 3. 44.
5 = abundantly provided.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Out-peer ..... | iii. | 6 | 87 |
| Outprized..... | i. | 4 | 88 |
| Outsell..... | ii. | 4 | 102 |
| | iii. | 5 | 74 |
| Outstood..... | i. | 6 | 207 |
| Out-sweetened | iv. | 2 | 224 |
| Outvenoms.... | iii. | 4 | 37 |
| Overbuys..... | i. | 1 | 146 |
| Pannonians ... | iii. | 1 | 74 |
| | iii. | 7 | 3 |
| Partnered..... | i. | 6 | 121 |
| Pervert[6]..... | ii. | 4 | 151 |
| Pictured[7]..... | v. | 4 | 185 |
| Pittikins ..... | iv. | 2 | 293 |
| Pointed[8]..... | i. | 3 | 19 |
| *Poisonous-tongued | iii. | 2 | 5 |
| Preserve[9] ..... | i. | 5 | 13 |
| Prince (verb).. | iii. | 3 | 85 |
| Prince-like .... | v. | 5 | 293 |
| Pro-consul .... | iii. | 7 | 8 |
| Prohibition.... | iii. | 4 | 79 |
| Provider ..... | iii. | 6 | 53 |
| Pudency ..... | ii. | 5 | 11 |
| Quarrellous.... | iii. | 4 | 162 |
| Quick-answered | iii. | 4 | 161 |
| Ramps (sub.).. | i. | 6 | 134 |
| Rangers ..... | ii. | 3 | 74 |
| Receiver ..... | i. | 1 | 44 |
| Re-enforce (absol.) | v. | 2 | 18 |
| Rejoicingly.... | iii. | 5 | 149 |
| Resty[10]..... | iii. | 6 | 34 |
| Revengingly... | v. | 2 | 4 |
| Rich-left..... | iv. | 2 | 226 |
| *Riding-suit... | iii. | 2 | 78 |
| Ripely ..... | iii. | 5 | 22 |
| Romish..... | i. | 6 | 152 |
| Rowel..... | iv. | 4 | 39 |
| Ruddock..... | iv. | 2 | 224 |

6 = to avert; used elsewhere in ordinary sense.
7 Son. xxiv. 6.
8 = sharpened, made thin and small; frequently used in other senses.
9 = to condite, to pickle.
10 Son. c. 9.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sample..... | i. | 1 | 48 |
| Satiate..... | i. | 6 | 48 |
| Scriptures[11]... | iii. | 4 | 83 |
| Self-danger.... | iii. | 4 | 149 |
| Self-explication | iii. | 4 | 8 |
| Self-figured.... | ii. | 3 | 124 |
| Sharded ..... | iii. | 3 | 20 |
| Short[12] (verb). | i. | 6 | 200 |
| Sire (verb)..... | iv. | 2 | 26 |
| Sky-planted.... | v. | 4 | 96 |
| Slackly[13]..... | i. | 1 | 64 |
| Slaver..... | i. | 6 | 105 |
| Sluggish ..... | iv. | 2 | 205 |
| Smallness..... | i. | 3 | 21 |
| Solicits (sub.).. | ii. | 3 | 52 |
| South-fog..... | ii. | 3 | 136 |
| Speediness .... | ii. | 4 | 31 |
| Spring[14] ..... | ii. | 2 | 47 |
| Sprited..... | ii. | 3 | 144 |
| Spritely[15]..... | v. | 5 | 428 |
| Staggers[16]..... | v. | 5 | 233 |
| Staider..... | iii. | 4 | 10 |
| Stepmothers .. | i. | 1 | 71 |
| Stomach-qualmed | iii. | 4 | 193 |
| Story[17] (verb).. | i. | 4 | 34 |
| Stowage..... | i. | 6 | 192 |
| Straight-pight. | v. | 5 | 164 |
| Strewings..... | iv. | 2 | 285 |
| Styled..... | ii. | 3 | 134 |
| Succession[18]... | iii. | 1 | 18 |
| | iii. | 3 | 102 |
| Sunbeams..... | iv. | 2 | 350 |
| Suppliant (adj.) | iii. | 7 | 14 |
| Supplyment... | iii. | 4 | 182 |
| Sur-addition... | i. | 1 | 33 |

11 = writings.
12 Pass. Pilgrim, 210.
13 Lover's Complaint, 35.
14 Of a lock.
15 = spectral; = lively, brisk, in other places.
16 = vertigo; = bewilderment, All's Well, ii. 3. 170; = a disease in horses, Taming of Shrew, iii. 2. 56.
17 Venus and Adonis, 1013; Lucrece, 106.
18 = heirs; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tabled..... | i. | 4 | 7 |
| Tablet ..... | v. | 4 | 109 |
| Tanlings ..... | iv. | 4 | 29 |
| *Tavern-bills.. | v. | 4 | 160 |
| Testiness..... | iv. | 1 | 24 |
| Thief-stolen... | i. | 6 | 5 |
| Thunderer .... | v. | 4 | 95 |
| Thunder-master | v. | 4 | 30 |
| Tomboys..... | i. | 6 | 122 |
| Tongue[19] (verb) | v. | 4 | 148 |
| True-man..... | ii. | 3 | 76, 77 |
| Turbans..... | iii. | 3 | 6 |
| Unbar..... | v. | 4 | 8 |
| Uncrossed..... | iii. | 3 | 26 |
| *Under-hangman | ii. | 3 | 135 |
| Under-peep.... | ii. | 2 | 20 |
| Unkinglike .... | iii. | 5 | 7 |
| Unlaid ..... | iv. | 2 | 278 |
| Unparagoned.. | i. | 4 | 87 |
| | ii. | 2 | 17 |
| Unpaved..... | ii. | 3 | 34 |
| Unprizable[20].. | i. | 4 | 99 |
| Unscalable.... | iii. | 1 | 20 |
| Unseduced.... | i. | 4 | 172 |
| Unspeaking.... | v. | 5 | 178 |
| Unspoken..... | v. | 5 | 139 |
| Unsunned..... | ii. | 5 | 13 |
| Untendered.... | iii. | 1 | 10 |
| Up-cast..... | ii. | 1 | 2 |
| Vaulted..... | i. | 6 | 33 |
| Virgin-like .... | iii. | 2 | 22 |
| Wench-like.... | iv. | 2 | 230 |
| Whereunto.... | iii. | 4 | 109 |
| | iii. | 7 | 13 |
| Winter-ground | iv. | 2 | 229 |
| Winterly..... | iii. | 4 | 13 |
| Wonderfully .. | i. | 4 | 21 |
| Wood-leaves .. | iv. | 2 | 390 |
| Workmanship[21] | ii. | 4 | 74 |
| Wrying..... | v. | 1 | 5 |
| Zephyrs..... | iv. | 2 | 172 |

19 = to speak; = to speak of, Measure, iv. 4. 28.
20 = invaluable.
21 = Ven. and Adon. 291, 734.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

SEMPRONIUS,
CAIUS,
VALENTINE, } kinsmen to Titus.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON, } sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

---

SCENE—Rome, and the country near it.

---

HISTORIC PERIOD: Some time during the Empire; but when, we have no means of saying.

---

### TIME OF ACTION.

According to Daniel, the time analysis is as follows: four days, with, possibly, two intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. and Act II. Scene 1.
Day 2: Act II. Scenes 2, 3, and 4; Act III. Scene 1. —Interval.
Day 3: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 4: Acts IV. and V.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest extant[1] edition of Titus Andronicus was published in 1600. This edition, a Quarto, appeared with the following cumbrous title-page: "The most lamenta | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* | *Andronicus.* | As it hath sundry times beene playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | AT LONDON. | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600 | .

Of this edition only two copies are known to exist. A second Quarto, printed from the first, but introducing a few conjectural changes, dates from 1611. Titus Andronicus was included in the First Folio, and of the play as it there stands the Cambridge editors remark: "The First Folio text was printed from a copy of the Second Quarto which, perhaps, was in the library of the theatre, and had some MS. alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the Folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the Folio contains a whole scene, act iii. sc. 2, not found in the Quartos, but agreeing too closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the players' copy of Q. 2 from a manuscript in their possession" (Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. vi. p. xii).

The date of Titus Andronicus we cannot determine. Several references, which look as though they might lend us some assistance, are conflicting and confusing. Ben Jonson in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair, produced in 1614, says: "He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." Now this would take us back to 1584 or 1589. The Titus Andronicus mentioned can scarcely be that before us. In 1594 Henslowe notes in his delightful diary—delightful in its old-world freaks of orthography—that he gained £3, 8*s.* on January 22nd by a new piece which he is pleased to call Titus and ondronicus; and in the same year, on February 6th, the Stationers' Register yields the following entry:

> "John Danter. Entered for his copye under handes of bothe the wardens a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus. vj$^{d}$."

These three allusions cannot be concerned with the same work, and possibly not one of them really refers to the play printed in 1600, and subsequently assigned to Shakespeare. No, we must give up the date of Titus Andronicus as irrecoverable. Further, we need not try to discover whence came the grisly *conte.* Nothing can be added to Theobald's remarks: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek origin. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of the play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol" (Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 379). There is a ballad on the events dealt with in the play; but, unfortunately, it cannot be dated earlier than

[1] We say "extant," because Langbaine in his English Dramatick Poets, p. 464 (ed. 1691), tells us that Titus Andronicus was "first printed 4°. Lond. 1594;" of which edition, if it ever existed, no copy has survived.

the reign of James I. In fact, the ballad was probably based on the drama. My own conclusion is this, that there were several works, "bookes," plays,[1] ballads, and what not, telling the story of the mythical Titus Andronicus, these works being drawn from some original now lost or unknown; and this original may have been an Italian or Spanish collection of tales. The connection of Spanish with English Elizabethan literature is a field which, little worked hitherto, might yield very fruitful and valuable results. Not till a few years ago (1883) did we know that Marlowe was indebted to a Spanish original for much of his Tamburlaine. Perhaps in the courses of the revolving years the inevitable German will unearth a Spanish forerunner of Shakespeare's work.

I say "Shakespeare's work;" but in reality there can be little doubt that Titus Andronicus is no genuine, authentic play. Critics the most orthodox and rigidly conservative allow that only a small part of the drama which has come down to us under Shakespeare's name was written by him. The evidence is as follows. To take first the side of those who assert that the work should be unconditionally accepted. They have two facts —weighty facts it must be admitted, on which to rely; first, the inclusion of Titus Andronicus in the First Folio; secondly, the mention of it by Meres in Palladis Tamia. This is no slight testimony. Against it may be set the style of the piece, the description given on the title-page, and a stage tradition recorded by Ravenscroft. In 1687 Ravenscroft published an adaptation of Titus Andronicus, and in the preface he has some remarks which seem worth reproducing. Addressing the reader he says: "'Tis necessary I should acquaint you, that there is a Play in Mr. Shakespears Volume under the name of Titus Andronicus, from whence I drew part of this. I have been told by some anciently conversant with the Stage, that it was not Originally his, but brought by a private Author to be Acted, and he only gave some Master-touches to one or two of the Principal Parts or Characters; this I am apt to believe, because 'tis the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his Works."

To my mind very considerable stress should be laid on this. The tradition is not likely to have arisen unless there was some basis for it. From 1616 to 1687 is not such a very long period, and actors of all people are tenacious of the *ana* of their profession. Again, the title-page is suggestive. Six plays appeared in Quarto form in 1600. Of some more than one Quarto were printed; *e.g.* of Midsummer Night's Dream and The Merchant of Venice. All these, Titus Andronicus excepted, bore Shakespeare's name on the title-page. Further, this play was not published at all during the poet's life with his name as author. We should note, too, with Mr. Fleay, the significant fact that Titus Andronicus was acted by the companies of Sussex, Pembroke, and Derby apparently before it came into the hands of the Chamberlain's company to which Shakespeare belonged; certainly so, if the reference in Henslowe quoted above alludes to the present play.

We come to the question of style—to the prevailing tone of the play, and the verse in which it is written. The blank verse is not the metre associated with any period of Shakespeare's work.

> He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
> I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
> And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.
> —iv. 3. 42–44.

This is simply the "Ercles Vein," which Shakespeare himself ridicules in the mouth of Pistol. It is in the "high, heroic fustian" style, which Greene sneered at and afterwards adopted. It is "the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse," such as Marlowe sank to when he filled the stage with "pampered jades of Asia" and other eccentricities.

Titus Andronicus has scene after scene of

[1] There was, for instance, a German Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, acted by the English players in Germany early in the seventeenth century, and published in 1620. Among the characters is one named Vespasian, from which perhaps we may conclude that the play was a rough version of the English "tittus and vespacia" mentioned by Henslowe, April 11th, 1591; and Herr Cohn thinks that this Titus and Vespasian was the original of both the German Lamentable Tragedy and of Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus. See Shakespeare in Germany, pp. cxii, cxiii.

this swelling rhetoric, "full of sound and fury," for which the author of Tamburlaine was partly responsible, and of which Peele's Battle of Alcazar affords a typical example. As Mr. Fleay says, the play is "built on the Marlowe blank-verse system," and if the extravagance of the style is a strong argument against the Shakespearian authorship of the piece, an even stronger argument the same way is the remarkably small proportion that the rhymed portions bear to the unrhymed. Titus Andronicus contains 2525 lines. Of these 43 are prose, 144 rhyme, and 2338 blank verse (Fleay). The figures speak for themselves. Even those who champion the genuineness of Titus Andronicus allow that it must have come very early in the list of Shakespeare's works: in what other early play of indisputable authenticity shall we find such a signal victory of the blank-verse system over its old rival, the rhymed couplet?

And then the play itself — the general æsthetic quality. Is there a single complete scene with the true Shakespearian ring? I confess I could not point to one. *Me judice* the drama is a mere maze of bloodthirsty melodrama, pervaded by a fine full-flavoured charnel-house atmosphere. The author dabbles in blood: it is blood, blood everywhere; and we are spared nothing that can revolt and disgust. Really if we are to assign Titus Andronicus to Shakespeare, we had better assume at once that the play was a direct attempt to reproduce and revive the sensational horrors of the Jeronimo type of play-writing. Saving this, most people will be content to believe that Titus Andronicus was written by some inferior dramatist, was just touched by Shakespeare, and then passed off by the theatrical manager, for obvious reasons, as a genuine work of the great poet. This would partially explain the reference to the play by Meres, and its inclusion in the First Folio; while the omission of Shakespeare's name from the title-page of the two Quartos leads us to infer that he did not regard the work as his own. It may be asked where especially in the play we should look for these additions and corrections that Shakespeare is supposed to have made. The following passages have been pointed out as suggestive of Shakespeare's touch: i. 1. 9; i. 1. 70–76; i. 1. 117–119; i. 1. 140, 141; ii. 1. 82, 83; ii. 2. 1–6; ii. 3. 10–15; iii. 1. 82–86; iii. 1. 91–97; iv. 4. 81–86; v. 2. 21–27; v. 3. 160–168. In these places some critics see—*aut vidisse putant*—the hand of the great dramatist, partly because of verbal coincidences with lines in the genuine plays, partly because of what we must vaguely call the Shakespearian style of the verse. But we have no scrap of definite, tangible evidence upon which to go; it is all a matter of the purest conjecture, and no agreement among critics is to be looked for.

Assuming, then, that the play is not Shakespeare's, except so far as some possible emendation and retouching of the work of another man is concerned, we have still to face the inquiry, Who was this "inferior dramatist?" Marlowe, say some critics. But I think not; for one main reason: Titus Andronicus does not contain a single example of that rapturous rhetoric which won for the poet Ben Jonson's immortal praise. In each of Marlowe's authentic dramas there is some one passage—such as the great lines in Tamburlaine on "beauty's worthiness"—that proclaims its authorship trumpet-tongued. Even a mangled and maimed fragment like the Massacre at Paris has the speech of Guise in the second scene: we may look in vain for a similar passage in Titus Andronicus. The play is not so much like Marlowe's own style, as the style of Marlowe's imitators; and among these imitators I should be inclined to pick out George Peele. Direct proofs, of course, in favour of this theory there are none—though a curious coincidence is pointed out in the note on act ii. scene 1. 5–7; but Titus Andronicus, it seems to us, is precisely the type of work that Peele might have written. Peele was, in certain ways, a very charming writer. We owe to him some pretty lyrics; there is much mellifluous verse—too mellifluous verse, Charles Lamb thought—in David and Bethsabe; and The Arraignment of Paris claims praise as a beautiful specimen of the court-play, half masque and half pastoral. But two at any rate of his dramas are full of dreadful rubbish: Edward I. is coarse and

offensive, just as Titus Andronicus is coarse and offensive; and the Battle of Alcazar rings from the first page to the last with the "hectoring rant"—to borrow Mr. Saintsbury's phrase—with which we are satiated in Titus Andronicus. In the face, then, of what Peele achieved in Edward I. and the Battle of Alcazar, is it unjust to his name to think that he may have been responsible for the mutilated Lavinia and the crazed Titus and the incidental murders and horrors that mark the progress of the piece before us? Perhaps the suggestion is worth a thought.

## STAGE HISTORY.

From the 27th December, 1593, to the 6th of the following February the Rose Theatre was held by the Earl of Sussex's men. By them Titus Andronicus was acted as a new play on 23rd January, 1594. The company consisted, according to Langbaine (Account of the English Dramatick Poets, p. 464), of "the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants." For *Essex* must be read *Sussex*. On the 6th Feb. 1594, the play was acted for the third time, and on the same day it was entered on the Stationers' Register for John Danter. It sprang into immediate popularity, the horrors with which it is now reproached having little to shock audiences that had been fed on the strong meat of Elizabethan tragedy; and it seems shortly after its appearance to have been played by different companies. With the statement of these facts the student has to be satisfied. The cast of the play is not known, and no incident connected with the representation is preserved. From those days to the present the original play has not been seen upon the English stage. For this fact it is not easy to account. Suspicion as to whether Shakespeare is responsible for the drama was, it is known, aroused from an early date. Into the question of authorship there is no call here to enter. Opinions vary, and will continue so to do. For the exclusion of Titus Andronicus from all subsequent revivals of Shakespeare, dubiety as to authority is not more responsible than the repulsive nature of much of the action. In place of Shakespeare, then, or the author of Titus Andronicus, a mutilation of Ravenscroft alone has held, since the recommencement of histrionic entertainments with the Restoration, a brief nominal possession of the stage. Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia, altered from Shakespeare by Edward Ravenscroft, was printed in 4to, 1687, and was acted at the Theatre Royal, subsequently Drury Lane, near the close of 1678. It has had the fortune, rare among alterations of Shakespeare, to win the commendation of critics such as Steevens and Genest, and has received at the hands of Langbaine notice longer than that parsimonious and hide-bound chronicler of things theatrical is accustomed to offer. The praise is, however, undeserved except so far as regards the transposition of portions of the dialogue. To hear the declaration attributed to Steevens that "It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but Titus Andronicus has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of the original author," is only less startling than to find Genest saying that Ravenscroft on the whole "has improved Shakespeare." Concerning the actors taking part in the early performances of Ravenscroft's play nothing is known, nor have we the full cast of any representation. Ravenscroft's prologue appears to have been lost. Refusing to engage in any controversy concerning Shakespeare and Titus Andronicus, Langbaine with a feeling that does him credit says he will leave it to his (Ravenscroft's) "rivals in the wrack of that great man, Mr. Dryden, Shadwell, Crown, Tate, and Durfey." He then continues: "To make Mr. Ravenscroft some reparation I will here furnish him with part of his prologue, which he has lost; and if he desire it, send him the whole." This precious composition, so far as it is preserved, is in the very vein of Tate or Shadwell, bespattering Shakespeare with praise that might almost be taken for satire, and dragging the great dramatist into dishonouring association with his mangler and despoiler:—

To day the Poet does not fear your Rage
Shakspear by him reviv'd now treads the Stage:

Under his sacred Lawrels he sits down
Safe, from the blast of any Criticks Frown.
Like other Poets, he 'll not proudly scorn
To own, that he but winnow'd Shakespear's Corn,
So far he was from robbing him of 's Treasure
That he did add his own to make full Measure.
—Account of the English Dramatick Poets, p. 465.

Ravenscroft, it is well known, in his preface to his adaptation states that the earlier play was "not originally Shakespear's, but brought by a private Author to be acted, and he only gave some Master-touches to one or two of the principal Parts or Characters." It was no custom then to supply authorities; and whence Ravenscroft obtained his information cannot be conjectured. Writing with the boastfulness of all who in those days dealt with Shakespeare, he says in words quoted by Langbaine, that "if the Reader compare the old play with his Copy, he will find that none in all that Authors Works ever received greater Alterations, or Additions; the Language not only refined, but many Scenes entirely new: Besides most of the principal Characters heightened, and the Plot much encreased."

The performance was given on the stage, as Ravenscroft states, "at the beginning of the pretended Popish Plot, when neither wit nor honesty had any encouragement . . . yet it bore up against the Faction, and is confirmed a Stock-Play." The prologue and epilogue were lost "in the hurry of those distracted times," and others were supplied by Ravenscroft, in order to let "the buyer have his penny worth." Langbaine, says Genest, had doubtless bought the prologue from which he quotes "at the door of the theatre, where Prologues and Epilogues (as Malone says) were usually sold on the first night of a new play" (Account of the Stage, i. 236).

Downes mentions Titus Andronicus with The Merry Wives of Windsor, Philaster, The Devil's an Ass, The Carnival, The Merry Devil of Edmunton, &c., and says: "These being Old Plays, were Acted but now and then; yet being well Perform'd were very Satisfactory to the Town" (Roscius Anglicanus, 9). Genest assumes that Mrs. Marshall played Tamora, but the conjecture, though plausible, is unsupported by a tittle of evidence.

On 13th August, 1717, in a summer season at Drury Lane, Titus Andronicus "altered from Shakspeare" was given. This was announced as the first performance for fifteen years. A very meagre cast is supplied. Such as it is, as the earliest it is worth quoting.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Aaron | =Quin. | Lucius | =Ryan. |
| Titus | =Mills. | Marcus | =Boman. |
| Bassianus | =Walker. | Saturninus | =Thurmond. |

The remaining characters are omitted. On this revival it was acted four times.

When at the same house, also in a summer season, 27th June 1721, "Titus Andronicus with the Rape of Lavinia" was once more revived, all mention of the female characters is again omitted. On this occasion Mills was Titus, Walker Aaron, Thurmond Saturninus, Boman Marcus, and Williams Lucius. Near the same period—21st Dec. 1720—Titus Andronicus or the Rape of Lavinia was for the first time acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields. In this case again we have only a fraction of a cast, which, however, includes the women. Quin and Ryan, who had gone to the new house, played the same parts as before, Boheme was Titus, and Leigh Saturninus, Mrs. Gifford was Tamora, and Mrs. Knapp Lavinia.

Here the English stage record ends, save for the appearance of Isa Aldridge as Aaron the Moor. No traceable comment upon any of these representations exists, and from this time forward no one has ventured to bring the play upon the stage. From the almost all-embracing series of revivals at Sadler's Wells under the management of Phelps and Greenwood it was excluded, and under the changed conditions of existence it is not likely to see the light.

It has been stated that a play called "Titus and Ondronicus which had never before been acted" was performed by the Earl of Sussex's men Jan. 23, 1593–94 (Henslowe's Diary, p. 33, ed. Shakespeare Society); and also (p. 35) that in June, 1594, an Andronicus was acted by the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's company.

Titus and Andronicus was not likely to attract French dramatists, who long resisted the introduction of deeds of violence on the stage,

and no acted play in which any indebtedness to Shakespeare or to Ravenscroft is to be traced is to be found in French literature. The Titus of Debelloy, acted at the Théatre Français 28 Feb. 1759, is drawn from La Clemenza di Tito of Metastasio. Titus Andronicus is assumably one of the plays acted in Germany by the English actors during their visits to that country. In the extravagant piece included in the first volume of Englische Comedien vnd Tragedien, 1620, v. 1624, 12mo, reprinted by Ludewig Tieck in the Deutsches Theater, vol. i. Berlin, 1817, and entitled "A Most Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus and the haughty Empress, wherein are found Memorable Events," the main lines of Titus Andronicus are closely followed. Herr Albert Cohn, who reprints this piece with a translation in his Shakespeare in Germany, pt. II. 159–236, draws in the prefatory observations to his volume the conclusion that Titus and Vespasian, acted, according to Henslowe's Register, 11th April, 1591, was the original on which Titus Andronicus is founded. In favour of this he can only advance the fact that Vespasian is introduced as a principal character in the German play, in which he appears as a partisan of Titus Andronicus, for whom he claims the empire of Rome. After the death of Titus he becomes his "son and avenger who at the conclusion obtains the crown" (Shakespeare in Germany, cxii). An argument resting on so slight a foundation will, of course, be taken for what it is worth. A Dutch imitation of Titus Andronicus appeared in 4to in 1641 with the title "Aran en Titus, of Wraak en Weerwraak," from the pen of Jan Vos. Eleven editions of this had seen the light by the year 1661. This play was popular on the Dutch stage until well into the eighteenth century. A version of it was given in 1712 by Salomon Van Rusting and another in 1716 by Jacob Rosseau. (See the Athenæum for 13th July, 1850, p. 738, and 4th January, 1851, p. 21.)—J. K.

## CRITICAL REMARKS.

Titus Andronicus is not an inspiring subject of criticism. Looked at from any and every point of view it stands convicted of a thousand shames—hopeless in its sheer crudity of construction; in its lack of even the average verbal eloquence and distinction of style which Shakespeare can at any moment command; in the grotesqueness of the characterization; above all, hopeless in its lavish display of everything that can revolt and disgust the reader, to say nothing of the spectator. Rudely robust must have been the nerves of the Elizabethan theatre-goer who could tolerate and possibly enjoy the spectacle of a maimed and mutilated heroine; and even more robust is the Shakespearian loyalty—rather a false loyalty—which, pinning its faith to the First Folio, approaches the play with a full belief in its authenticity, and straightway is able to find in it something more than a chaotic muddle of melodramatic horrors. It appears to me that if the internal evidence of style is ever to count for anything, this is essentially a place where the æsthetic test should apply; and if we may not in the case of Titus Andronicus deny the possibility of Shakespearian authorship on the ground of the utter, unredeemed badness of the work, why, then, æsthetic criticism must for ever hide its diminished head, and Francis Meres and the editors of the First Folio may triumph and rejoice greatly. If genuine, Titus Andronicus must in point of time have been closely connected with Lucrece. Conceive what Lucrece would have been if carried out in the Titus Andronicus spirit. There is nothing that we might not have had, no horror of incident and representation that might not have been inflicted on us. Shakespeare could write Venus and Adonis and Lucrece and not shock us, though each in its theme and idea was full of unpleasant possibilities. Now it is not the function of the artist to disgust, and Shakespeare knew this: he never wantonly goes out of his way to pain the reader by the introduction of superfluously objectionable incidents. But Titus Andronicus is nothing if not nasty; and so stupidly nasty. The comedy makes us weep, and the tragedy not unfrequently laugh.

We are told that many German critics accept the play as authentic. It is quite possible. Schlegel firmly believed in the genuineness of

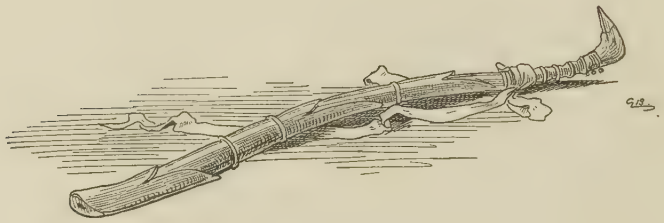
Thomas Lord Cromwell. German critics are not infallible, and in any case it is late in the day to ask us to formulate our judgments solely by their *dicta*. We may be content—especially in a case like this where language, style, and literary quality of workmanship are the real points at issue—to fall back upon the opinions of our own great critics; and upon the genuineness or non-genuineness of Titus Andronicus English criticism speaks with no uncertain voice. By the judgment of such critics as Coleridge (whose word would countervail a legion of learned foreigners), Dyce, Hallam, and Sidney Walker, the play stands condemned; while other authorities—Malone, Staunton—hold that Shakespeare's hand is periodically traceable in the work. Believing, that is, that there must have been some original foundation for the theory that Shakespeare wrote the play, they credit Shakespeare with having undertaken the duty of revising the work of some unknown and manifestly incompetent dramatist. This, to my mind, is the safest ground to take up. Titus Andronicus, I believe, was written by a fifth-rate playwright who had read—and read not wisely but too well—the Spanish Tragedy of Thomas Kyd: hence the atmosphere of insensate melodrama which pervades the five acts; hence the rhapsody and rant, the profusion of blood and burlesque, the thousand and one incidental touches that remind us of the old-fashioned tragedy which Shakespeare himself effectually drove from the field. And then Shakespeare gave the work half an hour's revision and—far more important—his name; and the less critical of the "groundlings" may have accepted the piece in all sincerity and simplicity as a genuine and characteristic achievement of the great dramatist. We may admire their unquestioning faith, but personally I cannot imitate it.

Of the dramatis personæ a word. In many respects the character-treatment, such as it is, follows that of Marlowe, though at a considerable distance, with much less unity of conception and sustained elevation of manner. The characters, so far as they have individuality, are almost all worked out on a few simple lines of passion, without complexity of motive, and in a manner not wholly unsuggestive of the personifications of single virtues and vices in the older drama. Some clue is given to the working of the author's mind in this regard when Tamora poses before Titus as Revenge, sent from below to join with him and right his wrongs, and points to her sons as her ministers Rapine and Murder. The allegorizing tendency shows most clearly through the thin guise of this wildly extravagant strategy, but from the very first scene, in which her eldest son is slain by the sons of Titus, it is always as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder, not as human beings, that Tamora and her sons cross the stage. She is the "heinous tiger," beast-like and devoid of pity, and the "tiger's young ones" are always ready not only to gratify her revenge, but to suggest more brutal methods of carrying it out than she herself dreams. Of the other characters, two only are worth noticing, the deeply-dyed villain Aaron, and Titus Andronicus himself. There is a touch—far off, perhaps, but still a touch—of power in the latter. His pagan stoical pitilessness in killing his son; his desperate, consuming desire of revenge, a desire that soon passes into actual madness; and this real madness, heightened, accentuated, relieved by the assumed insanity of the last scene; these are elements of impressiveness. But all is rough, unwrought. There is no continuity of effect, nothing more than a passing suggestion from time to time of inspiration; if we linger with pleasure over one speech, we are shocked by the next. And we need not wonder that it should be so. The theory that the play represents Shakespeare's careless, perfunctory revision of some hopelessly bad original would account for the irregularity and unevenness of the character of the protagonist of the drama. Titus Andronicus could never be anything more than what we find him—a melodramatic creation such as the uncritical in all ages have applauded. And Titus Andronicus has an appropriate counterpart in Aaron. Aaron is simply a vulgar embodiment of very inferior villainy. His vice has nothing of the artistic quality, the finish, the subtlety that lend such distinction to the motiveless malignity of Iago. And he cannot claim to be ori-

ginal. He is a stock character of the Elizabethan stage in its earliest days; a piece of theatrical property, so to speak, a lay-figure which the uninventive playwright kept in his studio and periodically produced, with the certainty of touching an unlettered audience. There is little art in such a character, and less nature. At best Aaron can only possess a certain antiquarian interest for us as being a type of the conventional villain of the footlights, much such a monster, in fact, as Marlowe made his Barabbas in the last three acts of The Jew of Malta.

Perhaps nothing more damning can be said of the play than this—that these characters are the only figures in the motley crowd of puppets that merit a single line of comment. The others are neither more nor less than dramatic machinery, and very bad machinery too; and it is with infinite relief that one turns from a work as dreary and depressing as any that dramatic literature can show.





*Lav.* O, bless me here with thy victorious hand.—(Act i. 1. 163.)

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side,* SATURNINUS *and his Followers; and, from the other side,* BASSIANUS *and his Followers; with drums and colours.*

*Sat.* Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore th' imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence,[1] and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

*Marc.* Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand 20
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited[2] home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, 29
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd

[1] *Continence,* temperance.

[2] *Accited,* summoned.

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend[1] to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy[2]
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed[3] with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter* MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them, two Men bearing a coffin, covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, *and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou[4] great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,[5]
That thou wilt never render to me more!

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
*Ad manes fratrum*[6] sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

[1] *Pretend*, intend.
[2] *Affy* = trust.
[3] *Circumscribed*, restrained.
[4] *Thou, i.e.* Jupiter Capitolinus.
[5] *In store*, in keeping.
[6] *Ad manes fratrum* = to the shades of my brothers.

*Tit.* I give him you,—the noblest that survives, 102
The eldest son of this distressed queen.
*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return, 110
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me. 121
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
*Luc.* Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.*
*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety! 130
*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,—
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,— 140
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter* Lucius, Quintus, Martius, *and* Mutius, *with their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd 142
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth[1] naught, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
*Tit.* Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest, 151
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise; but silence and eternal sleep:

*Enter* Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!
*Lav.* In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies; 160
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!
*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date,[2] for virtue's praise!

*Enter, below,* Marcus Andronicus *and Tribunes; re-enter* Saturninus *and* Bassianus, *attended.*

*Marc.* Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome! 170

[1] *Remaineth, i.e.* there remaineth.
[2] *And fame's eternal date, i.e.* may you live longer than fame herself.

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus. 171
*Marc.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, 179
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*,[1] then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What[2] should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
*Marc.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery. 201
*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?
*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturnine.
*Sat.* Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!
*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee 210
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
*Tribunes.* To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome, 221
The people will accept whom he admits.
*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"
*Marc.* With voices and applause of every sort, 230
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"
[*A long flourish.*
*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset,[3] Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,[4] 240
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate

---

[1] *Candidatus*, referring to the white toga worn by candidates for office.
[2] *What* = why.
[3] *For an onset* = as a beginning.
[4] *Empress*, a trisyllable.

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
*Tit.* [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers. 260
*Sat.* [*Aside*] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can[1] make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this? 270
*Lav.* Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum. [*Flourish.*
[*Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb-show.*
*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing Lavinia.*
*Tit.* How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?
*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
*Marc.* *Suum cuique*[2] is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own. 281
*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!
*Sat.* Surpris'd! by whom?
*Bas.* By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back. 289
*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.
*Tit.* What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?
[*Stabbing Mutius.*
*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
*Luc.* Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful-promis'd love. [*Exit.*
*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 300
I 'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,[3]
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece 309
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

---

[1] *Can, i.e.* that can.
[2] *Suum cuique, i.e.* to each that which is his own. Apparently *cuique* must be pronounced *cuique.*
[3] *To make a stale,* to make a dupe of.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome. 320
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.
*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires, 331
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we cónsummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and Goths.*
*Tit.* I am not bid[1] to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged[2] of wrongs?

*Re-enter* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

*Marc.* O Titus, see, O see what thou hast done! 341
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified: 351
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
*Marc.* My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.
*Quin.* } And shall, or him we will accom-
*Mart.* } pany.
*Tit.* "And shall"! what villain was it spake that word?
*Quin.* He that would vouch[3] 't in any place but here. 360
*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite?
*Marc.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.
*Mart.* He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*
*Marc.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,— 370
*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—
*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
*Marc.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
*Marc.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals: 381
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise:—
[*Marcus and the others rise.*
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

[1] *Bid* = invited.
[2] *Challenged* = accused.
[3] *Vouch* = make good.

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*
*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
*All.* [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius; 389
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
*Marc.* [*Rising with the rest*] My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,—
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
*Marc.* Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, from one side,* SATURNINUS *attended,* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON; *from the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord! I say no more, 401
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.
[*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?]
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
*Sat.* 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us; 409
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.
*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer[1] I must, and shall do with my life.
Only this much I give you grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave: 420
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all; 430
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
*Sat.* What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
*Tam.* Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to Saturninus*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last; 442
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey,[2] take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,—
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,—
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all, 450
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd. 459
*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

[1] *Answer, i.e.* answer for.

[2] *Upon a just survey, i.e.* after fairly considering the matter.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily, 463
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd[1]
My word and promise to the emperor, 469
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[*Marcus, Lavinia, and the sons of Titus kneel.*

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own

*Marc.* That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends: 479
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit[2] these young men's heinous faults.

[*Marcus and the others rise.*

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora. 491

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace *bonjour.*

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

---

# ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.*

*Enter* AARON.

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress. 20
[To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—
Holla! what storm is this?]

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving.*[3]

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so[4] in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two 31
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

---

[1] *Pass'd* = pledged. [2] *Remit,* pardon.

[3] *Braving* = threatening each other. [4] *So* = also.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends? 40
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?
[*They draw.*
*Aar.* [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns; 50
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
*Dem.* Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
*Aar.* Away, I say!— 60
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon[1] a prince's right?
[What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?]
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please. 70

[1] *Jet upon* = encroach on.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world: 71
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,

*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
—(Act ii. 1. 43, 44.)

And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
[*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose t' achieve her whom I love.
*Aar.* T' achieve her!—how?
*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange? 82
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn[1] Vulcan's badge.[2]
*Aar.* [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90
*Dem.* Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
*Aar.* Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.
*Aar.* Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed? 101
*Chi.* Faith, not me.
*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.
*Aar.* For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve, ]
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. 109
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
[ The forest-walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind[3] for rape and villany: ]
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred[4] wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate, 121
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
[ The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:

[1] *Worn*, pronounce as a dissyllable.
[2] *Vulcan's badge* = the cuckold's horns.
[3] *Kind* = nature. [4] *Sacred, i.e.* cursed: Lat. *sacer.*

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye, 130
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
*Dem. Sit fas aut nefas,*[5] till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

*Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.,* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,[6]
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
T' attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter* SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty;— 11
Madam, to you as many and as good:—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
*Sat.* And you have rung[7] it lustily, my lord;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you?
*Lav.* I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
*Sat.* Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—[*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see 19
Our Roman hunting.
*Marc.* I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

[5] *Sit fas, &c.*; be it right or wrong.
[6] *Bay* = barking. [7] *Rung, i.e.* on the horn.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

*Enter* AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

*Aar.* He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit[1] it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

*Enter* TAMORA.

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad, 10
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
[And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And—after conflict such as was suppos'd 21
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.]

[1] *Inherit,* to possess.

*Aar.* [Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 30
Saturn[2] is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering[3] in my head.]
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul, 40
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
[His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.]
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more,—we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life! 51
*Aar.* No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

*Bas.* Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?
*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had, 61
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!
[*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;

[2] *Saturn,* a malignant planet.
[3] *Hammering,* being plotted.

And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day! 70
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.]
*Bas.* [Believe me, queen, your swarth[1] Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.]
Why are you séquester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an óbscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
[*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated 81
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
*Bas.*] The king my brother shall have note of this.
*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!
*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale? 91
These two have tic'd me hither to this place:—
A barren[2] detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,[3]
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it 103
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
[And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:] 111
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth call'd my children.[4]
*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs Bassianus.*
*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*
*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!
*Tam.* Give me thy poniard;—you shall know, my boys, 120
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
[*Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted[5] hope she braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
*Tam.* But when ye have the honey ye desire, 131
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
*Chi.* I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.]
*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her!
*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

[1] *Swarth, i.e.* black. [2] *Barren;* a monosyllable. [3] *Urchins,* hedgehogs. [4] *Children,* a trisyllable. [5] *Painted,* specious.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain. 141
*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
*Chi.* What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
*Lav.* 'T is true,—the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure 151
To have his princely paws par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish[1] in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
*Tam.* I know not what it means.—Away with her!
*Lav.* O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160
*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
[Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died. 171
*Tam.* What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.
*Lav.* 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180
*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.
*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name![2]
Confusion fall—
*Chi.* Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.]

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all th' Andronici be made away. 189
[Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.]

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Martius.

*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*

*Quin.* What, art thou fall'n?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood 200
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

[1] *Famish*, starve.

[2] *General name*, *i.e.* to womanhood in general.

*Mart.* O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt 204
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
*Aar.* [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out 209
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
*Quin.* I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

*Chi.* Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband.—(Act ii. 3. 185.)

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220
Was I a child to fear[1] I know not what.
*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?
*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: 230
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

[1] *To fear* = so as to fear.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

*Enter* SATURNINUS *with* AARON.

*Sat.* Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Re-enter* TAMORA, *with Attendants;* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

*Tam.* Where is my lord the king?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter to Saturninus.*
The complot of this timeless[1] tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* [*Reads*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."—
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?—
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.—
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

*Sat.* [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

*Sat.* If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverent tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt Saturninus, Tamora, Aaron, and Attendants, with Quintus, Martius, and the body of Bassianus; then Andronicus and Lucius.*

[SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

[1] *Timeless,* untimely.

Who 't was that cut[1] thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
*Chi.* An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.
*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

*Enter* MARCUS.

*Mar.* Who 's this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?— 11
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness 20
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud. 32
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 't is so?
O that I knew thy heart! and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met, 41
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet. 51
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt.*]

---

# ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept, 10

[1] *Cut, i.e.* cut out.

Because they died in honour's lofty bed. 11
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetites;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter* Lucius, *with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
*Luc.* O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.— 30
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—
*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
*Tit.* Why, 't is no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale: 40
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.— [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment. 51
*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!—
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter* Marcus *and* Lavinia.

*Marc.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it, then.
*Marc.* This was thy daughter.
*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.
*Luc.* Ay me, this object kills me!
*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea, 68
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.
*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee? 81
*Marc.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet-varied notes, enchanting every ear!
*Luc.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

*Marc.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer 89
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring[1] wound.
*Tit.* It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn, 101
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.[2]— 109
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
*Marc.* Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; 120
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows 131
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
*Marc.* Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin[3] cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own. 141
*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

*Enter* Aaron.

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons, 151
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
*Tit.* O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor 160
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
*Luc.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,

[1] *Unrecuring*, incurable. [2] *By this* = by this time. [3] *Napkin*, handkerchief.

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you:
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Marc.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, 169
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[1]
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Marc.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go!

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 180
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Marc.* And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

*Marc.* But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: 190
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

*Re-enter* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

*Tit.* Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price; 199
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—[*To Lavinia*] What, wilt thou kneel with me? 210
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Marc.* O brother, speak with possibility,[2]
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Marc.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes: 221
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
[Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd: 230
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.]

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

[1] *Castle*, helmet.

[2] *With possibility* = reasonably.

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,--
Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes 240
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

*Marc.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
Those miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted-at[1] is double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

*Marc.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake. 252

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end?

*Marc.* Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand 261
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Marc.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes, 269
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy[2] people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.— 281
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,— 289
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and* YOUNG LUCIUS.

*Tit.* So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10

[1] *Flouted-at* = jeered at.

[2] *Heavy* = sorrowful.

Then thus I thump it down.— 11
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
*Marc.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay 21
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands, 29
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,—
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd[1] upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still[2] practice learn to know thy meaning.
*Young Luc.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

[1] *Mesh'd, i.e.* mashed, as though the tears and sorrow were mixed together, like malt and water.
[2] *Still,* constant.

*Marc.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears, 50
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
*Marc.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.
*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for[3] my company.
*Marc.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mother? 60
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
*Marc.* Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
*Tit.* O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
*Marc.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him, 79
He takes false shadows for true substances.
*Tit.* Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *For*=fit for.

# ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. The garden of Titus's house.*

*Enter* TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter* YOUNG LUCIUS, *running, with books under his arm, which he lets fall, and* LAVINIA *running after him.*

*Young Luc.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
*Marc.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
*Young Luc.* Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
*Marc.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:— 9
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.
*Marc.* Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
*Young Luc.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly, —
Causeless,[1] perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
*Marc.* Lucius, I will.
[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*
*Tit.* How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this? 30
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
*Marc.* I think she means that there was more than one 38
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
*Young Luc.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.
*Marc.* For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
*Tit.* Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
[*Helping her.*
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
*Marc.* See, brother, see; note how she quotes[2] the leaves. 50
*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
[Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.]
*Marc.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60
*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

[1] *Causeless*, an adverb.

[2] *Quotes*, observes.

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
[Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?]
*Marc.* Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all. 71
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—

*Tit.* O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—(Act iv. 1. 77.)

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
*Tit.* O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—
"*Stuprum*[1]—*Chiron*—*Demetrius.*"
*Marc.* What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80
*Tit. Magni dominator poli,*
*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*[2]
*Marc.* O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woful fere[3]
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice, 92
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
[*Tit.* 'T is sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,

[1] *Stuprum* = violation.
[2] *i.e.* lord of great heaven, are you so slow to hear, so slow to see, crimes?
[3] *Fere* = spouse, mate; the husband being Collatinus.

She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let 't alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel[1] will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

*Young Luc.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Marc.* Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Young Luc.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.]

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

*Young Luc.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius.*

*Marc.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge:—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter, from one side,* AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON; *from the other side,* YOUNG LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Young Luc.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus,—
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

[*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

*Young Luc.* [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd,[2] that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.]—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both,—[*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Young Lucius and Attendant.*

*Dem.* What 's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let 's see:—

[Reads] "*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*
*Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*"[3]

*Chi.* O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just,[4]—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.—
[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest! th' old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

[1] *Gad of steel*=the *stylus* used by the ancients in writing on wax.

[2] *Decipher'd, i.e.* discovered.

[3] The man of stainless life and free from sin needs not the darts or the bow of the Maurian.

[4] *Just*=just so.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.
[*Aar.* Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
*Dem.* I would we had a thousand Roman dames 41
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
*Chi.* A charitable wish and full of love.
*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.
*Dem.* Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.] [*Flourish within.*
*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus? 49
*Chi.* Belike for joy the emperor hath a son.
*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!— 60
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.
[*Aar.* To whom?
*Nur.* I mean, she's brought a-bed.]
*Aar.* Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
*Nur.* A devil.
*Aar.* Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
[*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point. 70
*Aar.* Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse,[1] you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?
*Aar.* That which thou canst not undo.
*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.
*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.
*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!]
*Chi.* It shall not live. 80
*Aar.* It shall not die.
*Nur.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
*Aar.* What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
*Dem.* I'll broach[2] the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
*Aar.* [Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.]
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
[Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,]
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point 91
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue; 100
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress[3] from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

---

[1] *Blowse* = wench.
[2] *Broach, i.e.* pierce, as with a spit; F. *broche.*
[3] *The empress,* pronounce *th' emperess.*

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

[*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this,[1] myself,—
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer; 109
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.]

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.[2]

*Nur.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.

*Aar.* Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father, 120
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

[He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he 's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.]

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice: 130
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords![3] when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child? 140

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away:—
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—
[*He stabs her: she screams and dies.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

*Aar.* O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman; 152
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack[4] with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine, 159
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow[5] her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora, 170
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron bearing off the dead Nurse.*

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up 179
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

[1] *This*, *i.e.* the child. [2] *Escape* = transgression, shame. [3] *Lords*, a dissyllable.

[4] *Pack* = make an arrangement with. [5] *Bestow* = see to.

SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter* TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.—
*Terras*[1] *Astræa reliquit:*
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.—
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there 's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade, 11
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence; 23
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
*Marc.* O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night t' attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy. 30
*Marc.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

[1] *Terras, &c.,* Astræa has left the earth.

*Tit.* Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What,
Have you met with her?
*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Plato sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else, 40
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung[2] with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak[3] our wrongs.— 51
Come, to this gear.—You 're a good archer, Marcus; [*He gives them the arrows.*
*Ad Jovem*, that 's for you:—here, *Ad Apollinem:*—
*Ad Martem*, that 's for myself:—
Here, boy, *To Pallas:*—here, *To Mercury:*—
*To Saturn*, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited. 60
*Marc.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*]—O, well said, Lucius!—
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.
*Marc.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
[*Tit.* Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou 'st shot off one of Taurus' horns.
*Marc.* This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot, 70
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

[2] *Wrung*=pressed. [3] *Wreak*=revenge.

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!]

*Enter a Clown with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

*Clo.* O, the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

*Clo.* Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

*Clo.* From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

*Marc.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I never could say grace[1] in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir; I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Grace*, an obvious quibble on the two meanings of the word.

## SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter* SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Lords, and others; Saturninus with the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for th' extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's *To Jove*, and this *To Mercury;*
This *To Apollo;* this *To the god of war;*—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning[2] our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

[2] *Blazoning*, proclaiming.

He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.
*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.—[*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.—

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?
*Clo.* Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be emperial. 40
*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
*Clo.* 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give you godden:[1] I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*Saturninus reads the letter.*
*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
*Clo.* How much money must I have?
*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.
*Clo.* Hang'd! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany? 51
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape[2] privilege:—
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great, 59
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter* Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?
*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lord,—Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power[3]
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under condúct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms: 71
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'T is he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say—
When I have walked like a private man—
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.
*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city strong?
*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him. 80
*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, 90
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.
*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.
*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

[1] *Godden,* "good evening."
[2] *Shape,* procure him.
[3] *Power,* army.

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador: 100
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices. 112
*Sat.* Then go successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT V.

## Scene I. *Plains near Rome.*

*Enter* Lucius, *and an army of Goths, with drums and colours.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from Great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,[1]
Let him make treble satisfaction.
*First Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; 10
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.
*Goths.* And as he saith, so say we all with him.
*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading* Aaron *with his Child in his arms.*

*Sec. Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd 20
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
[ "Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white, 31
They never do beget a coal-black calf. ]
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.
*Luc.* O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil 40
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;

[1] *Scathe* = harm.

[This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—]
Say, wall-ey'd[1] slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
*Aar.* Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.
*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,— 51
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder.
[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*
*Aar.* Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!
*Luc.* Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st, 59
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
[*Aar.* An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously[2] perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
*Luc.* Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.]
*Aar.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin. 70
*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
*Aar.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble[3] for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears, 80
To that I 'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

*Sec. Goth.* With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surpris'd him suddenly.—(Act v. 1. 37, 38.)

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.
*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
*Aar.* [First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
*Luc.* O most insatiate and luxurious[4] woman!
*Aar.* Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity 89
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

---

[1] *Wall-ey'd*=fierce-eyed.
[2] *Piteously, i.e.* in such a way as to excite pity.
[3] *Bauble*=plaything.
[4] *Luxurious*, lustful.

*Luc.* O détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 't was
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
*Luc.* O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding[1] spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;[2] 100
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—]
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart, 112
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
*First Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush? 121
*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As, kill a man, or else devise his death;
[Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;] 129
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd-up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead." 140
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
*Luc.* Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
[*Aaron is brought down from the ladder.*
*Aar.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more. 151

*Enter a Goth.*

*Third Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter* Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?
*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages, 160
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
*First Goth.* What says our general?
*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March, away!
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[1] *Codding*, lustful. [2] *Set*=game, match.

SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*

*Enter* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.
[*They knock.*

*Enter* TITUS, *above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door, 10
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
*Tam.* Titus, I now am come to talk with thee.
*Tit.* No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds[1] of me; therefore no more.
*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me. 20
*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches[2] made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
*Tam.* Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend: 29
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
[Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear,] but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—
Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake. 40
*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
*Tam.* I am; therefóre come down, and welcome me.
*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
[Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;]
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away, 51
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine[3] and Murder there.
*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me. 60
*Tit.* Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?
*Tam.* Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
*Tit.* Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. 69
[*Exit above.*
*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy:

[1] *Odds* = advantage.
[2] *Trenches, i.e.* the lines on his cheeks.
[3] *Rapine,* equivalent to *rape.*

Whate'er I forge[1] to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter* TITUS, *below.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee: 81
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags[2]
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil: 90
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
[ *Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.
*Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
*Tam.* Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee, 102
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine. ]
*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do. 110
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device? 120
*Tit.* Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life. 130
*Marc.* This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*
*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
[ *Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
*Tam.* ] [*Aside to Demetrius and Chiron*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. 141
*Tit.* [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.
*Dem.* [*Aside to Tamora*] Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.
*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit Tamora.*
*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd? 149

[1] *Whate'er I forge, i.e.* whatever story I invent.
[2] *Wags,* stirs.

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter* PUBLIUS, CAIUS, *and* VALENTINE.

*Pub.* What is your will?
*Tit.* Know you these two?
*Pub.* The empress' sons,
I take them,[1] Chiron and Demetrius.
*Tit.* [Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,— 156
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—]
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:—
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour.

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—(Act v. 2. 167.)

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
[*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

*Chi.* Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.
*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter* TITUS, *with* LAVINIA; *he bearing a knife, and she a basin.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
[Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.]

[1] *Take them* = take them to be.

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold 183
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear, 189
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
[And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.[1]]
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it; 200
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious[2]
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So:—
Now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. *Court of Titus's house: tables set out.*

*Enter* LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and Goths, with* AARON *prisoner, and his Child in the arms of an Attendant; other Attendants.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
*First Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10
*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
[*Exeunt some Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter* SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, *Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
*Marc.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break[3] the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath órdain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefóre, draw nigh, and take your places.
*Sat.* Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

*Enter* TITUS, *dressed like a Cook,* LAVINIA, *veiled,* YOUNG LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.
*Tam.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius

[1] *Increase, i.e.* produce. [2] *Officious,* eager. [3] *Break,* commence.

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.
*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord? 40
*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*Kills Lavinia.*
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!
*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was, 50
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it now is done.
[*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
*Tit.* Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?]
*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
*Tit.* Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:
[They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;]
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.
*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.
*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point. [*Kills Tamora.*
*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*Kills Titus.*
*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and their Partisans go up into a gallery.*
*Marc.* You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again 70
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor, 80
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful-burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief, 89
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is our captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother; 98
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd[1]
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

[1] *Cozen'd, i.e.* he was cozened.

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I; 113
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Marc.* [Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,—
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered; 120
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.]
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Ardronici 131
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

*Romans.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

*Marc.* [*To Attendants*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

LUCIUS, MARCUS, *&c.*, *descend.*

*Romans.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim[1] awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task:— 150
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

*Marc.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us 160
To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate[2] friends in grief and woe: 169
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Young Luc.* O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Re-enter Attendants with* AARON.

*Æmil.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food: 180
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

---

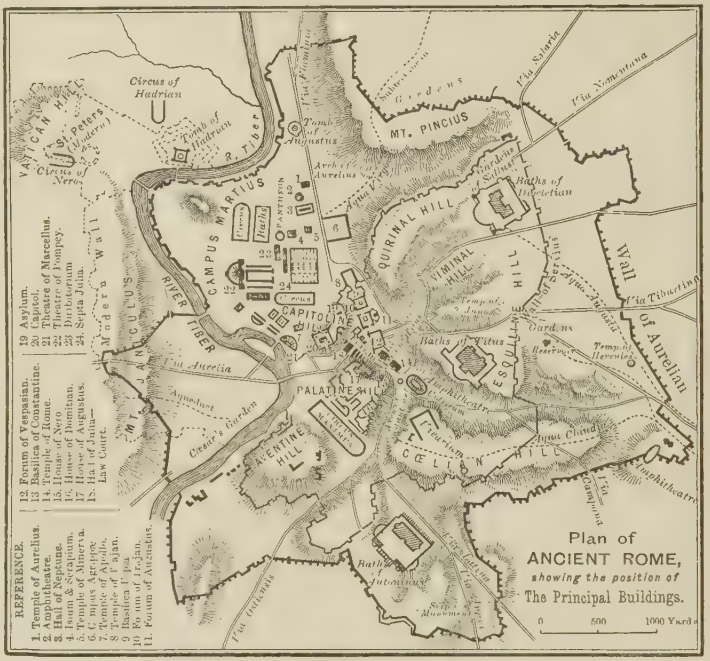
[1] *Give me aim, i.e.* direct me. [2] *Associate,* join.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want[1] of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Want, i.e.* lack.




# NOTES TO TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## ACT I. SCENE 1

1. Line 4: *Plead my* SUCCESSIVE *title.*—That is, the title which gives me a right to succeed. Shakespeare has the expression "*successive* heir" twice: II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 49, and Sonnet cxxvii. 3.

2. Line 9: *Romans,—friends, followers.*—An anticipation, perhaps, of the great speech in Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 78.

3. Line 27: *is* ACCITED *home.*—Only here and twice in II. Henry IV., ii. 2. 64 (where it looks like a misprint for *excites*) and v. 2. 141.

4. Line 32: *and* CHASTISED.—Accentuate *chástiséd,* and cf. Richard III. iv. 4. 331:

> And when this arm of mine hath *chástiséd.*
>
> —Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, p. 392.

5. Line 69: *the enemies of Rome.*—In the Variorum Edition this is treated as the end of the first scene.

6. Line 70: *victorious in* THY *mourning weeds.*—Warburton changed to *my;* but, to quote Johnson's words, "We may suppose the Romans, in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits." Dyce followed Warburton.

7. Line 80: *Half of the number that King Priam had.*—In Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 175, the number is given as fifty-one.

8. Lines 87, 88:

> *Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,*
> *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?*

A reminiscence, probably, of the Sixth Æneid, lines 325–330; the idea is entirely classical.

9. Lines 100, 101: *That so the shadows,* &c.—Alluding to the classical belief that the spirits of unburied men returned to the world and demanded of the relations of the dead the rites of burial. So the sailor in Horace's famous ode, i. xxviii. asks of Archytas a handful of "wandering sand."

10. Line 106: *in* PASSION *for her son.*—For *passion*=the expression of grief, cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 541:

And *passion* in the gods.

11. Line 119: *Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.*—We may remember Portia's great speech, The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 184-205.

12. Line 121: PATIENT *yourself.*—*Patient* as a verb=to compose one's self, is ἅπαξ λεγόμενον in Shakespeare.

13. Line 131: *was ever* SCYTHIA.—For Scythia, taken as a type of barbarism, see Lear, note 32.

14. Line 138: *Upon the Thracian tyrant in* HIS *tent.*—Strictly it was the tent in which Hecuba and the other Trojan women were confined: hence some editors read "*her* tent." The story is told in Euripides' Hecuba; the tyrant in question was Polymestor.

15. Line 151: *repose you here* IN REST.—I do not see why *in rest* should be omitted; the words occur in Qq. and Ff. Pope omitted.

16. Lines 159, 160:

*Lo, at this tomb my* TRIBUTARY TEARS
*I render.*

The phrase is repeated later on, iii. 1. 270:

And make them blind with *tributary tears.*

17. Line 177: *That hath aspir'd to* SOLON'S HAPPINESS.—Alluding to the Greek maxim, "Call no man happy till he die." Compare the opening lines of Sophocles' Trachiniæ for a famous version of the proverb:

There is a saying, time-honoured among men,
That of a man's life, till the day he dies,
Whether it be good or evil, none may know.
—Whitelaw's Translation.

18. Line 192: *And set* ABROAD.—"Trouble all the people with business that should be the care of one only or a few" (Schmidt). Q. 1 and F. 1 agree in reading *abroad;* F. 3 and F. 4 have *set abroach*=cause, a phrase which occurs in three passages: II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 14; Richard III. i. 3. 325; and Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 111. One meets with it outside Shakespeare, *e.g.* in Locrine, v. 5:

Turmoil our land, and *set* their broils *abroach.*
—Tauchnitz ed. of Doubtful Plays, p. 194.

Compare, too, the same play, ii. 4:

And *set* that coward blood of thine *abroach;*
—p. 152.

where the idea is that of broaching a cask or vessel.

19. Line 242: *in the sacred* PÁNTHEON.—The Quartos and Folios print a strange variant, *Pathan.*

20. Line 309: *that changing* PIECE.—*Piece* sometimes, as here, conveyed an idea of contempt; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iv. 1. 62:

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed *piece,*

where the meaning is extremely offensive. Usually, however, the word is used (according to Schmidt) to denote excellence; *e.g.* "a *piece* of virtue," in Pericles, iv. 6. 118; and "O ruin'd *piece* of nature!" Lear, iv. 6. 137; and so on through several passages equally to the point.

21. Line 313: *To* RUFFLE *in the commonwealth of Rome.*—*Ruffle* in the sense of "be boisterous and turbulent," is of not infrequent occurrence in the dramatists, and occasionally the verb is transitive; *e.g.* Wit Without Money, v. 3:

Can I not go about my meditations, ha!
But such companions as you must *ruffle* me?
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, iv. 189;

and The False One, v. 4:

They *ruffled* me;
But that I could endure.
—Beaumont and Fletcher, vi. p. 299.

In other places the idea is merely swaggering, pretentious behaviour, as in Cynthia's Revels, iii. 3:

Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in red and yellow.
—Ben Jonson, Gifford's ed. ii. p. 290.

For Shakespeare, note Lear, iii. 7. 41; and same play, ii. 4. 304, where, however, Qq. read *russel.*

22. Line 359: "*And* SHALL"! *What villain was it spake that word?*—Rather a similar touch occurs in Tamburlaine, part I. iii. 3. 40, 41:

*Tamb.* Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood;
For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine.
—Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. i. p. 57.

23 Line 368: *not* WITH *himself.*—As we should say, "beside himself." A curious idiom, that does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Ff. omit *with.*

24. Line 380: *wise Laertes' son.*—Compare Sophocles, Ajax, 1332-1345.

25. Line 381: *for his* FUNERALS.—The plural form, as in Julius Cæsar, v. 3. 105:

His *funerals* shall not be in our camp.

Compare *nuptial* and *nuptials: e.g.* Tempest, v. 1. 308:

Where I have hope to see the *nuptial;*

and Pericles, v. 3. 80: "We 'll celebrate their *nuptials.*" Since writing the above I have come across the form *funerals* in one of Peele's plays, viz. The Battle of Alcazar, v. last line:

So to perform the prince's *funerals.*
—Dyce's Greene & Peele, p. 440.

26. Lines 389, 390:

*No man shed tears for noble Mutius;*
*He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.*

Evidently, says Steevens (Var. Ed. xxi. p. 280), a translation of the distich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumis decoret, nec funera fletu
Facsit. cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

"Let no one honour me with tears, or celebrate my funeral with weeping. For why? Alive I flit from mouth to mouth of men."

27. Line 391: *these* DREARY *dumps.*—So the Quartos; the Folios give *sudden,* which seems less satisfactory.

28. Line 398: *Yes, and will,* &c.—Only in Ff., where it is given to Titus; assigned to Marcus by Dyce, I think rightly.

29. Line 399: PLAY'D *your* PRIZE.—A term borrowed from fencing, and of frequent occurrence; cf. The Family of Love, v. 3: "At that he hath *played his doctor's prize*" (Middleton's Works, iii. p. 116). So The Humorous Lieutenant, v. 2:

I had it with a vengeance;
It *play'd his prize.*
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, vi. p. 529;

and Dekker, The Honest Whore, part I. scene xi.: "nay

let me alone to *play my master's prize*" (Works, ed. 1873, ii. p. 63).

30. Line 494: BONJOUR.—A French salutation, as Mercutio is careful to tell Romeo (Romeo, ii. 4. 47).

## ACT II. Scene 1.

31. Lines 5–7:

*As when the golden sun salutes the morn,*
*And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,*
GALLOPS THE ZODIAC *in his glistering coach.*

Has anyone noted the not insignificant fact that this rather curious expression "gallops the zodiac" occurs twice in Peele's works? Compare the Descensus Astrææ:

And made the silver morn and heaven's bright eye
*Gallop the zodiac.*
—Dyce's Greene & Peele (1883), p. 541;

also Anglorum Feriæ, 23, 24:

the rising sun
*Gallops the zodiac in his fiery train.*
—Ibid. p. 595.

Surely this last line is simply a variation on the present passage, or *vice versa.* See, too, Romeo and Juliet, note 116, with the quotation given there from Marlowe's Edward II.

32. Line 14: *And mount her* PITCH.—Properly *pitch* is a hawking term, "used of the height to which a falcon soars" (Schmidt). It occurs several times in this sense; *e.g.* in II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 6, 12.

33. Line 17: *Than is Prometheus tied to* CAUCASUS.—For the locality, contrast the first lines of Æschylus' Prometheus Vinctus.

34. Line 22: *this* SEMIRAMIS. — Mentioned by Ovid, Metamorphoses, v. 85:

Inde *Semiramio* Polydæmona sanguine cretum;
"Then Polydæmon born of the race of Semiramis."

Also iv. 58. Compare Taming of the Shrew, Induction, 2. 41.

35. Line 37: CLUBS, CLUBS!—See As You Like It, note 168.

36. Line 39: *Gave you a* DANCING-RAPIER; *i.e.* a sword worn only as an ornament in dancing. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, but the reference is the same as in All's Well, ii. 1. 32, 33:

and no *sword* worn
But one to *dance with.*

So again, Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 35, 36:

he at Philippi kept
His *sword* e'en like a *dancer.*

37. Line 62: *This petty* BRABBLE.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 295.

38. Line 72: *I love Lavinia more than all the world.*—Re-echoed (?) in Edward II. i. 4. 77:

Because he *loves me more than all the world.*
—Marlowe, ii. p. 135.

39. Line 79: A THOUSAND DEATHS.—As a coincidence it may be worth while to note that the same phrase comes in II. Tamburlaine, v. 2. 22, 23:

Methinks I could sustain *a thousand deaths*
To be revenged of all his villany.
—Marlowe, Works, i. p. 195.

40. Lines 82, 83:

*She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;*
*She is a woman, therefore may be won.*

Shakespeare must be speaking; cf. I. Henry VI. v. 3. 77, 78:

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be *woo'd;*
She is a woman, therefore to be *won.*

Compare too, for the form of the expression, Sonnet xli. 5, 6:

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be *won,*
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be *assail'd;*

and Richard III. i. 2. 228, 229:

Was ever woman in this humour *woo'd?*
Was ever woman in this humour *won?*

41. Line 85: *more water glideth.*—Steevens quotes, without any reference, a Latin version of the saying: "Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt;" "the miller does not see all the water that flows," *i.e.* by his mill.

42. Line 87: *Of a cut loaf to steal a* SHIVE.—A curious word, which still survives as a provincialism; cf. Miss Jackson's Shropshire Wordbook, p. 376, where two quotations are made from Ray's Proverbs: "Give a loaf and beg a *shive,*" p. 192, and "to cut large *shives* of another man's loaf," p. 175. Miss Jackson defines the word thus: "a thin slice, as of bread, bacon, &c.; said of bread chiefly." I notice it also in Mr. Elworthy's West Somerset Words, p. 664, Dialect Society Publications.

43. Line 100: *To* SQUARE *for this; i.e.* to quarrel; cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 30: "But they do *square,*" where see note 72.

44. Line 110: *A speedier course* THAN *lingering languishment.*—Qq. and Ff. all have *this:* the correction was made by Rowe.

45. Line 126: *The emperor's court is like the* HOUSE OF FAME.—An allusion, no doubt, to Chaucer's poem.

## ACT II. Scene 2.

46. Line 1: *the morn is bright and* GRAY. — Hanmer changed to *gay;* most inappositely, however, since this very expression occurs in the Old Wives' Tale:

The day is clear, the welkin *bright and gray.*

Compare also "*gray*-ey'd morn" in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 1.

47. Line 3: *make a* BAY.—*Bay*=barking, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

## ACT II. Scene 3.

48. Lines 10–29: *My lovely Aaron,* &c.—In Malone's opinion this is the only speech in the play that has a Shakespearian ring (Variorum Ed. xxi. p. 295).

49. Line 15: *And make a* CHEQUER'D SHADOW *on the ground.*—Steevens reminds us of Milton's

many a maid
Dancing in the *chequer'd shade.*
—L'Allegro, 95, 96.

He might also have quoted Pope's

And you my critics! in the *chequered shade.*
—The Dunciad, iv. 125.

Compare too Windsor Forest, 17.

**50.** Lines 23, 24:

*When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,*
*And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave.*

The reference is to Virgil, Æneid, iv. 160–172.

**51.** Line 31: SATURN *is dominator over mine.*—The implication being that he (Aaron) is in no mood for love, since Saturn was the planet of hate and moroseness; cf. Much Ado, i. 3. 12: "born under *Saturn.*"

**52.** Line 64: *should* DRIVE *upon; i.e.* rush upon; but the word is very strange. A good correction is *thrive.*

**53.** Line 75: *Why are you* SEQUESTER'D.—Compare As You Like It, ii. 1. 33, with note 36.

**54.** Line 95: *and* BALEFUL *mistletoe.—Baleful* because of the old superstition that the berries of the plant were poisonous; or perhaps because of the connection of mistletoe with the savage rites of Druidism. See Thiselton Dyer's Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 219.

**55.** Line 97: *or* FATAL RAVEN.—The raven is always mentioned in some gloomy or opprobrious context: cf. Macbeth, i. 5. 39; and Hamlet, iii. 2. 264: "the *croaking raven* doth bellow for revenge;" not to mention many other equally apposite passages. See Othello, note 181.

**56.** Line 102: *Would make such fearful and confused cries.*—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 3. 47, note 179.

**57.** Line 149: *the raven doth not hatch a lark.*—The writer may have remembered Horace's

neque imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
—Odes, bk. iv. 31, 32;

*i.e.* "Nor do fierce eagles breed the unwarlike dove."

**58.** Line 187: *see that you* MAKE HER SURE.—Properly *to make sure*=to affiance: thus Cotgrave gives "the betrothing or *making sure* of a man and woman together" as the equivalent of *accordailles.* The expression is not uncommon; cf. for instance, The Jew of Malta, ii. 3. 239:

That ye be both *made sure* ere you come out.

In the present passage the irony is obvious.

**59.** Line 231: *So pale did shine the moon on* PYRAMUS.—The story of Pyramus and Thisbe (for which see Midsummer Night's Dream) is given in Ovid, Metamorphoses, iv. 55-166. For the *pale moon,* cf. Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 125, and Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 104.

**60.** Lines 266, 267:

*And wonder greatly that man's face can fold*
*In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.*

Re-echoed in Hamlet, i. 5. 108.

**61.** Line 287: *How easily murder is discovered!*—As Launcelot says, "murder cannot be hid long" (Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 87). So Marlowe's Edward II. v. 6. 46:

I feared as much; *murder can not be hid.*
—Works, vol. ii. p. 232.

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

**62.** Line 5: *she can* SCROWL.—Ff. have *scowl: scrowl* looks like a mistake for *scrawl,* which, indeed, Delius reads.

**63.** Line 13: *If I do dream,* &c.—"If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking" (Johnson).

**64.** Line 21: *As* HAVE *thy love.*—Qq. and F. 1 and F. 2 read *halfe:* the quite certain correction is due to Theobald.

**65.** Line 26: *But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee.*—Apart from Ovid's account (which would be accessible in Golding's translation) the story of Tereus must have been familiar to an Elizabethan audience from Gascoigne's poem, The Complaynt of Philomene, 1576, reprinted by Arber with The Steele Glas.

**66.** Line 46: *And make the silken strings delight to* KISS *them.*—Compare Sonnet cxxviii. 1–6.

**67.** Line 51: *As* CERBERUS *at the Thracian poet's feet.*—Compare the great passage in the fourth Georgic—the Orpheus and Eurydice episode; in particular, line 483:

tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora;
"and Cerberus held wide his triple mouth."

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

**68.** Line 11: *Because they died in* HONOUR'S LOFTY BED.—Compare Edward II. iv. 5. 7:

And in this *bed of honour* die with fame.
—Marlowe, ii. p. 196.

**69.** Line 17: *two ancient* URNS.—This is Hanmer's correction of the old copies, which read *ruins.*

**70.** Line 22: *So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.*—The line is not unsuggestive of III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 15:

Thy brother's *blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.*

**71.** Line 71: *like* NILUS.—Referring, obviously, to the annual overflow of the Nile; so Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 50: "E'en as the *o'erflowing Nilus* presageth famine." Shakespeare uses both forms, *Nilus* and *Nile.*

**72.** Line 82: *O, that delightful* ENGINE OF HER THOUGHTS.—So Venus and Adonis, 367:

Once more the *engine of her thoughts* began.

**73.** Line 90: *some* UNRECURING *wound; i.e.* some wound that cannot be cured, the use of the adjective being parallel to that of *unexpressive* in As You Like It, iii. 2. 10. See Abbott, Grammar, p. 19.

**74.** Line 91: *my* DEER.—Quibbling, perhaps, as Johnson suggested, on *deer* and *dear,* a pun that occurs several times; cf. Venus and Adonis, 231:

I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my *deer.*

So Macbeth, iv. 3. 206; Merry Wives, v. 5. 18; with other passages given by Schmidt.

**75.** Line 112: *as doth the* HONEY-DEW.—This was "a secretion deposited by a small insect which is distinguished by the generic name of Aphis" (Thiselton Dyer, p. 86).

**76.** Line 149: *As far from help as* LIMBO *is from bliss!*—The full phrase, *Limbo Patrum,* occurs in Henry VIII. v. 4. 67, with which we may compare The Captain, iv. 2:

all the rest,
Except the captain, are in *limbo patrum.*
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, iii. p. 288.

So Middleton's The Black Book: "I told him in plain terms that I had a warrant to search from the sheriff of *Limbo*" (Bullen's ed. viii. p. 12).

77. Lines 160, 161:

*With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor*
*My hand.*

Perhaps, with Capell, we should arrange thus:

With all my heart I 'll send the king my hand;

*king* and *emperor* being throughout the play applied to the same person.

78. Line 170: *the enemy's* CASTLE.—Grose, in his Treatise on Ancient Armour, p. 243 (ed. 1801), says: "The *castle* was perhaps a figurative name for a close head-piece, deduced from its enclosing and defending the head, as a castle did the whole body; or a corruption from the old French word *casquetel*, a small or light helmet." This is decidedly vague, but it is all that can be quoted in favour of the reading *castle*. Theobald printed *casque*, Hanmer *cask*, and Walker proposed *crest*.

79. Lines 203, 204:

*O, how this villany*
*Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!*

Not unlike Faustus' exclamation when he has determined to sell himself to Mephistophelis, scene i. 76:

How am I glutted with conceit of this.
—Marlowe, i. p. 216.

80. Line 212: *breathe the welkin dim.*—We are reminded of a line in Doctor Faustus, scene iii. 4:

And *dims the welkin* with her pitchy breath.
—Marlowe's Works, i. p. 223.

The Clown in Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 65, thought that *welkin* was much preferable to the more hackneyed *element*.

81. Line 261: *Rend off thy* SILVER *hair.*—For *silver* as an epithet applied to hair, cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 296; and Sonnet xii. 4, note 29.

82. Line 269: *And would* USURP UPON.—Compare the following from Florio's Montaigne: "in my youth, I ever opposed myselfe to the motions of love, which I felt to *usurpe upon* me, and laboured to diminish its delights" (ed. 1632, p. 572). In much the same way we find "command *upon*;" *e.g.* in Macbeth, iii. 1. 16, 17:

Let your highness
*Command upon* me.

See Abbott, p. 127.

83. Line 282: *Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these* THINGS.—Qq. and F. 1 begin the line with *and*, a repetition, perhaps, of the *and* in the previous verse. Qq. end the line with *armes*, which in the Folios is changed to *things;* upon this latter point the Cambridge editors have an ingenious note. "Perhaps," they say, "the original MS. had as follows:

And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench between thy teeth.

The author, or some other corrector, to soften what must have been ludicrous in representation, wrote 'armes' above 'teeth' as a substitute for the latter. The printer of the First Quarto took 'armes' to belong to the first line, and conjecturally filled up the lacuna with 'in these,' making, also, an accidental alteration in the position of 'thou.' Then a corrector of the Second Quarto, from which the First Folio was printed, made sense of the passage by substituting 'things' for 'armes' (Cambridge Shakespeare, vi. p. 534).

## ACT III. Scene 2.

84. Line 4: *that sorrow-wreathen* KNOT; meaning his folded arms; cf. Tempest, i. 2. 224: "His arms in this *sad knot.*"

85. Line 6: *And cannot* PASSIONATE *our tenfold grief.*—*Passionate* here is equivalent to "passionately express;" it does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; but we find in the Faerie Queene, bk. i. canto xii. stanza xvi. 1, 2:

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard
That goodly King and Queene did *passionate.*
—Spenser's Works, Globe ed. p. 75.

86. Line 12: *map of woe.*—A common turn of expression; see Richard II. note 281.

87. Line 15: WOUND *it with* SIGHING.—There was a common idea that to sigh exhausted the strength; hence the various epithets applied to sighs, "blood-consuming," "blood-drinking," "blood-sucking," &c. See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 184.

88. Line 27: *To* BID ÆNEAS *tell*, &c.—Certainly a reference to the opening lines of the second book of the Æneid.

89. Line 29: *O,* HANDLE *not the theme, to talk of* HANDS.—The same quibble occurs in Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 55:

*Handlest* in thy discourse, O, that her *hand.*

90. Line 37: *she drinks no other* DRINK *but* TEARS.—We may remember Venus and Adonis, 949:

Dost thou *drink tears*, that thou provok'st such weeping?

91. Line 54: *thou* KILL'ST *my* HEART.—So in Henry V. ii. 1. 92, the hostess says of Falstaff: "The king has *kill'd his heart.*"

92. Line 62: *lamenting* DOINGS.—Theobald suggested, ingeniously enough, *dolings.*

93. Line 76: YET, *I think.*—*Yet*=as yet, and the emphatic position of the monosyllable makes it equivalent to two syllables; cf. Lear, i. 4. 365:

Though I condemn not, *yet*, under pardon.

94. Line 78: *a* COAL-BLACK *Moor.*—We find this epithet several times in Shakespeare; *e.g.* in Lucrece, 1009; Venus and Adonis, 533; Richard II. v. 1. 49. So Locrine, iv. i.: "all the *coal-black* Ethiopians" (Doubtful Plays, p. 170)

## ACT IV. Scene 1.

95. Line 12: CORNELIA *never with more care.*—Cornelia, we need scarcely say, was the mother of the Gracchi.

96. Line 14: *and Tully's* ORATOR; *i.e.* Cicero's treatise *De Oratore.*

97. Line 42: *'t is Ovid's Metamorphoses.*—A book which, apart from the fact of its use as a text-book in the schools of the time, was sufficiently familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries from Golding's well-known translation, published in 1564.

98. Line 46: *What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?*—In Qq. and Ff. the line stands as follows:

Helpe her, what would she finde? Lauinia shall I read?

It seems pretty clear that the words *helpe her* represent the stage-direction out of its place; the arrangement in the text is that of Dyce.

99. Line 53: *Forc'd in the* RUTHLESS, *vast, and gloomy* WOODS.—A curious touch of "pathetic fallacy."

100. Lines 81, 82:

*Magni dominator poli,*
*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

From the Hippolytus of Seneca, act ii. 671, where, however, the first line runs rather differently—*Magne Regnator deum.*

101. Line 89: *the woful* FERE.—So Pericles, prologue 21. The word is variously spelt *fere* and *pheere.* Compare The Silent Woman, ii. 3: "her that I mean to choose my bed-*phere,*" with Gifford's note; Ben Jonson, Works, iii. pp. 385, 386. Mr. Churton Collins prints yet another form in Tourneur's The Transformed Metamorphosis:

Awake, O heav'n and all thy pow'rs awake,
For Pan hath sold his flocke to Thetis' *pheer.*
—Cyril Tourneur's Works, ii. p. 204.

For a further reference, see Hero and Leander, Fourth Sestiad, 227 (Marlowe's Works, iii. p. 66).

102. Line 97: *if she* WIND *you once.*—As we should say, get wind of you, *i.e.* scent you; not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

103. Line 103: GAD *of steel.*—That is, a sharp point of metal. *Gad* and *goad* are cognate. For the phrase "upon the *gad,*" see Lear, note 73.

104. Line 105: *Will blow these sands, like* SIBYL'S LEAVES, *abroad.*—Referring obviously to Æneid, vi. 74, 75:

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis:

"Only entrust not your prophetic words to leaves, lest they fly abroad the sport of the wanton winds."

The speaker is Æneas, who has gone to consult the Sibyl at Cumæ. I suppose this is the origin of Coleridge's title for some of his poems—"Sibylline Leaves."

105. Line 129: *Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!*—Qq. and Ff. read *Reuenge the heauens;* the correction (made by Johnson) has been generally adopted.

## ACT IV. Scene 2.

106. Line 22: *a verse in* HORACE.—The quotation is from the first book of the Odes, xxii. lines 1, 2.

107. Line 23: *the* GRAMMAR.—What Grammar? Lilly's, which Shakespeare quotes from in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 3?

108. Line 27: WEAPONS WRAPP'D *about with lines.*—Just as in King John, ii. 1. 227, we have "*bullets wrapp'd* in fire," an expression which in turn can be traced back to Marlowe's Jew of Malta, ii. 2. 54:

We 'll send thee *bullets wrapt* in smoke and fire.
—Bullen's ed. ii. p. 40.

109. Line 31: *let her* REST *in her* UNREST *awhile.*—Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 29:

*Rest thy unrest* on England's lawful earth.

See, too, the Sonnets, note 380.

110. Line 43: *A charitable wish, &c.*—Walker (Crit. Exam. ii. p. 187) assigns this line to Aaron, and Dyce adopts the suggestion; unnecessarily, I think.

111. Line 65: *she 's the* DEVIL'S DAM.—Compare I. Henry VI. i. 5. 5:

Devil or *devil's dam,* I 'll conjure thee.

In Doctor Faustus (scene vi. 96, 97), Lucifer bids Faustus

think of the *Devil,*
And of his *dam* too.
—Marlowe, i. p. 244.

112. Line 89: *by the* BURNING TAPERS *of the* SKY.—We may remember how Iago swears by the "ever-burning lights above;" see Othello, note 169.

113. Line 93: *not* ENCELADUS.—The "jaculator audax" of Horace, Odes, III. iv. 56; he was one of the Giants; cf. Æneid, iii. 578.

114. Line 94: TYPHON'S *brood.*—The more common form of the name was *Typhoeus;* see Æneid, ix. 716: "Inarime . . . . imposta *Typhoeo;*" so bk. i. 665. He too was one of the Giants who made war on the Gods.

115. Line 98: *ye alehouse painted signs!*—A term of contempt which only occurs here and in another doubtful play, viz. II. Henry VI., where it is found twice—iii. 2. 81, and v. 2. 67.

116. Line 119: *of another* LEER.—For *leer* = face, see As You Like It, note 130.

117. Line 152: *Not far,* &c.—Qq. and Ff. have *not farre, one Muliteus my Country-man.* Some correction seems necessary; the reading here given is that of Steevens, adopted by the Globe ed.

118. Lines 177, 178:

*I'll make you* FEED *on berries and on roots,*
*And* FEED *on curds and whey.*

It looks as if in one line or other *feed* were wrong; Hanmer substituted *feast* in line 178.

## ACT IV. Scene 3.

119. Line 4: *Terras Astræa reliquit.*—From Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 149, 150:

Victa jacet Pietas: et virgo cæde madentes,
Ultima cælestum, *terras Astræa reliquit.*

"Goodness lies conquered, and, last of the immortals, the virgin Astræa has left the blood-stained earth."

It is superfluous, perhaps, to add that "Astræa Redux" furnished Dryden with the title of a poem, and that Peele was responsible for Descensus Astrææ.

120. Line 29: *And* FEED *his* HUMOUR.—In Dido, Queen of Carthage, iii. 1. 50, we have:

I go to *feed the humour* of my love.
—Marlowe, ii. p. 332.

121. Line 30: *some* CAREFUL *remedy.*—It is tempting to follow Walker (Critic. Exam. iii. p. 221) and read *easeful.*

122. Lines 43, 44:

*I'll dive into the burning lake below,*
*And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.*

This couplet is not unsuggestive of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part II. ii. 4. 98-100:

And we descend into the infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell.
—Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. i. pp. 140, 141, with Bullen's note.

123. Line 56: To Saturn, *Caius, not to Saturnine!*—Qq.

and Ff. have *to Saturnine, to Caius;* but Caius, as Capell notices, is one of Titus' kinsmen.

124. Line 65: BEYOND THE MOON.—This seems to have been a proverbial expression for anything extravagant or out of reach; cf. Heywood's A Woman Killed With Kindness:

> But, oh! I talk of *things impossible,*
> *And cast beyond the moon.*
> —Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 53.

Compare, too, Drayton, Eclogue, 5, quoted by Nares:

> whither art thou rapt
> *Beyond the moon,* that strivest thus to strain?

where rhapsody, extravagance of language, is the idea suggested.

125. Line 92: *the* TRIBUNAL PLEBS.—As it stands a meaningless phrase; probably a blunder for *tribunus plebis.*

## ACT IV. Scene 4.

126. Line 11: *in his* WREAKS.—*Wreaks,* which Collier's MS. Corrector altered to *freaks,* must here = fits of rage.

127. Line 17: *What 's this but* LIBELLING.—*Libelling* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; cf. however, Edward II. ii. 2. 34, 35:

> What call you this but private *libelling*
> Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother.
> —Marlowe, ii. p. 155.

128. Line 37: *Thy life-blood out.*—So Qq. and F. 1; F. 2 has *ont.* The text is not very satisfactory; I suppose it must mean "I have touched (*i.e.* as it were, *lanced*) thee to the quick, so that thy life-blood is out."

129. Line 76: *was* WRONGFULLY.—The adverb is curious, but not without parallel; cf. Tempest, ii. 1. 321: "That 's *verily.*" It is easy to understand some participle from the context.

130. Lines 81–86: *King, be thy thoughts,* &c.—Professor Dowden (Shakspere Primer, p. 62) remarks that "no lines in the play have more of a Shaksperian ring" than these, and Mr. Swinburne speaks to the same effect.

131. Line 81: *thy thoughts* IMPERIOUS.—For *imperious* = imperial, cf. Venus and Adonis, 996. In some places, *e.g.* in this play, i. 1. 250, *imperial* is substituted in the Folios for the *imperious* of the Quartos. So Hamlet, v. i. 236.

132. Line 91: *or* HONEY-STALKS *to sheep.*—Probably by *honey-stalks* some sweet-tasted kind of clover is meant, and as Mr. Thiselton Dyer says "it is not uncommon for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover and die; hence the allusion by Tamora," which he proceeds to quote (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 201).

133. Line 113: *Then go* SUCCESSANTLY.—Changed to *successfully* and *incessantly,* all three being, to my mind, equally pointless.

## ACT V. Scene 1.

134. Line 42: *This is the* PEARL *that pleas'd your empress'* EYE.—Alluding, says Malone, to the proverb, "A black man is a *pearl* in a fair woman's eye." Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 2. 12:

> *Black men* are *pearls* in beauteous *ladies' eyes.*

So in the Anatomy of Melancholy we find, "*A black man* is a *pearl* in a fair *woman's eye,* and is as acceptable as lame Vulcan was to Venus."—The Ninth Edition of the Anatomy (1800), vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

135. Line 44: *Say,* WALL-EY'D *slave.*—So King John, iv. 3. 49: "*wall-ey'd* wrath," where see note 242.

136. Line 88: LUXURIOUS *woman.*—For *luxurious* = lustful, see Troilus and Cressida, note 298; and Much Ado, note 262.

137. Line 102: *as ever fought* AT HEAD.—Compare Epigrams by J. D., In Publium, xliii. 3–6:

> To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw;
> Where he is ravish'd with such delectation,
> As down amongst the bears and dogs he goes;
> Where, whilst he skipping cries, "*to head, to head.*"
> —Marlowe's Works, iii. p. 241.

There *to head* evidently signifies the cry with which the dogs were encouraged; and Nares (*sub voce*) mentions a very similar phrase "to run on head," the sense being the same.

138. Line 103: *Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.*—The confession, or rather boastful enumeration, of crimes, which follows, is entirely in Marlowe's manner; cf. The Jew of Malta, ii. 3. 177–215 (Bullen, ii. pp. 48, 49).

139. Line 107: *For up and down.*—That is, "completely;" cf. Much Ado, ii. 1. 124, "Here 's his dry hand *up and down.*"

140. Line 119: *She* SWOONED.—So Folio 3; the earlier copies have *sounded,* a mistake, I suppose, for *swounded.* The form *swound* = swoon is common enough; cf. The Faerie Queene, bk. iv. canto vii. st. ix. 8, 9:

> She almost fell againe into a *swound,*
> Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.
> —Spenser, Globe ed. p. 263.

Thus we find in Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, bk. i. lines 55, 56:

> The most in years of all the mourning train
> Began; but *swounded* first away for pain;

where, by the way, Mr. Christie remarks (Globe ed. p. 513): "in the first folio edition the word is *sounded,* which must be a misprint for *swounded,*" an interesting parallel to the present passage. Compare in the same poem, same book, line 537; also book iii. line 982.

141. Line 121: *What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?*—So Oxford asks in III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 95–97:

> Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
> Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
> And not bewray thy treason with a *blush?*

142. Line 122: *Ay, like a black dog,* &c.—In Ray's Proverbs, p. 218.

143. Line 132: *Make poor men's cattle* STRAY AND *break their necks.*—The line as it stands in the copies is defective; Dyce adds the words *stray and,* which give good sense.

## ACT V. Scene 2.

144. Line 8: Stage-direction. Enter Titus, above.—"From what ensues, it appears that Titus came out into the elevated balcony at the back of the stage" (Collier).

145. Line 18: *wanting a* HAND *to give it* ACTION.—

Middleton refers to this line in his Father Hubburd's Tales: "Nevertheless, for all my *lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus,* I could purchase no more than one month's pay" (Bullen's ed. of Middleton, viii. pp. 94, 95).

146. Line 19: *Thou hast the* ODDS *of me; i.e.* advantage. Compare As You Like It, i. 2. 169, with note 18.

147. Lines 21–60.—Coleridge expresses the opinion that these lines were written by Shakespeare "in his earliest period." See the Lectures on Shakspere (Bohn's ed. 1884, p. 304).

148. Line 48: *And then I'll come and be thy wagoner, &c.*—This speech reads like a burlesque version of Mercutio's "O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you" (Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 53–95).

149. Line 52: *And find out* MURDERERS *in their guilty* CAVES.—Qq. and Ff. all have *murder:* Capell corrected. Also, Qq. and F. 1 read *cares* for *caves.*

150. Line 56: HYPERION'S *rising.*—The early copies make the most curious blunders over the name; both Quartos, for example, read *Epeon's.* Shakespeare always accents the word on the second syllable, as in Hamlet, i. 2. 140 and iii. 4. 56. Strictly the penultimate syllable should be long.

151. Line 172: *This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.*—Mr. Simpson (The School of Shakspere, i. p. 188) compares a line in The Play of Stuke'ly, 754:

> *Mix not my forward summer* with sharp breath.

152. Line 189: *And of the* PASTE *a* COFFIN *I will rear.*—*Coffin* was regularly used of the crust of a pie; cf. The Staple of News, ii. 1:

> I love it still; and therefore if you spend
> The red-deer *pies* in your house, or sell them forth, sir,
> Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all
> Return'd here, and piled up.
>
> —Ben Jonson, v. p. 209.

Shirley makes the word a verb; see The Sisters, ii. 2:

> Cold as the turkies *coffin'd up in crust.*
>
> —Gifford's Shirley, v. p. 373.

Compare, too, the foot-note on The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 82.

153, Line 192: *her own* INCREASE.—That is, offspring, produce. Every one will recollect, "then shall the earth bring forth her *increase.*"

154. Line 204: *the* CENTAURS' FEAST.—For a description of the Centaurs at a banquet we may turn to Ovid, Metamorphoses, xii. 219–535. They could not agree with the Lapithæ.

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

155. Line 13: *The venomous malice of my swelling heart!*—Obviously a variation on I. Henry VI. iii. 1. 25, 26:

> The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
> *From envious malice of thy swelling heart.*

156. Line 38: *Because she was enforc'd.*—Not according to the legend; cf. Macaulay's poem in the Lays.

157. Line 63: *'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point.*—This is decidedly poor in comparison with Ravenscroft's brave couplet:

> Thus cramm'd, thou 'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
> And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up. [*Stabs the empress.*
>
> —Var. Ed. xxi. p. 373.

158. Line 81: *he did discourse, &c.*—Compare The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 143 to end of act (Marlowe, ii. pp. 322–329).

159. Line 86: *the* FATAL ENGINE.—Referring, of course, to the story of the Trojan horse.

160. Line 124: DAMN'D *as he is.*—Qq. and Ff. read *And;* the correction is due to Theobald, who reminds us of Brabantio's

> O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
> *Damn'd as thou art,* thou hast enchanted her.
>
> —Othello, i. 2. 62, 63.

The Globe edition, while printing the old reading, marks the line as corrupt.

161. Line 149: GIVE *me* AIM.—To *give aim* was a phrase signifying "to direct;" it is fully explained by Gifford in a note on Massinger's Bondman, i. 3, and the substance of his explanation is this: "he who *gave aim* was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide or how short the arrow fell of the mark" (Gifford's Massinger, ii. p. 25). The expression, therefore, as we see, came from archery; its use may be illustrated by various passages; *e.g.* The Spanish Gipsy, ii. 1. 92: "I can tell you great bubbers (*i.e.* bibbers) have shot at me, and shot golden arrows, but I myself *gave aim*" (Bullen's Middleton, vi. p. 139). So A Mad World My Masters, i. 1. 116, 117:

> plotting his own abuse,
> To which himself *gave aim.*
>
> —Middleton's Works, iii. 258.

and Edward I.:

> Good master, an if you love the friar,
> *Give aim* awhile, I you desire.
>
> —Dyce's Greene & Peele, p. 402.

Compare also Dyce's Webster (1877), page 20; and note the parallel expression "to *cry aim*" in King John, ii. 1. 196 (note 87); and Merry Wives, iii. 2. 45.

162. Line 182: *This is our doom.*—The revised Restoration version of Titus Andronicus provided a robuster, more romantic form of poetic justice. In Steevens' words, "That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of the play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once racked and roasted on the stage."—Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 378.

163. Line 204: *may ne'er it* RUINATE.—So Lucrece, 944:

> To *ruinate* proud buildings with thy hours.

Also in Sonnet x. 7:

> Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate.*

Compare, too, Marlowe, The Massacre at Paris, scene 2. 71:

> If I repair not what he *ruinates.*
>
> —Works, ii. p. 244.

# WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TITUS ANDRONICUS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| *A-bed[1] | iv. | 2 | 62 |
| Abjectly | ii. | 3 | 4 |
| Alphabet | iii. | 2 | 44 |
| Anchorage | i. | 1 | 73 |
| Architect | v. | 3 | 122 |
| Aries | iv. | 3 | 71 |
| Auditory | v. | 3 | 96 |
| Battle-axe | iii. | 1 | 169 |
| Bay[2] (sub.) | ii. | 2 | 3 |
| Beast-like | v. | 3 | 199 |
| Bewet | iii. | 1 | 146 |
| Big-boned | iv. | 3 | 46 |
| Blowse | iv. | 2 | 72 |
| Bonjour | i. | 1 | 494 |
| *Breast-deep | v. | 3 | 179 |
| *Bright-burning | iii. | 1 | 69 |
| Cabin[3] (verb) | iv. | 2 | 179 |
| Chaps[4] | v. | 3 | 77 |
| Chase[5] (sub.) | ii. | 3 | 255 |
| Chilling | ii. | 3 | 212 |
| Cimmerian | ii. | 3 | 72 |
| Cleanly[6] (adv.) | ii. | 1 | 94 |
| Closure[7] | v. | 3 | 134 |
| Codding | v. | 1 | 99 |
| Compassion (vb.) | iv. | 1 | 124 |
| Complainer | iii. | 2 | 39 |
| Continence | i. | 1 | 15 |
| Counsel-keeping | ii. | 3 | 24 |
| Crevice | v. | 1 | 114 |
| Dawning (verb) | ii. | 2 | 10 |
| *Deadly-standing | ii. | 3 | 32 |
| Devoid | v. | 3 | 199 |
| Devourers | iii. | 1 | 57 |

1 "brought *a-bed*" = delivered; = in bed, in other passages.

2 = barking; frequently used elsewhere in other senses.

3 = to lodge; Macb. iii. 4. 24.

4 = wrinkles, cracks; Lucrece, 1452.

5 = ground stored with game; used in other senses elsewhere.

6 = quite, entirely, Venus and Adonis, 694; = without stain, I. Henry IV. v. 4. 169.

7 = conclusion, end.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dismallest | i. | 1 | 384 |
| | ii. | 3 | 204 |
| Dreary | i. | 1 | 391 |
| Drought | iii. | 1 | 19 |
| Effectually[8] | iv. | 4 | 107 |
| Egal | iv. | 4 | 4 |
| *Elder-tree | ii. | 3 | 272, 277 |
| Emperial[9] | iv. | 3 | 94 |
| | iv. | 4 | 40 |
| Enacts (sub.) | iv. | 2 | 118 |
| Execrable | v. | 3 | 177 |
| Extent[10] | iv. | 4 | 3 |
| *Fatal-plotted | ii. | 3 | 47 |
| Feebleness | i. | 1 | 188 |
| Flourish[11] (verb) | iv. | 2 | 49 |
| Footman[12] | v. | 2 | 55 |
| *Foul-spoken | ii. | 1 | 58 |
| Franticly[13] | iii. | 2 | 31 |
| Gad[14] (sub.) | iv. | 1 | 103 |
| Gibbet-maker | iv. | 3 | 80 |
| Gleeful | ii. | 3 | 11 |
| Grammar | iv. | 2 | 23 |
| Hay-stacks | v. | 1 | 133 |
| Headless[15] | i. | 1 | 186 |
| *Highest-peering | ii. | 1 | 8 |
| *High-resolved | iv. | 4 | 64 |
| *High-witted | iv. | 4 | 35 |
| *Honey-dew | iii. | 1 | 112 |
| *Honey-stalks | iv. | 4 | 91 |
| Horning (verb) | ii. | 3 | 67 |
| Interrupter | i. | 1 | 208 |
| Languor | iii. | 1 | 13 |

8 = efficaciously; = in reality, Son. cxiii. 4.

9 Used by the Clown.

10 = application, use, maintenance; in other senses the word occurs four times.

11 Of trumpets.

12 = a hired runner.

13 Venus and Adonis, 1059.

14 = a sharp point of metal; = spur (of the moment), Lear, i. 2. 26.

15 = having no chief.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Libelling | iv. | 4 | 17 |
| Love-day | i. | 1 | 491 |
| Lovingly | i. | 1 | 165 |
| *Lurking-place | v. | 2 | 35 |
| *Man-of-war[16] | iv. | 3 | 22 |
| Martyred (adj.) | iii. | 2 | 36 |
| Massacre (verb) | i. | 1 | 450 |
| Meshed | iii. | 2 | 38 |
| Mightful | iv. | 4 | 5 |
| Miller | ii. | 1 | 86 |
| Misbelieving | v. | 3 | 143 |
| Mistletoe | ii. | 3 | 95 |
| Mistress-ship | iv. | 4 | 40 |
| New-shed | ii. | 3 | 200 |
| *New-transformed | ii. | 3 | 64 |
| Nice-preserved | ii. | 3 | 135 |
| Obscurity[17] | v. | 2 | 36 |
| Overshade | ii. | 3 | 273 |
| Palliament | i. | 1 | 182 |
| Pantheon | i. | 1 | 242, 333 |
| Panther | i. | 1 | 493 |
| | ii. | 2 | 21 |
| | ii. | 3 | 194 |
| Passionate (verb) | iii. | 2 | 6 |
| Patient (verb) | i. | 1 | 121 |
| Plebs | iv. | 3 | 92 |
| Plotter | v. | 3 | 122 |
| Popish | v. | 1 | 76 |
| Rapine | v. | 2 | 59, 62, 83, 103 |
| *Raven-coloured | ii. | 3 | 83 |
| Remunerate | i. | 1 | 398 |
| Reproachful | i. | 1 | 308 |
| | ii. | 1 | 55 |
| Re-salute | i. | 1 | 75, 326 |
| *Rude-growing | ii. | 3 | 199 |
| Rue[18] (verb) | i | 1 | 105 |
| *Sad-attending | v. | 3 | 82 |
| *Sad-faced | v. | 3 | 67 |

16 = a ship of war.

17 Venus and Adonis, 760.

18 = to pity; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

| | Act | Sc. | Line |
|---|---|---|---|
| Scrowl | ii. | 4 | 5 |
| *Sea-salt | iii. | 2 | 20 |
| *Shallow-hearted | iv. | 2 | 97 |
| Sheaf[19] (sub.) | v. | 3 | 71 |
| Shive | ii. | 1 | 87 |
| Smoke[20] | iv. | 2 | 111 |
| Somewhither | iv. | 1 | 11 |
| Sorrow-wreathen | iii. | 2 | 4 |
| Stanch (verb) | iii. | 1 | 14 |
| Substituted[21] | iv. | 2 | 159 |
| Successantly | iv. | 4 | 113 |
| Sumptuously | i. | 1 | 351 |
| Surance | v. | 2 | 46 |
| Swarth (adj.) | ii. | 3 | 72 |
| Thick-lipped | iv. | 2 | 175 |
| Thrash[22] | ii. | 3 | 123 |
| Ticed | ii. | 3 | 92 |
| Trenches[23] | v. | 2 | 23 |
| *True-betrothed | i. | 1 | 406 |
| *True-divining | ii. | 3 | 214 |
| Unappeased | i. | 1 | 100 |
| Uncurls | ii. | 3 | 34 |
| Unrecuring | iii. | 1 | 90 |
| Unroll | ii. | 3 | 35 |
| Unsearched | iv. | 3 | 22 |
| Uprightness | i. | 1 | 48 |
| Vaunter | v. | 3 | 113 |
| Venereal | ii. | 3 | 37 |
| *Waggon-wheel | v. | 2 | 54 |
| Weighed[24] | i. | 1 | 73 |
| Weke! | iv. | 2 | 146 |
| *Well-tuned[25] | ii. | 3 | 18 |
| Whey | iv. | 2 | 178 |
| White-limed | iv. | 2 | 98 |
| Wind[26] (verb) | iv. | 1 | 97 |

19 The pl. occurs in Son. xii. 7.

20 = to suffer.

21 Also in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 84.

22 *i.e.* corn; = to beat, drub, Troilus, ii. 1. 51.

23 = furrows on the cheeks, wrinkles; used figuratively here and in Son. ii. 2.

24 Of an anchor.

25 Lucrece, 1080; Son. viii. 5.

26 = to scent.